THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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EASTER

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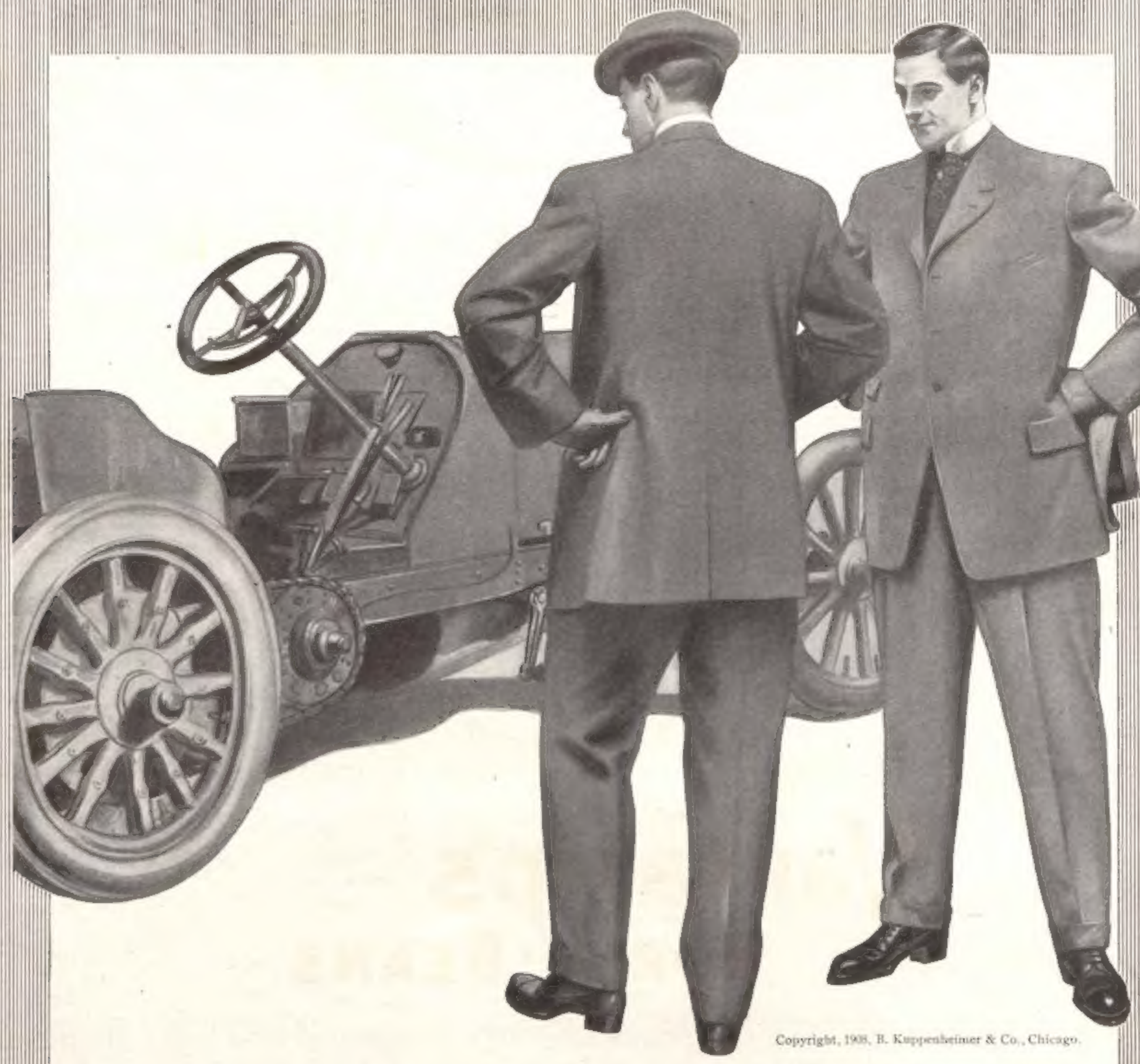


Copyright, 1908, B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Chicago.

JUST what a good name is worth in a man, it is worth in his clothes.

A good name in clothes is Kuppenheimer—unfailingly good.

Kuppenheimer quality and style match up with the proper pride of the man who insists upon looking his part in life, as well as playing it.

Good proof that a man sets proper value on himself is the fact that he wears our clothes.

You can pay more easily enough, but—as a man of sense and balance—why should you? It's doubtful whether you can get as much.

Clothiers of the better sort are now showing the better sort of clothes—the new Kuppenheimer models. An authentic book of styles mailed upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

Nutty—Mealy—Whole

Please learn what a difference there is between home-baked beans and Van Camp's.

But don't deem it your fault, for it isn't.

We have spent 47 years in learning how to perfect this dish. This is our specialty—our one claim to supremacy. We bake tens of millions of cans every year.

No wonder we best know how.

Then we have the facilities, and you lack them all. So the difference isn't all in the skill.

Beans, to be digestible, *must* be factory cooked.

The heat of your oven is far from sufficient. It can't break up the food granules so the digestive juices can get to them. So home-baked beans are hard to digest, even for the strongest stomach.

Our ovens are heated to 245 degrees.

That's more than twice the heat that gets to the center of your baking dish. We apply that fierce heat for 90 minutes, and the result is our beans are digestible.

That is a very important fact.

Then we bake in live steam—not in dry heat.

That's why our beans are all baked alike. No beans are crisped, no skins are broken. They are baked until they are mealy, yet they are nutty because they are whole.

Perhaps the one thing missed most in home-baked beans is that delicious, nutty flavor. Nobody likes beans mushy; everybody wants them whole.

Then we bake the beans, the tomato sauce and the pork all together, and get our delicious blend. To bake the tomato sauce into the beans is a very different thing from adding it afterwards.

Van Camp's come to you, fresh and savory, ready for instant serving. No work and no waiting. A dozen cans in the house mean a dozen meals all cooked. And such delicious meals! After all your work, your home-baked beans are never half so good.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

Once let your folks taste Van Camp's beans and they'll frown if you serve them others. That nutty flavor, that tang and zest, are missing in minor brands. Please learn how good beans can be. Then we shall not need to say again, "Insist on Van Camp's."

84% Nutriment

Beans are Nature's choicest food—23 per cent nitrogenous; 84 per cent nutriment.

Like meat in their food value, but not like it in cost. See how many you get for 10 cents.

They should be a daily dish—not an occasional. They are appetizing and hearty; all people like them.

Perhaps you serve beans once a week now, because they are hard to prepare. Or because your people like other things better when beans are not rightly cooked.

'Twill be different when you serve Van Camp's.

You will serve them for breakfast—in croquettes or with ham. You'll serve them for luncheons—steaming hot. You'll serve them for dinners—in salad.

You will hardly be able to serve them too often, for people don't tire of Van Camp's.

We Pay $2.10

We use only the whitest and plumpest Michigan beans.

They are picked out by hand from the choicest part of the crop. And we pay $2.10 per bushel. The beans we refuse sell as low as 30 cents.

We use only sound, vine-ripened tomatoes.

Cheap sauce is made from tomatoes picked green, and ripened in shipment. Or of scraps from a canning factory.

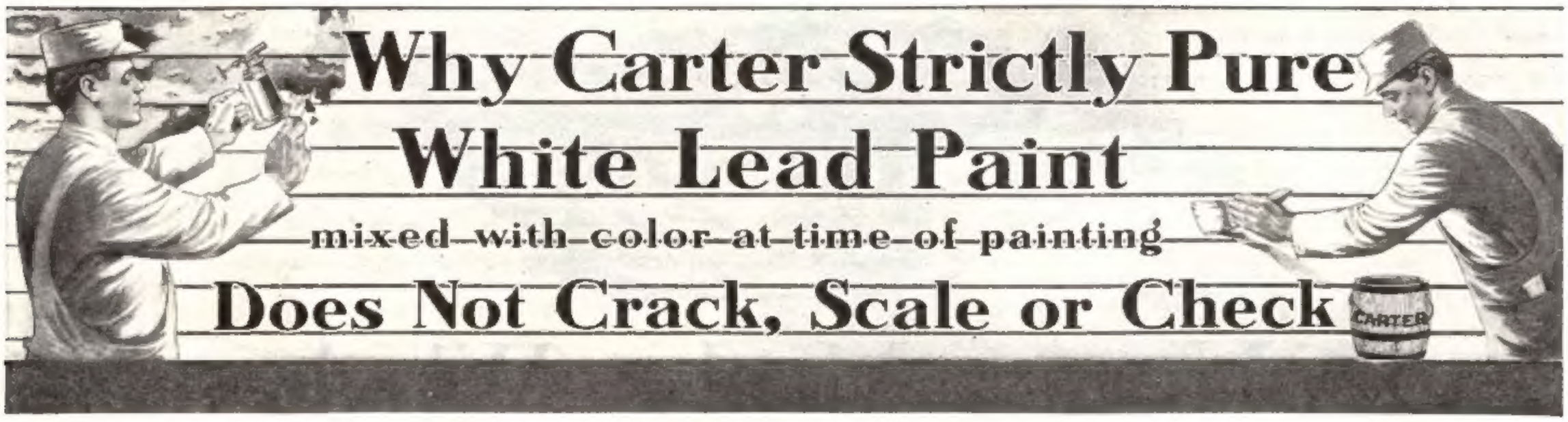
We could buy such sauce ready-made for exactly one-fifth what we spend to make ours. But it would lack that richness, that sparkling zest, which Nature gives to Van Camp's.

No wonder that some brands sell cheaper than ours, yet pay your grocer more profit.

But the best beans are cheap enough. They are even most economical. For you will eat more beans, in place of meat, when you serve Van Camp's.

Prices: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, *Established 1861* Indianapolis, Indiana.



You, Mr. House Owner, spend more or less money for paint and should choose your paint with care. Don't speculate by simply getting "paint" —invest in the best. Learn how to know the best and avoid the worthless kinds by carefully reading every word of this announcement.

THERE are just two ways to paint. One is right—the other wrong. *The right way*—the only economical way—is to engage a reliable painter and insist upon his using Carter Pure White Lead, mixed *with the color* at the time of *painting*.

This is the only way to be sure of *fresh, pure paint* of the right *mixture*. With Carter Pure White Lead a good painter can properly mix the paint to suit the particular requirements of the surface of your buildings.

No paint mixed on a fixed formula months before painting, can possibly be suitable alike to new and old, rough and smooth, hard, soft and porous surfaces.

You paint the *wrong* way when you simply get a painter's bid and tell him to paint your house a chosen color scheme without specifying a good White Lead paint by name. Bear this in mind next time you paint.

Paint Facts Worth Knowing

It is well to *know* and *remember* that *labor* represents *three-fourths* the cost of any painting job. It is important, therefore, to *use the right paint first*. A mistake in paint means not only the cost of the paint wasted, but the expense of removing it when it cracks, scales and checks. Then there is the *additional* cost of replacing it. The total amounts to three times what the right paint would cost at first.

All paint consists of oil and pigment. The pigment covers and protects the surface. The oil holds the pigment in place.

Pure Linseed Oil is the best paint oil. It is the only oil which absorbs oxygen from the air effecting an elastic coat, which will stretch and contract without breaking. Pure Linseed Oil protects the pigment; the pigment (if pure white lead) protects the oil; together they preserve and beautify.

Pure White Lead is the only pigment having a perfect affinity for linseed oil.

Carter Strictly Pure White Lead paint will not crack, scale or check, because of its perfect elasticity. It leaves a perfectly smooth surface for repainting—no expensive burning or scraping off the old paint when Carter is used—no double cost for repainting.

Why Paint Cracks, Scales and Checks

When paint cracks, scales and checks, it is usually due to adulteration. Barytes, Silica, Clay, Chalk or worse have been used instead of pure white lead. Water, Kerosene, Fish and Rosin Oil are largely substituted for Pure Linseed Oil. These adulterants are much cheaper than Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil. *The only excuse for adulteration is to cheapen the product for the manufacturer—not to improve it for the user.*

Adulterated paint is hard and inelastic and will invariably crack and scale off when the material beneath contracts and expands with the weather changes. Carter White Lead paint, on the other hand, is elastic and accommodates itself to the contraction and expansion caused by heat and cold.

The life of paint that cracks and scales terminates with the appearance of the first break in the paint film. The surface is left exposed and unprotected, permitting the rain, wind and sun to get in their work; while Carter White Lead paint, wearing imperceptibly and smoothly, protects the surface just as long as any paint remains. It is not uncommon for Carter jobs to stand well fifteen to twenty years.

A Simple Purity Test

Substitutes for pure white lead paint are common and dangerous. If it were possible to distinguish adulterated paint merely by looking at it, the same as you would tell milk from water, there would be fewer substitutes for pure white lead used. Fortunately, there is a simple test for pure paint. Make a small hole in a piece of charcoal, in it place a small piece of the white lead to be tested. Direct a steady flame from an alcohol lamp on it by means of a blowpipe. If the white lead is pure it will reduce to metallic lead. If a blowpipe is not available, the following test is just as sure, and is more easily made: Place a piece of Carter Strictly Pure White Lead about the size of a pin head on a match half an inch from the head and light the match. Hold one or two lighted matches in the other hand immediately under the lead. The lead will quickly reduce to small globules of metallic lead, which can be easily seen on close inspection. "White Lead" that is in the least adulterated can not be reduced in this or any other way, and is unfit for use.

Carter Excels in Color Brilliancy and Covering Capacity

Satisfied of purity—look for superior *whiteness*. Pure White Lead of superior whiteness produces the clearest, brightest and most durable colors (an important point). Carter is the whitest lead because correctly made by a modern process that eliminates all impurities and discoloration.

Carter Pure White Lead paint covers better than other paints because of its superior fineness and body. Two coats of Carter equal three of other paints.

While Carter White Lead costs a trifle more than ordinary leads, it is by far the most economical and durable paint made. In short—*the best.*

The Carter Guarantee

On every package of Carter White Lead is this guarantee:

"This package contains 92% carbonate of lead, 8% pure linseed oil. The Carter White Lead Co. will pay $100.00 and cost of analysis for the detection of any adulteration in this or any other package bearing this brand."

This guarantee has been appearing on Carter packages for over a quarter of a century and today there is more Carter White Lead sold than any other brand in the world. It is the only white lead sold in every state and territory in the Union under the same uniform name and brand.

The Carter White Lead factory in Chicago is the largest white lead factory in the world. Our output has increased over 5,000% in the last twenty years. Unless Carter Lead was all we claim for it, this would not be the case.

Color Selection Hints

When Carter Pure White Lead paint is used, there is practically no limit to the tints at your disposal and an opportunity is given for originality. You do not have to make your selection from stereotype stock colors. Your painter can make your colors to order, thus giving expression to your individual taste, and your house can be painted differently from your neighbor's.

Let us send you six accurately colored half-tone prints from photographs of houses showing several very effective modern color schemes applied to different types of architecture.

These color pictures have been prepared with great care and at large expense. They will give you a nearly exact idea of how you want to paint your home, for no doubt you will find among them a type of house similar to yours and a color scheme to suit.

There is no other way to suggest the neat appearance you may effect with the different colors. Thousands upon thousands of the best painters who have tried all kinds of paints and leads use Carter exclusively because of the excellent results obtained and the satisfaction given customers in beauty, durability and economy.

Don't fail to get our free book and color schemes. Don't send stamps or money. Just say you want them.

Carter Strictly Pure White Lead is for sale by reliable dealers in every state and territory in the Union. If your local dealer doesn't handle it, write us. Insist upon your painter using Carter Pure White Lead. Look for the ***Carter*** on the side of the keg yourself and test the lead yourself to be sure you get the genuine.

CARTER
Strictly Pure
White Lead

Carter White Lead Company
12046 South Peoria Street, Chicago
Factories, Chicago-Omaha

The name ***Carter*** on the keg at once assures purity and full weight of lead—the weight of keg is not included in the weight stated on the package—you pay only for the lead—no charge for the package.

To Be Sure It's Pure, Look for *CARTER* on the Keg

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THROUGH JAPANESE EYES

Taro Tells of the Strange Ways and Ideas of Americans

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY

When They Cannot Obtain to Themselves What They Demand

"Taro, What Branches of Knowledge Pursues the Young Lady of Japan?"

Taro Hitomutsu, Seattle, Washington, to Masuji Hitomutsu, Kojimachi, Centre of Tokyo, Japan.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, U. S. A., January 15, 1907.

My So Much Adored and Greatly Revered Father:

MANY and varied are the experiences that have met me since with your sanction I left your respected and hospitable roof, and many as the blossoms of the cherry trees in the spring are the impressions and thoughts that since then have chosen to flower themselves in my mind. Already you know how it fared with me in my long voyage through the sea, and how to me there was sent, from one of the big Japanese-American trading companies, the fifty dollars (one hundred yen) to defray my passage hither, and how another forty dollars (eighty yen) was intrusted me for "show" money to hold up to the eyes of the stupid immigration officers before restoring it to its rightful owners. Likewise do you know how I was met at the dock by my friends and escorted by their presence to the Japanese quarter, and how afterward, through a Japanese-American employment agency, I discovered that there was work for me in a so-called aristocratic American family at eight dollars a month, my board to be wrapped in with it. This menial position, as you can reflect by yourself, is very humiliating to a young Japanese man like me, whose veins flow with the noble blood of the Samurai and whom you educated at such expense and sacrifice to yourself at the Imperial University. But it has with it its compensations in that it gives me much time to devote to the English language, with which tongue I am now writing to you that you and your friends who command English may suspect what perfection I am now reaching in it. Also it frees my evenings many times that I may compel American and English legal lore at the law academy to acquire proficiency in my diligent mind.

You will be surprised no doubt to apprehend that after two weeks of prolonged service in this so-called aristocratic American family I discharged myself without notice to my employment, to seek the same experience in a second so-called aristocratic American family, and that I swiftly facsimiled the operation to hire myself to a third such family, with which I now abide. I did thus for two reasons. Firstly, I heightened my income by so acting from eight dollars to twelve dollars and from twelve dollars to fifteen dollars a month, which shows how foolish is the American proverb that says a stone that keeps on rolling from the mountain-top gathers no moss around itself. Secondly, the place where first I employed myself was governed by an ill-bred lady, who told me in terms absent from sufficient respect that her windows were not properly groomed. "It might do," said she scornfully, "in Japan, but we Americans demand to ourselves a more heightened degree of cleanliness."

"Then clean them for yourself sufficiently according to the American notions," I replied, and discharged myself, having already in advance secured myself to the more profitable twelve-dollar situation. The twelve-dollar situation is much to be preferenced, not only on account of the superior salary, but also because it is administered by the lady of the house in a manner more adopted to the Japanese dignity. The trouble in the second situation gave birth to itself out of the fact that the lady's oldest son on several situations called me "John"—an insulting epithet the Americans apply when addressing the attention of all Chinese—despite the advice that I admonished this oldest son on several situations sharply that my name was not John, but Taro. Carefully hiring out myself first to the fifteen-dollar job I jiu-jitsued the eldest son of this considerable lady over my right shoulder and set him, head first, in the Chinese umbrella-stand that adorns the hallway of his honorable mother.

The trouble here is that the Chinese selected to come to America before the Japanese, and the sons of China, being a meek, servile and very-much-afraid race, they bowed themselves to every insult and laid dust before the feet of those who reflected whatever injury they chose upon them. This is according to the tenets of the Christian religion, which says: "If your enemy smite your right cheek, turn to him your left cheek immediately that he may give himself the joy of being impartial to all sides of your face." This is, you see, very nice for the Christians, but not so highly to be recommended for the Chinese, who may not practice, as another American proverb says, what they learn.

With us Japanese it is quite different; we are a warlike, proud, high-spirited race, and we will not be hospitable to any treatment that compromises our honor, lets down our dignity or takes off from our self-respect. Not much! This tenet we are slowly impressing into the American mind by jiu-jitsu, fists and stones carefully aimed at locations on the anatomy where impressions have the habit of resting most painfully and longest. Already many American citizens appreciate the difference between the Chinese and Japanese, which may be seen any day by indulging a walk and observing how Americans step politely to one side for Japanese sticks and stones, while they reserve a place in the street in which to push Chinese from the sidewalks. Back of this fact rests the deep philosophy why the Chinese are preferred over the Japanese for servants and why Chinamen are paid fewer "yens" for wages. I myself, for much the same reasons, would present a Chinaman with the preference over a Japanese if I should become wealthy enough to afford servants, which I hope I shall soon.

In the household where I am now employed I am being extended the courtesy and respect that is payable to a Japanese of noble blood who has been sent to the Imperial University by his self-sacrificing, esteemed father to acquire the respected profession of the law. This household hired itself at least to four Japanese servants before me, and experience learns that to preserve servants in the household all the family must learn from one servant the etiquette and rules to be applied to the next servant that may be induced to accept the position vacated by his predecessors. I have held myself in my present situation for three weeks, and thus far I have not been even tempted to demonstrate to any member of the family why jiu-jitsu has done so much to help prop up the prestige and incomes of the Japanese, and why we value it as highly as anything our sacred country so far has produced.

I have no doubt at all that you would be deeply abstracted from yourself, my dearest father, by a description of the manners and the customs of this strange people who differ themselves so much from us in every imagined way, and who are so far away from us in their ideals as well as in their actions. I can coax out the national characteristics best, I think, by illustrating my points through the Reads, the family for which I am now demeaning myself by working in the capacity of their servant. Their household combines Mr. and Mrs. Read, three sons, three daughters and Mr. Read's grandfather. This is an unusually profound number of children for an American family, but it was produced long before race suicide became a fad. President Roosevelt, as you may have read in the Japanese newspapers, is constantly emitting ukases against race suicide, for he is afraid that if the supply of children gives out there will be no voters left to assist him into the White House when he runs to be President for the sixth time. For this suicide of the race—a curse from which our blessed country is kept apart and without which it raises large families in ignorance—there are three or four reasons. The first one of these is that the cost of living in the United States has advanced so high that the only way a laboring man can afford to have a large family is to reside in the poorhouse with it. Business and social reasons compel men to keep themselves up to this to-be-laughed-at high standard of living, and they have come to see that the only manner by whose operation they can keep this standard up is to keep down the number of their spring-off. The millionaires set the pace by being hospitable to wicked and harmful ideas of extravagance, luxuries and wastes. Then, those with minor and younger fortunes try to imitate the richest, and those on the next platform, monkeylike, imitate those just above them, and so do these vicious ideals leak down from the most exalted to the most humblest, until

"How Can You Await for Your Son to Turn Himself Around in the Higher Set?"

the whole society is a corruption. It seems to me that the chief occupations of the Americans are to throw money out of the windows into the streets so that their neighbors may delusion themselves with the false idea that they have still more money inside the house to discharge through the windows if they wish. This they call here "putting the front up."

When George Read, the second son, comes home from college and his father overlooks his bills he groans and says: "My son, why do you lavish yourself to such a degree with your father's hard-earned cash money?" And the son answers: "Father, the other young men in my set lavish themselves to the same degree, and I must put the front high up or lavish myself with a lower set." Then Mrs. Read, the mother, says: "George is right; how can you await for your son to turn himself around in the higher set, hold on to his social situation and adhere to the college fraternity [a college club which keeps in secret the gambling debts of its adherents] unless he holds the front up as high as they do?" Then Mr. Read's face resembles the corkscrew with much worry and he says: "I don't know where it is all to come from," and he then bestows on George more money to throw in secret out of the window of his fraternity. So it marches, until the heart of your obedient and respectful Taro grows heavy with the reflection of

This They Call Here "Putting the Front Up"

how much considerable wealth goes into the gutter that might enrich your affectionate Taro's pants, and he thinks to ask for higher wages.

In Nippon, the fair and the sacred, we have, owing to high luck, no millionaires to give the pace for the rest of the population to chase absurd and destructive ideals, and we elude the evil consequences. On the other hand, our nobility, which sits in the place of the American millionaires, has been with us a blessing instead of a curse, spreading throughout our venerated island lofty ideals for the common people to conduct itself with chivalry, pride, patriotism and bravery that laughs death to the face. Moreover, our people are frugal in their manners, follow the simple life as to their tastes, and do not employ the insane house styles and standards of living. And so it is brought about that a Japanese village can subsist themselves on what a few American millionaires discharge through the windows. Our Mikado, the celestial and Heaven-born, needs never waste his time, unestimated in value, by emitting ukases to us against committing suicide of the race. For in Japan we look down on children as the rarest blessing that life can bestow; children venerate their parents with sky-high love, and parents incline themselves to consider their spring-off in the same venerable attitude. The poorest coolie among us would rather divide in two his daily handful of rice than cut down the size of his household. But with parental and filial love in America I wish to expand myself later on.

For this race suicide, too, I think that false ideals of education taught in young women's heads by the seminaries, the schools and the universities are much to be held in blame. I take Miss Frances, the oldest daughter among the Reads, to force her to illustrate my point. She takes herself to the Berkeley University, where young women and young men suffer coeducation with each other. When she comes home for the holidays she reflects to me one day: "Taro, what branches of knowledge pursues the young lady of Japan?"

"Miss Frances," I reflected to her politely, "etiquette, music, the art of making to run a household at the minimum expense, of becoming a lofty mother and an obedient and companionable wife are the branches of knowledge which pursue the young ladies of Japan."

"They are not emancipated, then," she returns to me, looking sadly in my dignified Japanese visage.

"I hope they never will be," I reflect to myself in the quiet of my own heart. "What studies are the object of the American young ladies who coeducates herself with young men at the university?" I question to her next.

"They are," she consents to reply me, "philosophy, ethics, psychology, romance and classic languages, literature and higher mathematics, the sciences, sociology and political economy."

"The coeducated young lady, high-bred Miss," I answered, "according to the Japanese notion should pursue less of what is meant for the brain of man to accomplish. She should devote instead the time consumed by these high branches to studying how to assist her honorable mother around the house, and how to save her honorable father's hard-earned money. She should also manipulate her mind on the art of how to make happy the husband she one day may catch, how to bring joys in his household at the least cost to the pocketbook of her so-entangled husband, and how to become the adorable mother of frequent children."

"This is pure insolence, Taro," she exclaims at me loudly, her face resembling the pictures of the American Indian, or red woman.

"I humbly bow myself," I grant her in return, with the stately etiquette of the Japanese, "and tell the high-bred young lady of her honorable mother that I hope her health may expand." Then I condescend to my own room in the basement, remove from my trunk the big American dictionary and set myself to inquire the meaning of the word "insolence," and resolve in my mind to demand from the honorable father of the coeducated young lady more money for wages or to serve on him a notice to quit on account of the insult to Japanese dignity.

When I walked myself upstairs to dust the library I found Miss Frances engaging herself still to perusing thick books of the higher branches, and I thought to my own intellect how sad it is and how perverted that the daughter in the library cultivates the highest branches of the tree of knowledge, meant only for man to climb, while her honorable mother must work the same morning like a servant in the kitchen on account of the cook leaving for smaller family and bigger wages elsewhere. "If," thinks my intellect, "this young lady and others like her would drop off the higher branches to prevent the father from throwing fewer money out of the window and to assist the honorable mother in saving the unreasonable wages of the cook, then might the worshipful President have to engage himself with fewer edicts to the American people against the suicide of the race. Likewise," thinks my intellect, "if Miss Frances betrays a coeducated young man into marrying her, she will commit early race suicide in order that she may have all the hours and minutes she wishes to climb 'way up the uppermost branches of the tree of higher education."

After a while Miss Frances deserts her glances from the thick book of higher education to pass to me politely the remark: "Taro, I am sorry, but I fear the Japanese young lady is not treated with sufficient respect in your country."

"Allow me to pardon you, Miss Frances," I return to her, "but I think the Japanese young lady is treated with higher consideration of respect than the young lady in America. American people boast themselves all the time how much consideration of respect they pass to young ladies; but how often must I read in the American newspapers accounts of how American women are blockaded in the streets at night by assaults and batteries from ruffians. This is a species of conduct undiscovered by the Japanese."

"American women," she returns me, becoming again the American Indian, or red woman, in the face, "are supposed to know how to rest on their independence and take care of themselves."

"But, Miss Frances," I descend myself to her with a bow, "how can they rest on independence by themselves when even the male kind of the United States cannot do so?"

"What is the meaning you would hope to imply, Taro?" she requests.

"The meaning I mean to imply, Miss Frances," I give back to her with deep politeness, "is that even the life of the masculines in the United States is not safe. Every day I read in your printed newspapers of murders outside in the streets, of shooting with the pistol to kill, of robberies from money at night in the streets, of holding up the pocketbooks in dark places. Japanese young men must proceed carefully at nighttime in San Francisco, with smile on the face and stone in the pocket for hold-up man, with preparations for instant application of jiu-jitsu. Likewise, your newspapers in editorial columns devote much space to telling how sacred human life is in your United States, and news columns of same paper shriek with accountings of great numbers killed and injured and deformed by railroad accidents celebrated everywhere across your blessed country."

"Maybe, Taro," she responds me, a smile flirting across her face, "you suffer in Japan from too much government."

"Miss Frances," I manufacture my reply politely, "if you have much life destroyed in the United States by too little government, and we have in Japan no life at all destroyed by too much government, which do you think is the flag best to live under?"

"I am afraid that you Japanese," she says, supplying her dodging answer, "are fanatic in your patriotism and blind your eyes to the faults of your government."

And Deserts Her Mother to the Washing of Dishes

"Miss Frances," I again intermit, "what makes that so much fanaticism save good government and laws fine for the health and prosperity of the subjects? Now," I say, continuing myself from where she broke the argument up, "newspapers publish much on the sacredness of private property in United States, and yet big trusts like Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Harriman and Mr. Ryan take much after the method of hold-up man, and in strikes and riots going on all the time is much more property destroyed."

"The psychology of the Oriental," she makes final reply to me, heaving up a long sigh, "is impossible for Occidentals to untangle." Then she buries herself in the thick book of the higher branches of coeducation and contradicts with me no more.

While I am disclosing on this theme I wish to add to it that the amount of freedom tolerated to young ladies in America is most shocking to a Japanese mind. You know, my revered father, how carefully in Japan our girls are kept under eyes of the parents. Their admired mother guards them every minute. She does not dream to allow them to display themselves on the street without attendance. The chief amusement of young girls at home is sweet music at the fireside and keeping away from balls, entertainments and theatres. In the schools they are held widely apart, and not permitted to be coeducated with young men and boys. But in America girls and young ladies seize equal weight of freedom with the men, walk on an equal footing with them, and claim rights to go and come from parental roof when they indulge the notion.

Miss Frances visits the playhouse with a coeducated young man from her university, and her brother George disports himself likewise with one coeducated young lady after the other. Even the second daughter, Helen, who only approaches the high school as yet, goes to balls and parties with young men and boys not yet in their majorities, and deserts her mother to the washing of dishes that were the aggravation of the former cook, who left on account of their numbers. Often Miss Helen reaches the doorstep of her sacred home after midnight, which is sadly to be deplored by me, because I must depart from my bed to let her in when she forgets her key at this hour unknown to young ladies of Japan. And the youngest daughter, Alice, who attains only the age of twelve, disports herself together for amusement with older boys on the street.

Also gravely to be deplored is the lack of respect with which American children disdain their parents. Could you be present to witness the demonstrations of this subject your venerable head would cultivate the color of

I Jiu-Jitsued the Eldest Son of this Considerable Lady Over My Right Shoulder

white in astonishment and grief. At home, where obedience and respect for our parents is the prime teachings of our religion, such conduct would shock the images of our sainted ancestors from off the walls in completeness of horror. A short time ago, to instance myself, Mrs. Read said to her oldest daughter: "In my days of youth such plays as you now consent to attend were considered very bad for the morals. I do not approve of them. I know not where this sort of things will end us up in."

Miss Frances then looks down scornfully on her honorable mother from the highest branches of education, elevates her shoulders and says: "Your views, mother, are old in their fashion. You were not emancipated from slavery of the intellect by co-studies at the university."

"Much to be regretted, this may be," says to herself sadly the honorable mother, "but from the ways and ideas old in fashion in the present tense I saw in the time of my ancestors much good result, and what good is to arrive from the ways of education of young ladies new in fashion nobody knows yet."

"It will certainly bring about to evolution," Miss Frances brings her reply, "the complete equality of the female mind, and put masculines and feminines on the same foot."

The mother says nothing, whispering deep prayer up to the spirits of her sainted ancestors. And Mr. Read, the husband, instead of following the Japanese fashion on such an occasion and severely punishing this "pure insolence" of Miss Frances, pretends to be absent from his hearing, that he also may not be reminded that his views and his education are old in the fashion.

And the oldest son, William, who is in the stock-broking or gambling business, often allows himself the pain to instruct his honorable father that his ideas in the performance of commerce are not up to the date of swindling people according to the latest American styles of abstracting money from the pocketbooks of competitors. William says to the ears of his sister Frances that his honorable father is old fogy in his ideas, which means that the honorable father pays too much respect to the honest ways of his ancestors, now swiftly growing ancient, in the manner of transacting modern American business. Can you imagine yourself, my worshipful father, that your loving son, Taro, would permit himself, even in madness, to speak to or of you in such phrases as Miss Frances or Mr. William put in employment to their mother and father?

Such bad examples set in place by the older children of the Read family are contagious to the morals of the youngest children. And these mere kids of youth, variable in age from twelve to eight, contradict the parents, talk back with replies of impudence, and cry and stamp their feet with the floor when they cannot obtain to themselves what they demand. In our beloved Japan the immediate result would be the prolonged employment of nimble bamboo sticks not according to union hours. But here employment of bamboo is considered to be old in the fashion, and newer ideas in false education consist in willing to children their own way.

The treatment of old people in America, like grandparents, is such that the Japanese psychology cannot comprehend it. To us old age means a subject for reverence and highest consideration on the part of the young ones. But in America from the part of the young it means only hard luck for getting old after this fashion and living so long. It is no uncommon phenomenon in America for grandchildren to permit their grandparents to end their days in the poorhouse, which in our adored country we would rather perform hara-kiri on ourselves, not to say starve ourselves in the street, than condescend to allow. Mr. Read's grandfather, on account of his position in the family, subjects himself to my sympathy.

The youngest boy, Harry, commits the sacrilege of playing jokes on him because he does not hear well, which is the only respectable attention the venerable old man receives from any of his grandchildren.

All these younger Read children, in imitation of the example set in place by the older ones, enjoy themselves in the favorite American pastime of throwing money outside the windows. They are extravagant in their expenditures and most wasteful in their consumption of all articles to wear and to eat and to be purchased. Their honorable mother, according to American fashion, pampers their foolish desires, and she coaxes out of the pocket of her honorable husband the money to satisfy their whims for dress, amusement and frivolous attractions. So there is going on in the family of the Reads steady conspiracy against the purse, instead of each member of family helping the honorable father to heighten his account with the bank. This is painful to be witnessed on the part of the ambitious Japanese young man desiring his wages constantly to be increased.

Now, this extravagance and disobedience which are cultured in the home, this lack of high respect of children in regard to their parents, this suicide of the race, this freedom of sex encouraged by young ladies among themselves, this false system of coeducation in the highest branches toward the neglect of domestic experience and knowledge, lead to the terrible numbers of divorces in America, so shocking to the Japanese intellect, coming from a country where there are next to none at all.

In America the enterprise of getting divorces is as common and as little to be considered as the joys of getting married, and the one seems daily to become quite as much a custom of the people as the other. The newspapers are soaked with accounts of divorces, and the courts of law are so busy with the object of separating husbands from wives and wives from husbands that the judges are forced to neglect other business better for commerce. The number of these divorces has variation in accordance with the size of the place where they are enjoyed, so generally the population of any town or city may be estimated by knowing the proportion of divorce cases to the number of the inhabitants. To be divorced is considered to be no disgrace, while not to be divorced evokes the surprise and summons the wonder of the exceptional. People may be divorced one day and married the next day without sacrificing time by loss, as if previous matrimonial experience fitted the ones divorced for a more permanent alliance. This, to the Japanese mind, is much in the light of polygamy, and differs from it only because in the state of polygamy you live with many wives at the same time, while in the state of divorce you live with many wives at intervals between separations. The Americans are up in anger very much against polygamy, and they will not permit to enter the United States Senate a male citizen from Utah, where the state of polygamy applies, and where the inhabitants prefer to take all their wives at the same time rather than in quick succession, one after the divorce of the other. But, as you see, if the custom of divorce multiplies itself at its present rate of American swiftness of railroad speed, the population will be chiefly polygamous without knowing it: while if they lived in the state of polygamy they would know it. This is the only difference which the Japanese intellect, highly gifted according to its own notion, can spy between the two states.

Another thing most wonderful to be remarked is that the United States is most Europe, by which I mean the population is made together of Swedes, Germans, Greeks Italians, Irish, Polish, Bohemians, Hungarians, Slovaks and Russians, and many more whose names are beyond my memory. These people import with them different languages, ideals, habits and religions that are strange to each other. What they nourish in common is the idea to achieve the American dollar, and, after finishing this achievement abundantly, many of them return to their native lands to enjoy what remains of their lives. Each of these peoples stays apart by itself in different quarters of the cities they inhabit, and each hates and calls the others foreigners, until some new style of foreigner, like the Japanese, arrives on the scenes; then they all make friends together and hate only the latest to reach the American soil. While these foreign peoples do much harm in America, which I will show how later on, they do also much good to it. They perform the common or hard variety of toil; they assist the industries to develop themselves and they import foreign wants and desires, which commits a great help for American business. Also by hanging on to America the foreigner improves his condition and situation, those who remain in America for some time refusing themselves the work that they compelled themselves to do before the arrival on the scenes of other foreigners. Thus the Irish and Germans, who were the first foreigners to arrive, started by digging holes and sewers in the streets, but now these Irish are all policemen or politicians, and these Germans grasp saloons or other businesses to keep them, while the Italians, the next to arrive, are placed inside the holes. The Italians now gladly put the Japanese in the hole, while they seek higher employment, and the Japanese would gladly extend the pickaxe and shovel to the next newcomers who will politely receive them.

The harm these foreign peoples do is mostly in politics, where they vote according to the ideas of the corrupt boss, and not for the good of the country. In return for this damage the boss finds them jobs inside the holes, cleaning streets and laying pipes through the dirt. Many wise Americans say this is dangerous to their country, and they think the foreigner, unless he is abstracted from illiteracy by learning to write and speak the English tongue, should not be honored by the right to vote. But, according to my thoughtful mind, my so much esteemed father, I think the universal franchise provokes much good, and that the American would create a mistake by dividing the illiterate foreigner from it. When the vote is either hospitable to his interests or an enemy against it he learns how to think, and by thinking he improves his condition and situation, and by improving his condition and situation he manufactures himself into a better citizen. So I conclude what is needed to make the corrupt boss a bad business is to give the foreigner more power and interest in the country so he will bestow the vote according to what is good for him and the country, and not what is good only for the corruption of the boss. This harm he will perform when he is made to have little interest in his adopted country, when what the boss steals will cost nothing to his wealth, his prospects and his future.

Out of this business of the boss with the foreigners there springs the popular American pastime of graft—a sport happily not known to our sanctified country. To graft means to multiply your honest salary many times by the amount you can politely steal

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The Touchstone

By E. NESBIT

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

Last night I dreamed a wonderful dream,
And I dreamed that the dream was true:
I walked in a meadow beside a stream
In a place where daffodils grew;
And I was alone with you.

Your eyes and your smile were all for me,
Your sea-blue eyes and your smile;
And I said, "Am I dreaming, or can it be
That life can so far beguile?
I shall know in a little while."

But when "It is not a dream," you said,
"But one of the isles that lie
Between the land of the quick and dead,
Between time and eternity,"
The mist of my doubt went by.

There was no talk of love or lover,
But there were I and you —
Till you said "I love you!" and all was over,
And it was a dream, I knew,
For that could never be true.

MOUTH BREATHING

Its Cause and Its Consequences

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

DECORATION BY EMLEN McCONNELL

IN ALL ages it has been accounted a virtue to keep your mouth shut—chiefly, of course, upon moral or prudential grounds, for fear of what might issue from it if opened. Then came physiology to back up the maxim, on the ground that the open mouth was also dangerous on account of what might be inhaled into it. Oddly enough, in this instance, both morality and science have been beside the mark to the degree that they have been mistaking a symptom for a cause. This has led us to absurd and injurious extremes in both cases. On the moral and prudential side it has led to such outrageous exaggerations as the well-known and oft-quoted proverb: "Speech is silver, but silence is golden." Articulate speech, the chiefest triumph and highest single accomplishment of the human species, the handmaid of thought and the instrument of progress, is actually rated below silence, the attribute of the clod and of the dumb brute, the easy refuge of cowardice and of stupidity.

Easily eight-tenths of all speech is informing, educative, helpful in some modest degree, while fully that proportion of silence is due to lack of ideas, cowardice, or designs that can flourish only in darkness. It is not the abundance of words, but the scarcity of ideas, that makes us flee from "the plugless word-spout" and avoid the chatterbox.

Similarly, upon the physical side, because children who breathe through the mouth are apt to have a vacant expression, to be stupid and inattentive, undersized, pigeon-breasted, with short upper lip and crowded teeth, we have leaped to the conclusion that it is a fearsome and dangerous thing to breathe through your mouth. All sorts of stories are told about the dangerousness of breathing frosty air directly into the lungs. Invalids shut themselves scrupulously indoors for weeks and even months at a stretch, for fear of the terrible results of a "blast of raw air" striking into their bronchial tubes. All sorts of absurd instruments of torture in the form of "respirators" to tie over the mouth and nose and "keep out the fog" are invented, and those who have the slightest tendency to bronchial or lung disturbances are warned upon pain of their life to wrap up their mouths whenever they go out-of-doors.

As a matter of fact, there is exceedingly little evidence to show that pure, fresh, open air at any reasonable temperature and humidity ever did harm when inhaled directly into the lungs. In fact, a considerable proportion of us, when swinging along at a lively gait on the country roads, or playing tennis or football, or engaged in any form of active sport, will be found to keep our lips parted and to inhale from a sixth to a third of our breath in this way, and with no injurious results whatever. Nine-tenths of all the maladies believed to be due to breathing even the coldest and rawest of air are now known to be due to invading germs.

The Mouth as a Last Resort

NEVERTHELESS, mouth breathing in all ages has been regarded as a bad habit, and with good reason. It was only about thirty years ago that we began to find out why. A Danish throat surgeon, William Meyer, whose death occurred only a few months ago, discovered, in studying a number of children who were affected with mouth breathing, that in all of them there were present in the roof of the throat curious spongy growths which blocked up the posterior opening of the nostrils. As this mass was made up of a number of smaller lobules, and the tissue appeared to be like that of a lymphatic gland, or "kernel," the name "*adenoids*" ("glandlike") was given to them. Later they were termed *post-nasal growths*, from the fact that they lay just behind the rear opening of the nostrils, and these two names are used interchangeably. Our knowledge has spread and broadened from this starting point, until we now know that adenoids are the chief, yes, almost the sole cause, not merely of mouth breathing, but of at least two-thirds of the injurious effects which have been attributed to this habit.

Mouth breathing is not simply a bad habit, a careless trick on the part of the child. We have come to realize that physical bad habits, as well as many mental and moral ones, have a definite physical cause, and that *no child ever becomes a mouth breather as long as he can breathe comfortably through his nose.*

This clears the ground at once of a considerable amount of useless lumber in the shape of advice to train the child to keep his mouth shut. I have even known mothers who were in the habit of going around after their helpless offspring were asleep and gently but firmly pushing up the little jaw and pressing the lips together until some sort of an attempt at respiration was made through the nostrils. Advertisements still appear of slinglike apparatuses for holding the jaws closed during sleep.

To attempt to stop mouth breathing before providing abundant air-space through the nostrils is not only irrational, but cruel. Of course, after the child has once become a mouth breather, even after the nostrils have been made perfectly free, it will not at once abandon its habit of months or years, and disciplinary measures of some sort may then be needed for a time. But the hundred-times-repeated admonition: "For Heaven's sake, child, shut your mouth! Don't go around with it hanging open like that!" unless preceded by proper treatment of the nostrils, will have just about as much effect upon the habit as the proverbial water on a duck's back. No use trying to close his mouth by any amount of opening of your own.

Fortunately, as does not always happen, with our discovery of the cause has come the knowledge of the cure, and we are able to say with confidence that, widespread and serious as are disturbances of health and growth associated with mouth breathing, they can be absolutely prevented and abolished.

What, then, is the cause of this nasal obstruction, and when does it begin to operate? The primary cause is catarrhal inflammation, with swelling and thickening of the secretions, and it may begin to operate anywhere from the seventh month to the seventh year. A neglected attack or series of attacks of "snuffles," "colds in the head," "catarrhs" in infants and young children, will set up a slow inflammation of this glandular mass at the back of the nostrils—a tonsil, by the way—and start its enlargement.

Whether we know anything about adenoids themselves or not, we are all familiar with their handiwork. The open mouth, giving a vacant expression to the countenance, the short upper lip, the pinched and contracted nostrils, the prominent and irregular teeth, the listless expression of the eyes, the slow response to request or command, we have seen a score of times in every schoolroom. Coupled with these facial features are apt to be found on closer investigation a lack of interest in both work and play, an impaired appetite, restless sleep and a curious general backwardness of development, both bodily and mental, so that the child may be from one to four inches below the normal height for his years, from five to fifteen pounds under weight and from one to three grades behind his proper school position. Very often, also, his chest is inclined to be narrow, the tip of his breast-bone to be sunken in, and his abdomen larger in girth than his chest. Is it possible that the mere inhaling of air directly into the lungs, even though it be imperfectly warmed, moistened and filtered, as compared with what it would be if drawn through the elaborate "steam-coils" in the nostrils for this purpose, can have produced this array of defects? It is incredible on the face of it and unfounded in fact. Fully two-thirds of these can be traced to the direct influence of the adenoids.

These adenoids, it may be briefly stated, are the result of an enlargement of a *tonsil*, or group of small tonsils, identical in structure with the well-known bodies of the same name which can be seen on either side of the throat. They have the same unfortunate faculty as the other tonsils for getting into hot water, flaring up, inflaming and swelling on the slightest irritation. And, unfortunately, they are so situated that their capacity for harm is far greater than that of the other tonsils. They seem painfully like the chip on the shoulder of a fighting man, ready to be knocked off at the lightest touch and plunge the whole body into a scrimmage. Their position is a little difficult to describe to one not familiar with the anatomy of the throat, especially as they cannot be seen except with a laryngeal mirror. But it may be roughly stated as in the middle of the roof of the throat, just at the back of the nostrils, and above the soft palate. From this coign of vantage they are in position to produce serious disturbances of two of our most important functions—respiration and digestion, and three out of the five senses—smell, taste and hearing.

We will begin with their most frequent and most serious injurious effect, though not the earliest—the impairment of the child's power of attention and intelligence. So well known is their process in this respect that there is scarcely an intelligent and progressive teacher nowadays who is not thoroughly posted on adenoids. Some of them will make a snap diagnosis as promptly and almost as accurately as a physician; and when once they suspect their presence they will leave no stone unturned to secure an examination of the child by a competent physician, and the removal of the growths, if present. They consider it a waste of time to endeavor to teach a child weighted with this handicap. How keenly awake they are to their importance is typified by the remark of a prominent educator five or six years ago:

"When I hear a teacher say that a child is stupid my first instinctive conclusion is either that the child has adenoids, or that the teacher is incompetent."

When the Ear Goes "Pop"!

THE lion's share of their influence upon the child's intelligence is brought about in a somewhat unexpected and even surprising manner, and that is by the *effects of the growths upon his hearing.* You will recall that this third tonsil was situated at the highest point in the roof of the pharynx, or back of the throat. The first effect of its enlargement is naturally to block the posterior opening of the nostrils. But it has another most serious vantage-ground for harm in its peculiar position. Only about three-fourths of an inch below it upon either side open the mouths of the Eustachian tubes, the little funnels which carry air from the throat out into the drum cavity of the ear. You have frequently had practical demonstrations of their existence, by the well-known sensation, when blowing your nose vigorously, of feeling something go "pop" in the ear. This sensation was simply due to a bubble of air being driven out through this tube from the back of the throat under pressure brought to bear in blowing the nose. The luckless position of the third tonsil could hardly have been better planned if it had been devised for the special purpose of setting up trouble in the mouths of these Eustachian tubes.

Just as soon as the enlargements become chronic they pour out a thick mucous secretion, which quickly becomes

purulent, or, in the vernacular, "matter." This trickles down on both sides of the throat, and drains right into the open mouth of the Eustachian tube. Not only so, but these Eustachian tubes are the remains of the first gill-slits of embryonic life, and, like all other gill-slits, have a little mass of this same lymphoid or tonsilar tissue surrounding them. This also becomes infected and inflamed, clogs the opening, and one fatal day the inflammation shoots out along the tube, and the child develops an attack of earache. At least two-thirds of all cases of earache, and, indeed, five-sixths of all cases of deafness in children, are due to adenoids.

Earache is simply the pain due to acute inflammation in the small drum cavity of the ear. This in the large majority of cases will subside and drain back again into the throat through the Eustachian tube. In a fair percentage of instances, however, it will break in the opposite direction, and we have the familiar ruptured drum and discharge from the ear. In either case the drum becomes thickened, so that it can no longer vibrate properly, the delicate little chain of bones behind it, like the levers of a piano, becomes clogged, and the child becomes deaf, whether a chronic discharge be present or not.

This is the secret of his "inattention," his "indifference"—even of his apparent disobedience and rebelliousness. What other children hear without an effort he has to strain every nerve to catch. He misunderstands the question that is asked of him, makes an absurd answer, and is either scolded or laughed at. It isn't long before he falls into the attitude: "Well, I can't get it right, anyhow, no matter how I try, so I don't care." Up to five or ten years ago the puzzled and distracted teacher would simply report the child for stupidity, indifference and even insubordination. In nine cases out of ten when children are naughty or stupid they are really sick.

Not content with dulling one of the child's senses, these thugs of the body politic proceed to throttle two others—smell and taste. Obviously the only way of smelling anything is to sniff its odor into your nose. And if this be more or less, or completely, blocked up, and its delicate mucous membranes coated with a thick, ropy discharge, you will not be able to distinguish anything but the crudest and rankest of odors. But what has this to do with taste? Merely that two-thirds of what we term "taste" is really smell. Seal the nostrils and you can't "tell chalk from cheese," not even a cube of apple from a cube of onion, as scores of experiments have shown. We all know how flat tea, coffee and even our favorite dishes taste when we have a bad cold, and this, remember, is the permanent condition of the palate of the poor little mouth-breather. No wonder his appetite is apt to be poor, and that even what food he eats will not produce a flow of "appetite juice" in the stomach, which Pavloff has shown to be so necessary to digestion. No wonder his digestion is apt to go wrong, ably assisted by the continual drip of the chronic discharge down the back of his throat, his bowels to become clogged and his abdomen distended.

Mouth Breathing the Method of Fish and Frog

BUT the resources for mischief of this pharyngeal "Old Man of the Sea" are not even yet exhausted. Next comes a very curious and unexpected one. We have all heard much of "the struggle for existence" among plants and animals, and had painful demonstrations of its reality in our own personal experience. But we hardly suspected that it was going on in our own interior. Such, however, is the case, and when once one organ or structure falls behind the others in the race of growth, its neighbors promptly begin to encroach upon and take advantage of it. Emerson was right when he said, "I am the Cosmos," the universe.

Now, the mouth and the nose were originally one cavity. As Huxley long ago remarked: "When Nature undertook to build the skull of a land animal she was too lazy to start on new lines, and simply took the old fish-skull and made it over, for air-breathing purposes." And a clumsy job she made of it! It may be remarked, in passing, that mouth breathing, as a matter of history, is an exceedingly old and respectable habit, a reversion, in fact, to the method of breathing of the fish and the frog.

"To drink like a fish" is a shameful and utterly unfounded aspersion upon a blameless animal of most correct habits and model deportment. What the poor goldfish in the bowl is really doing with his continual "gulp, gulp!" is breathing—not drinking.

This remodeling begins at a very early period of our individual existence. A horizontal ridge begins to grow out on either side of our mouth-nose cavity, just above the roots of the teeth. This thickens and widens into a pair of shelves, which finally, about the third month of embryonic life, meet in the middle line to form the hard palate or roof of the mouth, which forms also the floor of the nose. Failure of the two shelves to meet properly causes the well-known "*cleft-palate*," and if this failure extends forward to the jaw, *hare-lip*. In the growth of a healthy child a balance is preserved between these lower and upper compartments of the original mouth-nose cavity, and the nose above growing as rapidly in depth and in breadth as the mouth below, and the horizontal partition between, the floor of the nose and the roof of the mouth, is kept comparatively flat and level. In adenoids, however, the nostrils no longer being adequately used, and consequently failing to grow, and the mouth cavity below growing at the full normal rate, it is not long before the mouth begins to encroach upon the nostrils by pushing up the partition of the palate. As soon as this upward bulge of the roof of the mouth occurs, then there is a diminution of the resistance offered by the horizontal healthy palate to the continual pressure of the muscles of

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IMMORTAL YOUTH

Pygmalion and Peggy

SLIPSHOD and sloven, lugging a pail of suds and trailing a listless mop, the scrubwoman dragged her dawdling feet up from the basement into the main hall of the art gallery. Here the masterpieces of sculpture stood clustered like an enchanted forest of marble and marvelous trees. But the matter-of-fact attendant in uniform had nothing more poetic to say than:

"Are you Mrs. Flannery?"

She nodded as if her identity were as unimportant to the world as it was to her. The man jerked a thumb over his shoulder.

"Go up them stairs at the far end of the hall and toin to the right till you come to the noo gallery. Ask for Mr. Kelton. He's waitin' for you."

She nodded drearily as if Mr. Kelton were as unimportant as everything else; and wandered on. She wasted no glance at the marble or plaster classics. But they, in their petrified moods, seemed to regard her with studious interest.

Niobe and her daughters checked their grief, and Laocoön and his sons paused among the writhing serpents till she and her indifference should be out of sight of their anguish. The Apollo Belvedere alone attitudinized, even for her, as if hoping that she would share his approval of himself. The horned Moses gathered his beard aside, and the Day and Night of Michelangelo seemed to raise themselves heavily in protest at the intrusion of such a workaday character in their mighty counsels. Cleopatra, with asp on bosom, glowered at her. The Venus of Medici simpered, caressing her own milky flesh; the Melos alone ignored her, busied with ambrosial thoughts. The Marble Faun mused over her with his eternal smothered chuckle; and all the snowy populace seemed to say: "How did she get into Olympus? What can she know of passion or romance, of tragedy or idyl—that sloppy, old scrubwoman?"

The draped statues poised their eloquent wrinkles in amazement at the remarkable ugliness of the chaos that served Mrs. Flannery for costume. The elaborately coiffed goddesses seemed to stand astonished at Mrs. Flannery's hair, with its sparse and tightly-drawn skein yanked back to a small knob, resembling a crab-apple with a skewer in it. These stone people could hardly have known that the one lock brushed low over Mrs. Flannery's left forehead was meant to conceal a scar which the late Mr. Flannery had raised there as his chief claim on her memory.

Mrs. Flannery moved on her way like realism snubbing romance. If she had had any thought at all, it might have been, "Better a live scrubwoman than a dead goddess."

But she was not thinking of gods or goddesses—Mrs. Flannery. She was thinking of how heavy her pail was; how tired the plaited muscles of her broad back were; how the rusty hinges of her knees would grate when she had to kneel at her orisons to the demigod of cleanliness.

The heroic stairway she clambered had no interest for her, except its length. Once at the top and her breath regained, she turned to the right and trailed her swishing mop through sun-flooded galleries of paintings. But her face stayed empty of expression until she reached the new room in the new wing. Here the canvases, bronzes, all the works of art, were hidden under sheets of cheesecloth and tarpaulin. The ceiling with its arabesques and its frieze was trowel-fresh, but the floor was a litter of plaster-spatter, lath splinter, and the general débris of decoration.

"What Can She Know of Passion or Romance, of Tragedy or Idyl?"

Mrs. Flannery opened her eyes here. Here was her business and her demesne. She was important to this room and it to her.

She found a man loafing about, waiting for her to keep the tryst.

"Is this Mr. Kelton?" she asked.

"Is this Mrs. Flannery?" he answered.

"I guess it's the both of us," she said with an almost smile that was remarkably pleasant for so dull a face. With awakened professional pride she brushed the vagrant lock back over Mr. Flannery's mark and surveyed her territory.

"The plashterers didn't do a t'ing to this floor, did they?" she said. "They on'y made a pig-pin out of it, that's all."

"That's all," echoed Mr. Kelton. "It will look better when you get through with it. First you must clean up this mess on the floor. Then swab everything with a damp cloth. Then you can take the coverings off the statues and pictures. And for Heaven's sake, be careful. Don't stick that mop of yours through any of the Old Masters, and don't knock any fingers or toes or noses off. It was probably one of you women who robbed the Medici of her fingers and the Hermes of his right arm."

Mrs. Flannery's pride was touched. She bristled professionally. "What do ye t'ink I am, a hypopottimoose? Sure, and this ain't the first airt gallery I've set foot in. Wasn't I an old hand in stoodios before you was out of short pants?"

"Was you—were you?" said Mr. Kelton absently, as he peered under one of the cloths at a hidden Ter Borch.

"Sure was I," said Mrs. Flannery, and began to get down on all fours with the circumstance of a kneeling camel.

When this descent was negotiated, she looked up like a quadruped and demanded:

"Usedn't I to be a model in me young days?"

"Used you?" came from the muffled curator.

"That I used. In thim days I had a shape, too. They was artists, and good ones at that, who said me figger was divine. They said it would drive you crazy."

Kelton peered out at her and answered:

"It does still, Mrs. Flannery."

Mrs. Flannery set to scraping the dirt in heaps and began to think aloud:

"Yis, sor, in thim days me shape was in grea-at demand. I was almost iv'rything beautiful and glorious. Wan

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

week I was a nymp', the next week I was a sylp'—or whativer-the-divil-it-is,-I-dunno. Anyhow, it was wan of thim ladies that don't wear anny"—she looked about cautiously, then lowered her voice to a confidence—"whisher!—ladies that don't wear anny clothes to brag about, but is great on grace—disgrace, I'd call it nowadays. But in thim days—oh, the Lord love ye!—I usedn't to think anny more of posin' than I do now of rollin' up me sleeves. Some days I was a society lady, and then a queen, and what-not. Why, I was a Gibson girrul before this Gibson felly would lave go of his bottle."

"You don't tell me?" came from somewhere under cover.

"Sure, it's me that's tellin' ye. Wanst they was a pome wrote about me. Honestogoodness! Let's see how it wint." She sat up on her haunches awkwardly as a Newfoundland dog. "This is the way of it, as I was after tryin' to remimber it the other day:

"'Oh, laughter-lovin' Venus of the—the mien Hibernian,
I toast yer beauty in a beaker of Fa-Falernian.'

"Whatever it is, 'Falernian,' I dunno; only I think it wasn't ice-crame sody.

"'I pour loibation to the passion of yer wishtful face,
The curve of ivvery ivory limb
Hairmonious in a heavenly hymn
To Grecian drames of beauty, Grecian gods of grace.'

"That's the way it began, the rest of it I fergit. 'Ivvery ivory limb!' Can you see me now wit' me legs tied into bow-knots from rheumatics? Oh, wirra, wirra!"

She fell back on all-fours and went on with her work, chattering too garrulously to notice that her audience had quietly vanished.

"Wanst I was after recitin' it to me old man. And Flannery says, 'Aw, shut up and ferget it.' A fine soul for poetry had Flannery!—the dirty loafer, sleepin' off his drunks when he wasn't out collectin' 'em. Oh, it's sorra the day I ever took up wit' the likes of him, me that wanst had artists and handsome young gintlemen writin' pomes to me."

She sat up again in her Newfoundland posture. Seeing that she was alone she laughed in the self-derision that had saved her from despair all her life; then she went back to polishing the floor, eventually drifting into snatches of an old song of ribald tendencies:

"'Oh, the priest of the parish in his caravan
Kim over the mountains to marry Susanne.
Oh, the priest of the parish in his caravan
Kim over the mountains to marry Susanne.

"'There was McDermott and Patrick and a couple o' score more,
Wit' their long spades and pitchforks to ride the bride home.
And you're welkim all, heartily welkim,
Gramichree welkim, ivvery wan.

"'Whin the bride she was dressed she was comely and fair,
And as nate round the waisht as a two-year-old mare;
Her body was dressed wit' blue trimmin's around,
And her hat was a castor that cost her a crown.
And you're welkim all, heartily welkim,
Gramichree welkim, ivvery wan.'"

And so she sang and swept, scrubbed and clattered, till the litter was removed. Then she began on the floor, working from the outside in smaller and smaller circles.

After a time Kelton returned with a man whose wealth was as evident as his years. His prosperity was in such contrast with the curator's careless attire that he looked almost dapper.

"This is the room, Mr. Harbeson, or rather it will be," said Kelton, "when the woman here gets through with it."

Kelton's manner was markedly deferential. Mr. Harbeson accepted this as a matter of course and custom. He glanced about with an interest hardly more than polite.

Kelton went on: "Under that canvas is a handsome onyx tablet explaining that this is the Catherine Weldon Harbeson memorial gallery."

"Indeed?" was Harbeson's entire comment.

After a somewhat irksome silence Kelton ventured:

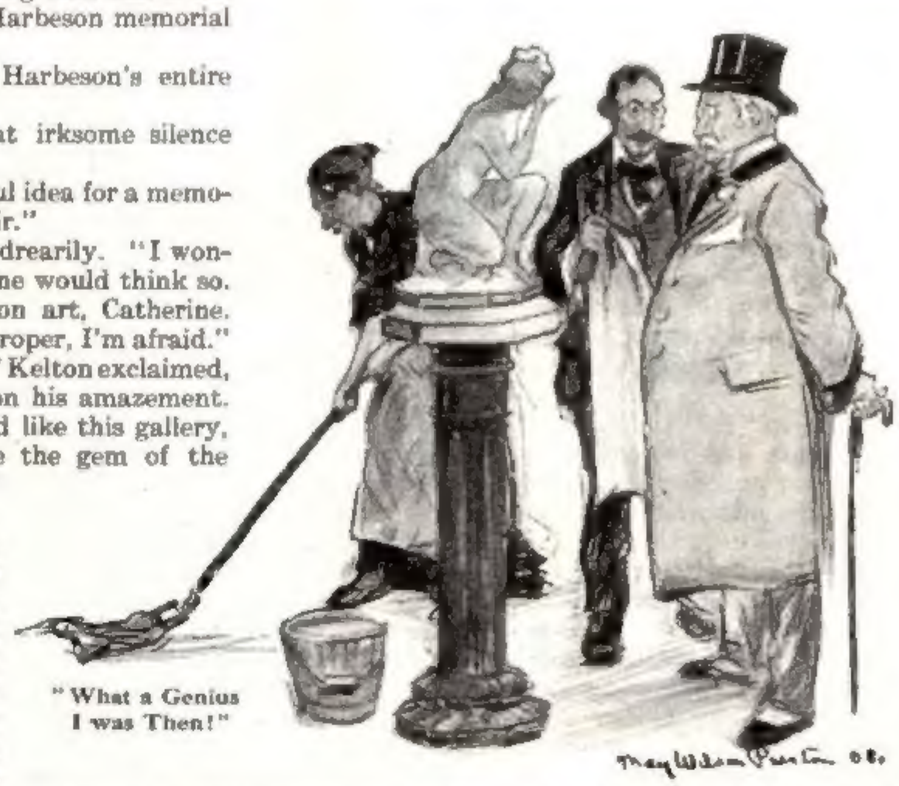
"It was a beautiful idea for a memorial to your wife, sir."

Harbeson smiled drearily. "I wonder if poor Catherine would think so. She wasn't much on art, Catherine. Hardly thought it proper, I'm afraid."

"You don't say!" Kelton exclaimed, with a soft pedal on his amazement. "I'm sure she would like this gallery, though. It will be the gem of the whole museum."

"Not really!"

"Indeed it will, sir. And do you know I think it is a pity that more rich men don't follow your example and spend their money this way. They have millions for endowing colleges, scientific schools, manual-training schools, athletic fields, hospitals, charities; but they overlook the religion of the beautiful."



"What a Genius I was Then!"

Harbeson turned a gray and quizzical eye on the enthusiast.

"The beautiful?—Mr. Kelton! The religion of the beautiful—in America? Really, Kelton, my boy, you get strange ideas in this quiet old gallery. You might as well be marooned."

"To be marooned in such a Paradise—that's not so bad."

"Paradise, eh? You actually enjoy living here?"

"It is the world to me, sir—a dead world, perhaps, but a beautiful one. Of course, you think I'm crazy."

Harbeson's eyes seemed to warm a trifle. "Yes, I suppose you are." Then he added, "I used to be crazy, too." Kelton turned a surprised look on him as he went on: "Mad as a hatter, or, worse yet, mad as a sculptor. When I was a boy I was insane over beauty, especially plastic beauty; and say what you will, Kelton, of your paintings and poems, your plays, music, romance—the one pure, absolute, final art is sculpture."

"I agree with you," murmured Kelton, motioning him out of the path of Mrs. Flannery's ruthless flail.

But Harbeson was incandescent with his thought. He went on, regardless of the encroaching menace:

"It's the flesh, my boy—the flesh! not the skin only and the complexion, not the eyes and the expression merely, but the muscles beneath the clothes, the bones beneath the muscle, the marrow inside the bones, the soul inside the marrow—all that marvelous living fabric of strength, suppleness, grace! None of your daubs on a flat canvas, none of your ink-slinging descriptions out of the dictionary, but the flesh, the flesh—not described, but realized! presented, round, full, flexible, projected into three dimensions—no, into four dimensions, for the fourth is soul. Why, nobody but a sculptor begins to know what real beauty is."

"Too bad you gave up art, sir," Kelton observed.

"So you've found that out, eh?" Harbeson exclaimed. "I thought it was a secret of my youth. Yes, I was an artist once—long ago—longer than I like to remember. I came on from the West. Do you know, I had never seen real art then, and I was rather prudish, I suppose. I wanted to make statues of generals, and horses, and cowboys—everything exact. I thought mainly of the finish of the buttons, the tassels on the chairs, the spurs on the cowboy. The finer the detail the greater the art, I thought. Then I came East. I wandered into this very museum. It was like being cremated and born again. When I saw that multitude of Greek statues I was so shocked I could hardly stand up. They were simply naked and indecent—the shameless monuments of a foul-minded race.

"But before I left the museum I had a new soul, I was revolutionized. I began to see the enormous difference between being stark naked and divinely nude. The whole world was new. I looked at men and women with a pair of eyes from which the scales had fallen. I saw through their clothes—saw themselves under their clothes—with neither pruriency nor prudery, but with artistic and critical appreciation of human architecture—architecture that breathes and moves and feels."

To Mrs. Flannery the rhapsodist was only a pair of feet much in the way. She flickered her mop nearer and nearer, with more and more professional authority, until Kelton, fearing a catastrophe, took Mr. Harbeson by the arm and led him to a safer spot. But he could not lead Harbeson's mind from its old pasture:

"I was poor, then, Kelton, poor as the devil. Lived on coffee and rolls mostly—with now and then a mad debauch at a forty-cent table d'hôte—wine included—at least they called it wine."

"I didn't know you had ever been poor, sir," said Kelton, feeling suddenly more at ease in the presence of this Mæcenas.

"Huh!—poor? I should say I was! And I didn't like it. I used to say, 'If I could only get leisure in some way, so as to do the things I want to do, instead of the ghastly old things that will sell'—only they didn't sell. Just a few years ago some people tried to get me to endow a poor starving sculptor, a genius in embryo. I said: 'I'll give him ten dollars a week, provided nobody else gives him any more.' They thought I was a miser and a brute, and got a sentimental woman to set him up in comfort. What's the result? He hasn't done anything worth while since. He was ruined—just as I was—by a sentimental woman."

"A sentimental woman ruined you, sir!"

"Yes. And this gallery is her monument. Bless her heart, her intentions were good. But you know where good intentions are used for asphalt. There's a vast difference, my boy, between sentimental and being temperamental. You see, I was living on artistic ideals and ambition, with a little stale bread. Along came Miss Catherine Weldon and asked me to make a marble bust of her. She offered me a hair-raising price. Later, I learned that it was a charitable ruse. The woman tempted me, and I fell. The sittings were numerous and—well, eventually, I found that I had somehow dared to propose to her, and she had somehow dared to accept me. Her wealthy parents raised the usual row, and, as usual, hastened the marriage. My wife fitted me up a gorgeous studio and bought me a frock coat and a tall hat, and I began to talk about art instead of digging at it. I began to dabble in theories instead of clay. In due time the studio made an excellent nursery for the children."

"Too bad! Ts! ts! ts!" clicked Kelton in sympathetic reproof.

"Don't think I am so beneath contempt as to be slandering my poor dead wife. She was a noble woman—and I revere her; but—well, she wasn't an artist. That is not a criticism, Kelton; it is a description. She was very uneasy when I had a model. A model was to her simply a shameless creature on parade. Besides, she didn't like to have the children grow up in—the presence of unclad statuary."

"Mrs. Harbeson was from New England, I believe, sir," Kelton murmured, hardly meaning to be satirical.

"Very much from New England," assented Harbeson, then came to himself with a start. He felt alarmed and ashamed, as one who realizes that he has been blabbing in his sleep.

"I don't know why I should have poured all this into your ears, Kelton, except that artists have a craze for publishing their secret feelings. Please forget it. I have tried to live down my artistic past and atone for it by taking care of Mrs. Harbeson's property. After a little practice the business game fascinated me. It's an art, too, of a sort. I began to make a little money of my own—I caught the knack. And now I am a respectable citizen, safe, sane and stupid—instead of a crazy artist."

But he could not pose as a Philistine in this room. He broke out again with the frenzy of an artist before an understanding listener:

"Once, though, it was my idea of Heaven just to chisel the splinters of stone from the prisoner rising to me—rising to me from the marble! Nobody who hasn't been crazy can imagine the joy of taking a lump of shapeless, clammy mud and with a few sweeps of the thumb rounding it into the throat of a goddess—or the breathing bosom

"It's Meself that's There," She Shrilled. "It's Me!"

of a woman—or the eyelids of a sleeping beauty."

His hands were in the air, giving action to his thought as if they were sentient beings.

"It's playing the creator in a small way, sculpture is," he said. "But I'm a fallen angel now, Kelton. My fingers are so stiff I can hardly hold the coupon scissors. The other day I was in a fellow's studio, and I took up a piece of clay to make a head of it—ugh! I couldn't make it look like anything but a mud pie. There was a time, though! There was a time!"

And he lapsed into a luxury of remembrance. Kelton seemed to be hesitating over a message, and finally he said:

"You've led up very neatly to the surprise I had in store for you, Mr. Harbeson."

"Surprise?"

"Yes. A few days ago we received a number of paintings and statues willed to us by James Farwell."

"Oh, yes, old Farwell. I knew him well, Horatio."

"Among the statuary was—what do you suppose, sir?"

"I'm no good at conundrums, Kelton."

"A statue of yours, sir."

"Of me?"

"By you."

"No!"

"Yes."

"Really! Wh-what was the name of it?"

"There was nothing on it except '*Harbeson sculpsit.*'"

"The one Latin word I used to know! Well, well. *Harbeson sculpsit.* I used to expect to scratch that on something that would defy the ages."

"I rather think you have, sir. This statue of yours is a pretty good bit."

"You don't say so! What did it represent?"

"A crouching nymph, sir."

"Oh, I remember. It was the one ideal thing that I ever really finished. Mrs. Harbeson hated it because it was so scantily draped and because—I believe there was a certain amount of gossip at the time about the model who posed for it. So I gave it to Farwell for a wedding present—that was ages ago. Lord, but she was a beauty, the model. Her name was er what was her name? Let me see! I'm afraid it's gone from me for the moment. But I'd know her if I met her anywhere. She was a beauty. She was ignorant and illiterate, but her flesh was divine. She had a good heart, too—a wild, loving, laughing way. What was her name? It's hideous to grow old—and forget. And to think I could forget her name of all!"

His memory was in such a desperate wrestle with itself that Kelton intervened.

"Would you care to see the statue, sir?"

"Care? Would a mother care to see a long-lost child?"

"It's right here, sir. I put it in this room as a surprise to you."

Kelton went to a shapeless heap of canvas over a pedestal in the centre of the gallery. He reached out to lift the muffler, but Harbeson checked him.

"Wait a minute, man. I feel as if I were about to see the dead brought back to life. What if I shouldn't like it now? What if it should rob me of my one illusion—that I spoiled a great sculptor to make a third-rate capitalist? Wait a minute, please. I—I think I'll just sit down."

He sank on a leather-covered bench. He was shaking from head to foot.

"So she's under that cloth, eh?—Just a minute, if you don't mind. Ah, now!"

Kelton whipped the canvas away and unveiled a little wonderwork of dreaming marble, a nymph that crouched on a tuffet of moss and smiled an eerie smile.

Kelton looked at the sculptor with fatherly amusement and found him struck motionless. He was all eyes.

"Not half bad, eh?" queried Kelton.

"Not half bad?" Harbeson echoed. "Why, man, it's—it's wonderful. It's great!" He moved toward it as if it had him under a spell. He walked round and round it with religious awe, murmuring, "And did I—did these hands—really carve that?"

"It has your name on it, sir."

"Wasn't I an Old Hand in Stoodios Before You was Out of Short Pants?"

Harbeson paused. Nothing could express him but Doctor Johnson's phrase, "My God, what a genius I was then!"

He was filled with an affiation of pride, the inarticulate rapture of a creator seeing that his work was good.

"I remember it now—so well," he murmured. "My teacher gave me that block of marble. It was an odd shape. He couldn't use it. But I seemed to see that little nymph crouching inside it, calling to me, 'Let me out! Let me out!'

"As I saw her in my vision she resembled a certain model, who only posed draped. I remember I had a terrible time persuading her to pose for this. But I succeeded. I hardly stopped to eat or sleep. The model fell into the mood, understood, and was tireless. She was a heroine in her way. She actually collaborated with me. Her body was as necessary there as my vision. And to think that I can't remember her name! It's shameful. It's dishonest! What becomes of the old models, anyway, Kelton?"

"'Where are the snows of yesteryear?'"

"That's true. Where are they? But, if they had their rights, they'd not be forgotten, these models. Their names ought to be carved on the statues alongside the sculptors'. As well omit an actress' name from a playbill. And now, even I can't remember her name."

Kelton looked at him with an amiable, condescending smile.

"So you are a little surprised?" he said

"Surprised? I'm thunderstruck. You can't realize what you've done for me."

He wrung the curator's hand so heartily that Kelton winced. Then a silence ensued, Harbeson staring at the statue, Kelton feeling very much out of place. The sculptor, the statue and he were three—a crowd.

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I'm needed in the office."

Harbeson absently assented. "Thank you, Kelton. I won't detain you."

When Kelton was gone, Harbeson remained leaning on the pedestal, gloating over every plane, every profile, remembering every muscle and tendon. His very hands remembered their former paths and he modeled the enveloping air with a kind of sensuousness.

He was too deeply engaged to notice that Mrs. Flannery was still in the room. He did not hear the swish of her mop, nor her heavy breathing, as she agonized about at her penitential trade. Finally, with such a rush of affection as the father of the prodigal felt when he saw his boy on the hills, Harbeson bent forward and kissed the home-come statue on the bewitching mouth. The lips of stone seemed to warm and respond, as if her soul came back to his. He bent his head on his hands and wept, the dry-eyed, silent grief of a man who has forgotten how to cry.

There Mrs. Flannery found him as she made the last circuit. As she worked round the base of the pedestal she was confronted by the same troublesome pair of feet. She rapped the tiles warningly with no effect. Coughed. No effect.

"Excuse me, sir," she said; "I say, excuse me, sir, but I—I've got to finish this job."

No answer. She tapped Harbeson's foot with the edge of her scrubbing-brush. He looked down in a daze.

"Good Heavens, where did you come from?"

"Sure, and ain't I workin' here the lasht half-hour? Would you excuse me just for wan minyoot?"

Reluctantly Harbeson moved away, went into the embrasure of a window and gazed out, not at what he saw, but at what he remembered.

Mrs. Flannery polished to a radiance the last inch of floor. Then she sat back on her haunches with a sigh of relief, rubbing her weary back. She noted a fleck of plaster on the pedestal before her, scraped at it with her fingernail, dabbed at it with a damp cloth, decided that the whole pedestal needed attention. Beginning at the base she worked her way round and round it, with her customary spiral progress. She was crooning again:

"'And you're welkim all, heartily welkim ——'

"Oh, Mother o' God, it's you! Oh, Mother o' God, it's you!"

Her wild cry startled Harbeson out of his reverie. He whirled round to see the scrubwoman, in frantic agitation, caressing his statue and wailing like a keener at a wake.

Harbeson turned to her

"What's the matter?"

"It's meself that's there," she shrilled. "It's me!—That's the ghost of me when I was a colleen." Then she forgot him as she clutched the little shoulders of the nymph. "Oh, you swate child, you! Oh, my dairlin' that you are! It's too cold here for the likes of you." She whipped off her apron and covered the chill marble.

"Don't do that!" snapped Harbeson, as much out of his head as she, and he snatched the cloth away.

The woman struggled for it. "It's me, I tell you. I posed for that. I wint hoongry and cold while the artist sculped it. Lord love him, he was that poor."

Harbeson stared at her in angry incredulity.

"You posed for that? You! Who are you?"

"Mrs. Michael Flannery."

"That wasn't her name. You can't fool me."

"I'm Peggy O'Donnell that was."

Harbeson's face lighted up as the name rekindled his memory. "That's her name. But you—you're not Peggy "

He forgot even to try to conceal his contempt, but she met it with unresisting meekness.

"No, but I used to be. Now I'm only old Mrs. Flannery, the scrub. But I was like this once, and he told me it didn't do me justice, at that. He loved me, he did. And now look at me!"

The contrast was sublimely ridiculous, unendurable. Harbeson would not have it.

"Don't you dare to tell me you're Peggy O'Donnell!"

"The divil fly away wit' you, what would you know of it?"

"I am the man that carved this statue," Harbeson answered with the pomposity of achievement.

Now it was Mrs. Flannery's turn to scoff.

"You—you an artist? A prim, old, pinched-up spalpeen like you—an artist? Why, he had long hair wit' curls—they were always droppin' over his eyes; and he wore a dirty, old velvet coat, and a string tie that looked like he slept in it. And he had a young, smilin' way—and the two eyes of him!—You him? Why—but listen now; if you're the man you can tell me how it all came about."

Harbeson was too much unnerved to resent the insinuation. He ransacked his memory.

"Well, Peggy O'Donnell was the daughter of a scrubwoman. Peggy was a beauty. I asked her to pose for me. But she'd only blush and say no. Finally, she consented just to wear a low-necked gown."

"For the bust of a society leddy," Peggy interrupted.

"Who was too busy to pose every day," Harbeson added.

"And he married her afterward," said Mrs. Flannery darkly. But Harbeson did not hear in the onrush of his

Continued on Page 47

"We were Young and We were Crazy and We Loved Each Other. What Else Mattered?"

THE BIBLE BUSINESS

The First Complete Edition was John Eliot's Translation of the Scriptures into an Indian Tongue

By JOHN MAPPELBECK

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

WE HAVE been *printing* the Bible in this country for nearly two hundred and fifty years. The first complete edition was John Eliot's translation of the Scriptures into an Indian tongue, printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1663.

We have been *manufacturing* the Bible, however, something less than fifteen years, and that is a very different thing from merely printing it.

Of course, the standing of the Bible as a commodity is a commonplace.

All the "best sellers" in the world put together would not equal its yearly distribution, and probably never will. It is sometimes asserted that this is an irreligious age. Churches complain of apathy and decreasing attendance. During the past generation the Scriptures have been attacked from a hundred standpoints.

Never for a moment, though, have sales fallen off. Bible publishers like criticism, and even denunciation. Let Science, or Irreverence, or Agnosticism grapple with the Bible, and attempt to cast doubt on its magnificent old pages, and thoroughly expose it for an outworn collection of poems and fables. Let the attack be but carried on in a noisy, far-reaching way, so that a few million people will hear about it, say the publishers, and it makes sales. People buy the Bible to see if it is as outworn or weak as it is said to be.

Some years ago a Western newspaper publisher undertook a subscription canvass, using the Bible as a premium. Publishers in his territory had been giving talking-machines, crockery and Poll-parrots to anybody who would agree to take their newspapers for a whole year. This publisher conservatively avoided such baits until competition forced him to offer something more attractive. Then he chose the Bible, drilled a crew of canvassers, and sent them out in territory that had apparently been worked down to mere tailings. But, in a few months, the Bible brought that paper sixty thousand new subscribers!

There is always an "N. G." list in a canvass of this sort. People are given the premium after signing a contract to take the paper a year, paying for the latter month by month. Naturally there are unscrupulous persons who get such a premium and then move, or hunt another job. That means loss. Such delinquents fall chiefly into a few unstable occupations, and when these are eliminated there is little trouble about collections.

One of the callings on this publisher's hazardous list was "Bartenders." Canvassers had instructions to make no contracts with them.

Well, it seemed as though every bartender in town heard of the canvass and wanted a Bible. It did no good to pass saloons. The "barkeep" followed the canvasser into a shoe store next door and pleaded for a Bible, and was wretched because he couldn't get it.

The "Professor" Who Wanted a Bible

ONE afternoon there walked into the publisher's private office a thick-set person, wearing loud-checked clothes. He had a prize-fighter's face, and his hands looked like picnic hams, with adult liver-sausages stuck on for fingers. He was the "Professor" who played the piano in the toughest gin-mill in the red-light district. He had come to get a Bible.

The publisher explained that the stock was limited, that the offer was about to expire, that the paper had all the new subscribers it needed. But that didn't go, Bill—see? The "Professor" wanted a Bible, and wanted it bad, and produced cash to cover the advance payment, and promised to be square, and prompt, and a regular "Constant Subscriber." Finally the publisher had to break his own rule and let him have the book.

"What on earth do *you* mean to do with a Bible?" he asked.

"Aw—I want to send it to me old mudder!" growled the "Professor."

Now, *that* is the Bible as a "best seller," and demand is so wide and staple that no Bible publisher ever worries, they say, when he finds himself overstocked fifty thousand copies. Presses keep on running.

We had no true Bible industry in this country until about 1895.

Many editions had been printed here, while the distribution of Bible societies ran into millions yearly. But these societies did not handle the Scriptures strictly as a manufactured product. All the fine editions came from England. We couldn't make the thin papers they were printed on, nor print a Bible on such paper had we made it, nor bind the printed sheets as they were bound in England, nor hold our own at all in straight competition in manufacturing any and every sort of Bible.

We do this to-day, though, and have a real Bible industry, and might even hold our advantage were the tariff on books removed.

How our Bible industry was established is an interesting story.

It began with a gigantic Bible fight. In England the Scriptures are printed under royal licenses that give a monopoly to three concerns—the University Presses at Oxford and Cambridge and the King's printers. Were any one else to print a Bible there they might clap him in jail, though separate licenses are granted when a publisher wishes to print the Bible in Scotland. This English monopoly was established to insure pure text—for the licensed printers must keep King James' version free from errors and unauthorized changes.

Now, in the good old days of our import Bible trade, when we got *manufactured* Bibles from abroad, there was an arrangement between a Scotch publishing house and the Oxford Press whereby the publishers had selling rights for Oxford Bibles in the United States, with a prosperous branch in New York City. Printer and publisher both made a tidy margin of profit then. Demand was staple, and everybody comfortable and happy, and that fine figure, the old-fashioned Bible salesman, flourished in the land.

They tell remarkable stories about the old-fashioned Bible salesman. He has disappeared to a lamentable extent, so probably it is safe to tell any sort of story about him now. But the mere fact that a man sold Bibles seems to have called for something paradoxical in the way of stories. So, whether it is true or not, the old-fashioned Bible salesman has left the reputation of being one of the most prodigal drummers who ever traveled on the road in the old days.

This brings up a curious point in the Bible industry.

Matters of creed and opinion and ethics must be kept strictly out of the Bible trade. Time and again there have arisen men who dared to issue special editions of the Bible containing a few revisions that met their own views of what the Scriptures ought to teach. These revisions were seldom radical. Perhaps a dozen words would be altered in the whole 773,692 that the Bible contains. But it is a truism in the Bible industry that all such editions have ultimately fallen under public suspicion, and been avoided, and often the publisher ruined.

Our own Bible industry grew out of an ethical issue somewhat like this. The text was not changed. But, about 1893, an Ohio man looked into the Bible trade and concluded that its products were being sold at prices that gave too big a profit. He found a Bible trust, as somebody seems to do regularly every few years. Printers and publishers waxing fat on profit from Scripture! The thought was appalling. This Ohio man raised capital forthwith, and arrangements were made with a Scotch printer to manufacture Bibles under a Scotch license. Presently these new goods were being hurried into the American market at prices that meant ruin to the Scotch publishers of Oxford editions. The latter went to Oxford and said:

"We must have goods cheaper in America to meet this competition."

"Prices cannot be cut," said Oxford.

"But we *must!*" insisted the publishers.

"If you sell our goods below present prices," said Oxford, "we shall begin selling Bibles in the States ourselves."

"Very well, then," said the publishers, "we shall begin manufacturing Bibles in America." And then the fat was in the fire for a long term of years—in fact, is in it yet.

Oxford immediately drew away some of the publishers' employees who knew the Bible trade, and hurried them into the American field. It is curious how Scotchmen and the Bible go together, from the old Scotch king who first gave the English version its title right down to those experienced Scots who were engaged to help the English printers get a foothold in America. The Scotch publishers were not daunted by this loss, however. They knew there were plenty more Scotchmen where those chaps came from. They picked out what might be called, in all respect, a canny, unyielding young broiler from their home staff. He was the sort of solemn Scotch youth who looks as though he couldn't see a joke, while he really sees two or three, and is laughing at them away down inside. They lined him with zinc, reënforced him with double copper rivets, made him fireproof, waterproof and acid-resisting, fitted him with conical bearings and full jewels, and sent him out to build up a Bible industry in a land that had never had such an item of civilization.

The Thin Oxford Paper and What it Means

AND he did it. He built it from the bottom up. He had to begin with Bible paper.

There are two kinds of Bible paper, and we made neither of them then. One is an extra thin book paper known in the trade as "Bible." It is opaque, and strong, and so thin that a thousand pages of a book printed on it measure but an inch in thickness, and sometimes but seven-eighths of an inch. The other is the famous Oxford India paper, than which there is no opaque book paper thinner, whiter or stronger. As it comes from the mills in England it costs thirty to forty cents a pound, against five to ten cents for ordinary thin Bible papers, and two cents for that used in newspapers.

Just to mention Oxford India is to touch one of the mysteries of the Bible industry. Bible men say "Sh-h-h-h-h!" before they talk of it. A thousand pages of the Scriptures can be reduced to five-eighths of an inch of genuine Oxford India, and, by secret formulas and little-known processes, the English papermakers incorporate into its delicate, strong texture enough "size" to make it wholly opaque. Some Bible men say the finest Oxford India comes from France, and that, after twenty years in the trade, they do not know where the mill is. An Italian Oxford India is also spoken of as being thin and strong, but leaving a white spot if you rub it on your coat sleeve—which means imperfect sizing.

"Newsbutchers" in the Trains Carried a Few Bibles

This young Scotchman reached America and had to go to work on our papermakers while his two competitors were actively underbidding one another with finished Bibles. How effectually he worked may be judged from the fact that, within less than two years, he was making Bibles here and underbidding on wholesale prices.

Our papermakers since then have not only made ordinary Bible papers a staple product, but, in at least one instance, have successfully manufactured the famous Oxford India in all its thinness and opacity. More than that, one American manufacturer has produced, for his own instruction and amusement, a paper even thinner, and professes to find

little mystery in Oxford India from the technical standpoint. Knowledge, experience, perfect machinery, close personal attention, sufficient demand to run one machine constantly day and night, and a good price—those are the only essentials, he says. But the demand for this paper is so small, and Bible makers are so pressed by competition, that not one-tenth of the output of one machine would be taken, or a fair price paid. So paper men make something else, and Oxford India has never been produced here to sell

Ordinary thin Bible papers, however, are now a staple product in the United States, and prices have successively been reduced, mill after mill taking up the problem, until to-day we turn out this stock as good and as cheaply as anybody. Lower and lower bids have, very curiously, carried the contracts West until, whereas the first thin paper was made in Pennsylvania, the supply now comes from Wisconsin.

After the Scotchman had his paper there was the problem of printing it in our climate. Experiments went on while the Bible was being set in type, read six times for errors and turned into electrotype plates. The slightest variation in temperature affects these thin papers so perceptibly that in printing them the "register" is lost—that is, the page on one side of a leaf will not exactly back that on the other. Touch a page in an Oxford India Bible with moistened finger and it shrivels instantly. A few minutes later, however, when the moisture has evaporated, the sheet will be as smooth as ever. This illustrates its sensitiveness. Whether England's humid climate gives natural advantages in printing such thin texture, or her printers are more skilled, it is certain that our printers had to overcome a number of difficulties before we could manufacture Bibles

There were tiny editions, for example, of which one hundred and twenty-eight pages were printed on a single sheet. The page margins of these were so small that special devices had to be invented to hold the plates to the printing forms.

Then the amazingly thin paper called for long experimenting with special inks that would give a clear, black impression, and yet carry so little ink on the fine type that the impression would neither show through the paper nor smear in drying.

In printing an ordinary book a sheet of paper is passed through the press, printed on one side, dried and turned, and passed through again to be printed on the other. The delicacy of "register" in Bible work was so marked, however, that, by this process, it was almost impossible to make one page back the other. So a special press is used. It has two printing cylinders instead of one, and the sheet makes a single journey through it. The first cylinder prints one side, and the second the other. The sheets come out ready for the binder.

"Aw—I Want to Send it to Me Old Mudder!" Growled the "Professor"

This extremely thin Bible paper, in our dry climate, plays certain strange electrical tricks. Frictional electricity will accumulate to such degree in this paper during its passage through the press, when the wind and the thermometer and the hydrometer are right (or wrong), that the printed sheets stick together, and refuse to pile evenly, or be trimmed, or handled. Many experiments were made to overcome this difficulty, without success, until finally a device known as a "neutralizer" was invented. This apparatus sends a *positive* current into the press to the point where the sheets are accumulating *negative* electricity through the friction of the printing cylinders. One neutralizes the other. Electrical susceptibility is also responsible, to a certain degree, for making the unprinted sheets stick together, so that they would be difficult to feed by hand. But fortunately there is now an automatic device that picks up sheets one by one with pneumatic fingers and feeds them.

There were also difficulties to be overcome in binding, typesetting, proofreading and other details. This pioneer overcame them, one by one, however, backed by his people in Scotland. Finally, in the spring of 1895, he had Bibles to sell.

Then began the great Bible war.

When Greek Met Greek in Chicago

IT CENTRED in Chicago—this fight. One of the large book houses there forms the most important outlet for Bible publishers. Already the competition between Oxford and the Ohio man, helped along by one or two other concerns that are always figuring in this industry temporarily, had run down prices to a point where a leather-bound Bible selling at three dollars before the war started was now put into the public's hands for a dollar and a half. When our young Scotchman got into the field, however, it was no longer a question of profit, but simply one of making a Bible for sixty cents and selling it for fifty-five, and seeing who could stand that sort of punishment the longest.

Selling representatives of five Bible manufacturers met in Chicago that spring. There were Oxford, the Ohio man who had started the trouble, the young Scotchman and two minor outside houses. First came a general discussion of the situation, and then somebody offered to sell a specified size and style of Bible at a certain price. Immediately another house cut this price a cent, and then, perhaps, the young Scotchman bid a cent less. The price on this particular style really meant a quotation on a large line of Bibles. Before long, the two outsiders were left behind, and the three first-rate powers settled down to real campaigning. Over the wires running to New York went messages not unlike the quotations on ticker-tape. Oxford made a price, and word went flashing East, "Oxford bids ninety-eight on minion." And back came the order, "Cut minion to ninety-five"—for all the world like the stock market.

He was the Sort of Solemn Scotch Youth Who Looks as Though He Couldn't See a Joke

Presently, with prices like these, the grand old stability of the Bible as a commodity began to be apparent.

It was precisely as though bakers had cut the price of bread in a famine-stricken country. If people had wanted Bibles at the old prices they jumped for them now, for a book formerly sold at two dollars could be bought for eighty-five cents. Booksellers piled Bibles in their windows. Drummers put Bibles into drug stores and dry-goods shops. "Newsbutchers" on the trains carried a few Bibles. Department stores stacked them up mountain-high and advertised Bibles as "leaders" where before they had drawn shoppers with cut prices on patent medicines and shirtwaists.

Nor was there any perceptible bottom to the demand. Other manufacturers may talk of overproduction, but never Bible publishers. So long as the latter continued to lay down Bibles below cost the public would take them. The fight, therefore, settled down into an endurance contest.

Who could last the longest?

For months the battle went on, England, Scotland and America competing to see which could make Bibles cheapest. Then Fate, true to the inscrutable ways that have thus far governed the Bible industry, ruled in accord with her immemorable precedents, and one of the competitors went down and under.

It was the Ohio man, who had first dragged an ethical question into the Bible business. He held on as long as he could, but eventually had to give up and sell his plates. To-day he works for the young Scotchman! But he made his point. Bible prices came down, and they have never gone back to the old level. No compromise has ever been made between Oxford and the new American industry. Nowadays the public gets for a dollar and a half a Bible such as sold for three dollars under former conditions.

The young Scotchman has proved a wizard at strengthening his position. When he goes back to his old home now his old associates gaze admiringly upon him, and say, "Losh, mon—is there any end to the cleverness of you Yankees?" For, to put himself on a footing with the English printers and their licensed King James Version, he has done something that, it is said, has never been done before. He has copyrighted the Bible!

In 1870 an English committee was appointed to make a revision of the King James Version of 1611 according to new manuscripts that had been discovered, as well as in the light of better philological knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. An American revision committee was appointed two years later to assist in this work. It proceeded very slowly, however, and in 1885 the English committee, under pressure for some tangible result of its long labors, printed the English revised version without waiting to incorporate into the text all the changes advocated by the American committee. It was agreed, however, that these changes should be published as an appendix for fourteen years, and with this understanding the American committee was to issue no version of its own during that period. Revision work went on steadily in this country until 1901, when the American committee was free to bring out its own version. Our young Scotchman was the man who secured the rights to this American standard edition of the revised Bible, as it is called in full, and it is published to-day, under copyright protection, by his firm.

There is about the Bible business, say men who have followed it all their lives, a strange fascination—to others.

Never a year goes by but some publisher who has made a success with novels, or school-books, or subscription works, or even a trade paper, yields to the temptation to issue such an edition of the Bible as has never been issued before. Some of the oldest and shrewdest publishers, at the head of firms that are cornerstones of the trade in general works, have been known to become suddenly attracted by the apparent possibilities of a new edition of the Scriptures. Such a man sees hundreds of thousands of copies of the Bible being sold yearly—how many he cannot tell, for Bible publishers keep the figures secret as the grave. But he knows that some of them grow rich, and houses endure from generation to generation. So he plans a Bible on a magnificent scale, and for two or three years gives all his time and thought to its advancement. And Bible men say that the chances are a hundred to one against his ever making the venture profitable. That he will sink his capital is almost a foregone conclusion, provable from statistics. One of the most prosperous young publishing houses in New York owes its success chiefly, it is said, to the fact that its promoters have never yielded to this temptation to bring out a Bible. With such a handicap removed, perhaps only ordinary ability is essential to success in the publishing trade.

A set of plates, to begin with, may cost as much as $20,000 before the endless readings and revisions have been carried out to insure accuracy. The absolute freedom from errors of a standard Bible, put out by an experienced publishing house, is something uncanny, and the infallibility with which the public will find any error more uncanny still.

Editions of All Sizes and Kinds in Demand

AFTER the rash publisher of novels has got his first set of Bible plates well under way he usually discovers that more than one-sized Bible is essential to any firm that hopes to compete in this trade. An established Bible publisher's stock will comprise editions in type sizes ranging from the tiny pearl to the large pica, and, perhaps, black-face editions as well. It will include Bibles made to sell at as little as thirty cents retail, and huge pulpit Bibles costing fifty dollars.

There will be a full line of Testaments, and self-pronouncing editions, and emphasized editions, and teachers' Bibles, concordance Bibles, parallel Bibles, red-letter Bibles, treasury Bibles, marginal reading and Apocrypha Bibles—in a hundred styles of binding. There will be not only illustrated editions, but the regular trade has been approached with requests to issue special Bibles containing pictures of Afro-American angels and prophets, for sale in the negro districts of the South.

In a word, the inexperienced publisher has gone blindly into one of the most highly-organized industries of the world. He might as logically have begun sugar-refining on a small scale because he noticed that the Havemeyers had made a fortune at it and the demand for sugar was staple.

Since our Scotch friend came to America, fifteen years ago, his house has spent a quarter-million dollars in Bible equipment, the largest proportion of which is represented by a hundred different sets of plates. When he came there was still an opportunity to turn a dollar or two on prayerbooks, a side-line of the Bible business. But some years ago certain gentlemen interested in church work went to J. Pierpont Morgan and called his attention to the fact that only half the churches in this country are supplied with prayerbooks and hymnals. Mr. Morgan thought that a shame, and got capital together to print prayerbooks and hymnals for sale below cost to churches. To-day the average congregation is so well supplied that few worshipers carry their own books, and the trade in them has greatly declined.

America may eventually surpass England in the Bible industry; for, though our labor is costlier, it also responds to speeding. To-day Bibles are printed on flat-bed presses. To-morrow they may be whirled out of swift rotaries, like newspapers.

Faster, faster! Cheaper—cheaper!

That is the cry of the Bible publisher. For the Bible is as staple a piece of merchandise as cotton duck, and as a staple must it be made and sold.

Bible Publishers Like Criticism, and Even Denunciation

VAITI THE QUEEN

The Tale of the Dead Ship

What was on Board that Silent, Battered Hulk of a Ship?

By Beatrice Grimshaw

AUTHOR OF VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY

ON THE white sand, beneath the leaning palms, Vaiti the Queen walked in the moonlight with her maids and courtiers. The moon was full, and the lagoon within the reef was like a sheet of silvered glass. Outside, the unresting heave of the great Pacific broke the clear light into spangles and flashes innumerable, though there was not wind enough to stir a single frond of the huge shoreward palms. They were very tall, these palms; one could walk beneath them and see each great head outlined as a single star of jet against the glowing depths of the sky, and each shadow a twin star exquisitely penciled, and still as a picture, lying on the firm white sand below—but of closer shade those lofty heads gave little. So the Queen and her followers walked almost in full light, in the cool sound of the far-off breakers, upon the coral shore.

A strange, wild picture they made, here in these far-away outermost isles of the Pacific, with their court plumage and their half-naked brown skins, their odd parody of European state, and flowing, chattering island tongues. Vaiti the Queen made the strangest picture of all.

She was very handsome, this daughter of an English sailor and an island chieftainess, and wife of an island king—though her beauty was almost repellent, by reason of a certain strain of fierceness that showed in the dagger-flash of the eyes and the heavy set of the exquisitely penciled brows. She wore a long robe of heavy silk, changeable green and blue, and there were heavy gold armlets on her arms, and a chain of gold round her neck. There was a chain of sweet-smelling berries, too, island fashion, and the small gold circlet she wore in her hair was half buried in handfuls of perfumed frangipani blossom. Her feet were bare, and she had girded up her splendid dress almost knee-high, through a sash that supported on one side a crystal-cut smelling-bottle, and on the other a silver-hilted dagger.

Behind her came half a dozen maids-of-honor, all dressed alike in waistless, nightdress-like robes of pink silk bordered with yellow, the royal colors. They were handsome brown girls, with curly hair flowing free on their shoulders and they had tucked their robes up high, Liali fashion, to display the turn of the strong brown calf, the principal point of beauty over most of the middle Pacific. They were all smoking—the Queen smoking a cigar, the maids puffing away at cigarettes of native tobacco, rolled in banana-leaf, the men who followed behind drawing at heavy pipes. And every one of the crowd, the Queen excepted, was talking, staring, laughing, flirting to the top of his or her ability.

It was the cry of "Sail ho!" that had roused the palace out, and brought its inhabitants down on the beach, to the smallest of the tapa-girls, who were only good to collect bark, and carry it in for native cloth-making. From great Fiji, the star colony of the Pacific where there are streets, and shops, and town-halls, and hotels, and a Government House, and band promenades, and at-home days, down to the outermost of the lonely coral atolls with a couple of traders and a hundred natives for all population, the heart of the island world answers with equal throb to that stirring call. It breaks the bar of sea—it opens for a minute the gateways of the far-away great world, where all that is worth doing and saying is said and done—it brings a dash of cold, invigorating, European air into the warm languor of tropic existence—it is, consciously or unconsciously, the one event upon which the whole existence of the islands turns and is hung.

"Say O!"—softened of its consonants by native tongues will rouse out a whole town, anywhere from San Francisco to New Guinea. It had roused out the capital of Liali that night like a cannon shot, as the commoners were preparing to lie down on the mats and sleep, or to go out and fish till dawn, according to their especial inclinations, and as the people in the palace were settling down to their evening games of cards, punctuated with kava. Everybody had rushed out-of-doors on the instant, and in the royal palace not even an attendant remained to look after the sick King.

For the King was sick in those days—sick to death, though no one knew it yet and the thundercloud that had been hanging over Liali was near to bursting.

In the moonlight, vivid though it was, no one could tell very much about the incoming sail. She was a long way off as yet, only a little pin-point of white upon the horizon, and there was no breeze to help her in. None the less, speculation ran wild on the beach. There was no schooner even conceivably due at present, and as for steamers, none ever called at Liali. Tonga, some hundreds of miles away, was the nearest port of call for the great Union liners, which had hotel cooks and punkas, and ice, and dressing up for dinner, and carried tourists about the larger island groups in a luxury altogether foreign to out-of-the-way Liali. A yacht? That was the supposition most favored. There had been a yacht at Liali not very long ago, and no one had forgotten her yet The ship seemed to be a schooner of considerable size, now that the moon, rising higher and higher into the deep purple midnight sky that looked so cool, and was so heavily warm, gave yet more light to see by

But the wind was as silent as the monsters in the far-out depths of the sea—lying, like them, indolent and asleep, until its time should come to issue forth and seek its prey abroad upon the waters. No sailing-ship could travel across that idle swell of waves.

Vaiti the Queen, who had been watching the vessel in perfect silence with eyes that were longer-sighted than any others on the beach, spoke at last, and ordered the courtiers home

"The turn of the tide in the dawn will bring her closer to land," she said, "and if the wind rises then, as it may, she will come up to the town. Go and sleep."

They were willing enough, for the excitement had died down by now, and the last night had been one of feasting and dancing. So the many-colored crowd turned homeward, and soon all was dark and still again in the palace.

In the Queen's chamber it was dark, too, and yet more still than in the great, many-windowed veranda rooms where the courtiers lay and dozed and smoked, on their cool pandanus mats. For the Queen was not there. She had quietly left the room as soon as the maids had seen to her comfort and departed, and she was now on the top of the tall wooden tower of the palace, a powerful night-glass in her hand, scrutinizing the distant ship.

Vaiti the Queen had spent all her youth at sea in her father's ship, and she was as smart a sailor as many who draw mates' and masters' pay. She had noted something odd about the aspect of the ship while down on the beach, and wanted to verify her impression, though she could not have given any grounds for it. A sea-trained eye will note the look of distress or disorder about a distant ship, while a landsman, however long-sighted, could scarcely tell her from a steamer. Vaiti had seen what she had seen, and she was reasonably sure, before she even lifted the glass to her eye, that there was something wrong about the vessel.

A breath of wind—a cat's-paw or two—had evidently risen out at sea in the last quarter of an hour, and floated the ship a little nearer. Vaiti saw her plainly enough, though far off—a schooner about eighty tons burthen, with all sail set, heading toward the land. But more clearly than ever, with the aid of the glass, came that suggestion of "something wrong."

The sails were ill-set, or damaged, or both. The ship yawed and veered about more than tide, or even calm accompanied by swell, could account for. And there was a something more—an indefinable look of helplessness and disaster—that even the glass could not explain.

The Queen lowered the glass and considered. In the morning it was probable that the ship would be close inshore, and all the island would be going off in canoes. Whatever mystery there was would be the property of the Crown as soon as she knew it herself—probably sooner. And there lay the mysterious stranger, only a few miles from shore, holding one knew not what of tragedy or wonder in her white, ghostlike shape—with the island all asleep.

Mystery, intrigue, above all, the outwitting of other people, were as meat and drink to the soul of the Queen. She had known, more or less, what she was going to do before even she had mounted the steps of the tower. She was quite certain now—if there was time.

The brummagem gilt clock in the King's room below chimed out the hour. It was midnight, more than five hours before dawn. How far was the ship out? Five miles? At least. Well, it was possible to get there and back without the knowledge of any one in the palace. At any rate, she would try.

Her own canoe, light and swift, carved from the finest and closest-grained tree-trunk found on the island for years, inlaid with pearl shell, outrigged with bamboo, and fitted with a broad, light paddle, lay on the beach close to the palace gates. There was not a soul, man or woman, on the island who could beat Queen Vaiti as a paddler. She did not fear that she would fail to be back by dawn, if all went well.

The canoe was light, and she carried it down to the water and launched it without effort. Once afloat, she

"I Go to Get—My—the—an—Umbrella—There is Sunstroke on that Cursed Place, Most Certain —"

put the town and the island behind her with long, quick strokes that sent the still lagoon flowing from under her keel like a river Out beyond the reef the oily swell tossed the little craft up and down, and threw dashes of warm, foamy water into the Queen's lap. But she made good speed under the brilliant moon, ever, as the minutes sped on, drawing nearer and nearer to the silent, ghostly ship.

The moon, out here upon the unbroken mirror of sea, was as bright as the full daylight of many northern climes. A mile away from the schooner one could see the little winking ports in her deckhouse, and catch the gleam of her copper as she rolled heavily on the swell. And now it was plain that, whoever or whatever might be below, no watch was kept on deck. Nor was there any light visible.

It Skimmed Gonzalez' Hat Off as Smartly as a Bullet

Nearer, and one could see that the deck was in a state of extraordinary raffle and confusion.

There was more than bad weather alone could account for. It was plain that, whatever had happened, no effort had been made toward repairing damage, or even clearing away the confusing débris of torn sails and snapped ropes. And still the vessel rolled drunkenly and helplessly on the incoming swell, madly slamming her useless booms across and across the deck

A few hundred yards now only. Vaiti's paddle, swift and steady hitherto as the beat of a living heart, began to slow a little. What was on board that silent, battered hulk of a ship? What horror might not be disclosed with the first step down her half-choked companion? The Queen knew not fear, but she wondered greatly.

There was only one way of satisfying the wonder. Again the paddle dipped, and the canoe glided on, right into the shadow of the schooner. Vaiti skirted along the side till she found a rope hanging down toward the water. Making the canoe fast to one end of it, she climbed up, and leaped on deck, mechanically loosening the handle of her knife as she did so—for who knew what might be there?

The first thing that she noticed, as she slipped on soundless bare feet across the deck, was that the boat was gone. The falls drooped long and loose down the side of the ship. The davits were not damaged in any way. The boat had not been carried away, then, but had been lowered. Why?

The companion yawned before her like a cave, deep and black in the moonlight. It did not seem good to go down there without some stronger light than the little that might filter in through the ports. The Queen stepped forward to the galley, found a lantern, and lit it. She took a rapid look around before returning to the deck. There was plenty of food there—an opened cask of beef, rotten and stinking, a number of tins, some biscuit, dirty and mouldy and half-eaten by rats, an unnamable mess of some kind in a saucepan. Everything was rolling and rattling about in the swell, and many of the fittings were on the floor.

While she looked the ship gave a short, sudden heave, and most of the rubbish collected in one corner of the galley floor slid over to the other side. A tinkle of broken glass sounded, as the mass of tins and pans and mouldy scraps of food fell to leeward. The Queen stooped down and picked up a small bottle, of the pattern usually found in ships' medicine-chests. It was cracked in half, but the half that remained bore part of the label, marked in large black and red lettering—"POISON."

"Ah!" said Vaiti, dropping into her old sea-talk. "I think some pretty queer business he do here, my word!"

She wasted no more time on deck, but took the lantern in her hand, and walked straight down the companion into the little cabin of the schooner. At the threshold she paused, and looked long, her dark face very grave.

The fiddles were on the table, and a greasy cloth, which had once been white, was under them. In the different spaces stood plates and a glass. There was food on one plate, putrid beyond all recognition. At the table, securely wedged in a deep revolving-chair which had evidently come from some steamer saloon, sat a figure, knife and fork still tightly clenched in its discolored fingers, its bald, gray head nodding horribly with the roll of the ship.

It was dressed only in a blue shirt and a pair of duck trousers. Its bare feet sprawled apart under the table. Its face was sunk upon the hairy triangle of breast displayed by the open shirt, and you could see the wrinkled nape of the old neck, as the bald head swayed and shone. Vaiti, brave as she was, did not dare to lift that head. A step forward into the cabin—a step that cost her something to make showed a dozen or more of the creatures that had been so busy. They were not busy now, nor did they move at the sound of a foot. They would never move any more. Dead and stiff they lay, upon table and floor—dead as the man who had fed upon the food in the dish, and on whom they in turn had fed.

By his age, and by the seat at the head of the table which he occupied, it seemed that the corpse had been the captain of the ship. What had moved the others to desert her did not seem very clear, nor was it any clearer after Vaiti had gone over every part of the ship and the tiny forecastle, where three or four island sailors had evidently berthed, the hold, and last of all the two berths opening off the cabin itself, into which the Queen returned with rather unwilling feet. It was a strange fact, however, that the atmosphere of the place was bearable enough. This Vaiti supposed to be the effect of the poison that had been used, whatever it might be.

The time was passing, and she did not care to be absent from the palace at daybreak. It was necessary to ascertain what the cargo had been, and to see if there were anything of value about—though that was not very likely, in view of the fact that mates and crew had apparently left deliberately.

In the hold there were a number of bags of copra and a few sacks of fungus, stowed at the bottom, a very ordinary island cargo. On the top of these lay a dozen or two very large and heavy sacks of something that looked like sand. A casual observer might have taken them for ballast. Vaiti knew that they were not, but what they were exactly she could not say for certain. She nipped a corner of one sack with her knife, and took a handful of its contents out on deck in the full moonlight. She smelt it, rubbed it between her fingers, and wet it with the tip of her finger. Then she nodded, as one who has solved part of a problem, but a puzzled look still remained on her face.

For the next half-hour she searched the ship from galley to lazaret for the log, and did not succeed in finding it. At the last, however, she chanced upon a small account-book, lying under the cabin table, and, lifting it away with something of a shudder from the neighborhood of those two bare, sprawling feet, she carried it on deck to examine. It proved to be the beginning of a makeshift log, containing only one entry. First came the latitude and longitude, and then a note as to the weather—dead calm, and the ship (as she had been apparently for the three weeks previous to the entry) lying unmoved in one spot. Vaiti made a hasty calculation. The place indicated must be nearly three hundred miles from Liali, and the date of the entry was only a fortnight back. They had had heavy weather about the coast for the previous week. It was evident that the schooner had drifted straight for the island, and drifted wonderfully fast considering her helpless state.

The entry, a good deal scratched and stained, ran as follows: "To-day, the mate, James Boscawen; the boatswain, Gustav Spricht, and four Niué native seamen mutinied and deserted the ship in the whaleboat, intending to make for Samoa, which lies about a hundred and fifty miles W. S. W. of our present position. They have carried the log away with them, and I here commence another. We have been extremely short of water, owing to prolonged calms, and to-day were reduced to our last five gallons. Trying to distil to-day after the men had gone, but it does not answer well. The men took all the water but one gallon in the boat. They say that it is their design to reach land before water fails altogether, but I believe the mate designs to anticipate my recent discovery on Manners Island, at Apia or elsewhere. I hereby record my claim ——"

The entry broke off at this point, and the pen, in falling, seemed to have made a smear across the paper. Two words only followed, half-way down the page—two words that had no connection with anything preceding them, but that told all the rest of the story as clearly as if the silent figure at the table down below could have arisen to speak.

" . . . Poison . . ." And, trailing weakly across the paper a long way after—"God . . ."

Whether a curse or a prayer had been there cut short by the icy sword of Death, no man might know.

Vaiti had been reared in a rough school, but she was human, after all, and she felt a trifle sick as she laid the log-book down. All the same, her eyes shone with definite purpose, as she descended the companion yet again, and walked into the berth that seemed to have been the captain's. She had noticed a three-quarters-empty flask of spirits standing on a shelf in there, and she had use for it now. In the next half-hour she must do the work of three men, if she wanted to keep the secret she had found out. And she did want to, very much.

A glass of the fiery rum gave the energy she wanted, and did not confuse her level head in the least, for, though Vaiti the Queen never tasted spirits if she could help it, it was not because she feared their effects. There were some in the Western Islands who had tried, for reasons of their own, to blunt the wits of the Sea Queen with strong drink, offered when it could not be refused, and they could have told tales, if they listed, as to whose wits had suffered in the end.

Down in the stifling hold for the best part of an hour, with her dress flung off, and her island kilt tied high in its knot, Vaiti the Queen worked like a stevedore and a steam winch combined, hoisting the sacks of sand, one by one, out on deck with an improvised tackle, dragging them singly to the ship's side and painfully heaving them over the rails into the unplumbed blue depths below. She was streaming with heat and shaking with exhaustion when she had done, but she only paused to throw a bucket of sea-water over herself, put on her dress, and hide the log-book in her sash, before she slid down the rope again into her canoe, and started back for the shore. It was perilously near the dawn, and she had double reason now for wishing to avoid discovery.

The palms on the eastern shore were just beginning to grow black against a slowly-broadening orange glow when the Queen reached the palace gates. There was a sentry, but he was, as a matter of course, asleep inside his small palm hut by the gate. His unloaded Tower musket, carefully wrapped in banana leaves to protect it from the heavy dew, stood at the door of the hut, keeping watch by itself.

No one saw the Queen as she slipped upstairs and lay down in her own room. She was very much wearied, and slept without waking till the sun was far up the sky. She intended to go out later in the royal whaleboat, with her six uniformed oarsmen, and claim the schooner for the Crown. The vessel was in good condition, and the King's yacht was not so large nor so well equipped by half. No one would be likely to anticipate her, for she was feared, if she was not loved, by the brown people of Liali.

But in the mean time Gonzalez, the manager of the Spanish firm, was busy

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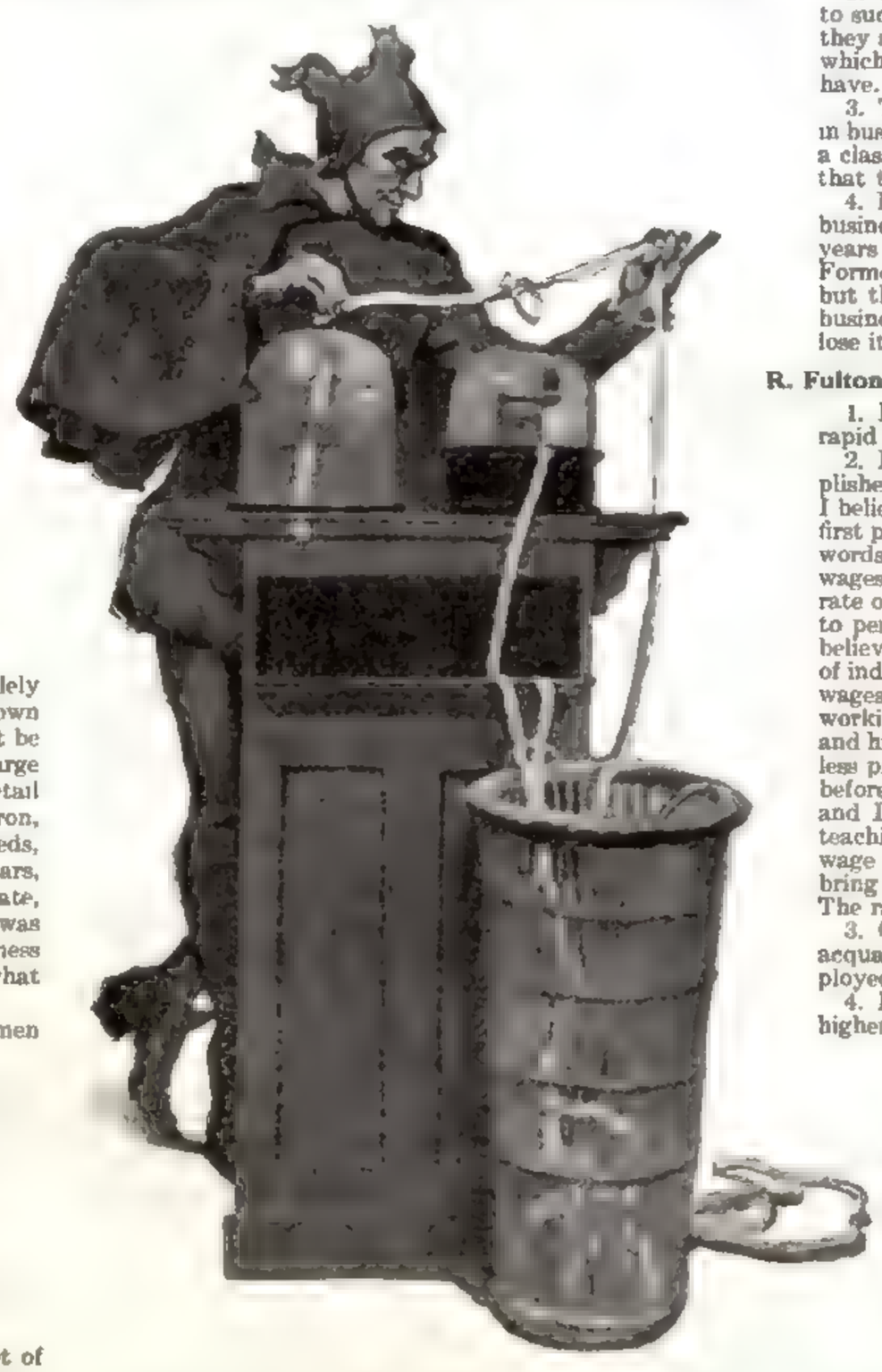
Formally and in Concert Annexed Manners Island

The Golden Rule in Business

Can Commercial Methods be Squared with Honesty?

By HERBERT C. ALLEMAN

DECORATION BY HUGH A. BODINE



IS THE world growing worse or better? Are we living in degenerate or regenerate days? Is it doom or dawn in America? These are questions which every student of the times has been asking. When we come to sift the matter we find that the questions have been inspired, largely, by the great upheavals which have occurred in the business world. The inquisition of business methods which has been so persistently plied during the past decade has revealed many a surprise. Some financial idols have fallen. The public has stood aghast at the disclosures. Is modern business a state of war? Is there no sense of fraternity among business men? Is trade to-day conducted largely by the law of the Arctic dogs? While the fight between two of their number is on they stand in a ring and maintain strict neutrality. But let one of the combatants lose his footing and instantly the whole savage, howling pack is upon him, and there is nothing left but his bones.

Impressed by the pessimistic note in much of the criticism which has been made of business men and business methods, I addressed a letter to representative business men in various large cities, asking their frank opinion in answer to certain questions.

The persons to whom my inquiry was addressed were chosen without regard to their religious sentiments, for, in most cases, these were not known, but solely because they are actively engaged in business and are known to be more or less successful. That the replies might be fairly representative my letter was addressed to large dealers and small dealers, to wholesale merchants and retail merchants, to manufacturers and agents: to dealers in iron, leather, dry-goods, grain, lumber, soap, clothing, seeds, drugs, plumbers' supplies, paper, starch, furniture, cars, rubber goods, locomotives, insurance, printing, real estate, oil, wool, and many other commodities. My purpose was to secure the sentiment of the rank and file of business men, believing that to be the truest reflection of what business actually is.

The questions which I addressed to these business men were these:

1. *Is the Golden Rule practical in the business world? If not, why?*
2. *Are there any commercial methods sanctioned by trade which do not square with the teachings of Christianity? For example, must a man lie or misrepresent to succeed?*
3. *What, in your observation, are the great evils, if any, in the business world?*
4. *Are standards higher or lower than when you entered business?*

Whatever misgivings I may have had at the outset of my inquiry as to the willingness of business men to discuss the ethics of their pursuit, were dispelled by the courtesy of their replies. Not a few have discussed the matter at some length. These replies have been a liberal education in their field. The prevailing high purpose and idealism revealed in almost every reply are very reassuring. They give one a new appreciation of the tasks and difficulties of the business man of to-day. They also reveal a high standard of business honor. Of the more than sixty replies received the verdict is almost unanimous. In the interests of American business honor I offer this evidence.

William Whitman, *President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers:*

I think the Golden Rule is practical in the business world. I believe it to be applied among business men to fully as great an extent as in any other walk of life.

There are differences of opinion in reference to the teachings of Christianity. I can answer the last part of the second question frankly. It is not necessary for a man to lie or misrepresent to succeed in business. On the contrary, I believe it to be necessary for a man to tell the truth and not misrepresent in order to be successful.

The evils of the business world are no greater than exist in any other department of activity.

My judgment is that the standards of business to-day are higher than they have ever been before.

John G. Shedd, *Marshall Field & Co., Chicago:*

1. Not only will I say that the Golden Rule is practical in the business world, but it is entirely essential to real success.

2. No, not among reputable people. In the best walks of trade there is no necessity for misrepresentation or deceit of any kind. This does not mean that there are not successful liars and wrongdoers in the various kinds of business, the same as in any other walk of life.

3. Misrepresentation.

4. Business ethics are continually going through a process of evolution to higher standards. The more prominent business interests of the country are realizing that a permanently successful business can be built up only when it is founded upon integrity of thought, action and material.

T. Coleman DuPont, *DuPont Powder Company:*

1. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the Golden Rule is practiced. In the hundredth case it is as applied by David Harum.

2. There is no commercial method sanctioned by trade which goes contrary to the teachings of Christianity—unless it might be that Christianity as expounded by some is not true Christianity.

3. Business as a pursuit is apt to create a desire for wealth for the advantage of being wealthy rather than for the advantage of being able to do something for the good of other people.

4. I think the standards of business are higher, rather than lower.

Ex-Mayor Charles A. Schieren, *Chas. A. Schieren & Co., New York:*

1. The Golden Rule is practical in the business world; without it a man cannot build up a permanent business, because the Golden Rule relies upon confidence, reputation and character, which are absolutely necessary in the business world. The Golden Rule is practiced "as the rule." Of course, there are exceptions; but in my business career of now forty-five years I do not know of a concern in our branch, the leather trade, which has been successful by using sharp practice. In the long run they have failed.

2. It is not necessary for a man to lie or misrepresent to succeed, although that is the practice of some; but they are soon discovered and lose their reputation—which is the most valuable asset a business man can have.

3. There are evils in every walk of life. Those found in business do not have the sanction of business men as a class, and whenever they are practiced it is certain that the result will be disastrous.

4. From my personal observation the standards of business are very much higher than they were forty years ago. We have progressed in business methods. Formerly it was necessary to entertain a customer, but that has been entirely obliterated. In fact, the business house that would practice it to-day would lose its reputation.

R. Fulton Cutting, *New York:*

1. Entirely so, but it is rarely associated with the rapid acquirement of a large fortune.

2. I do not think any man succeeds who accomplishes his end by lying and misrepresentation, nor do I believe that deceit is necessary to real success. The first part of the question cannot be answered in a few words. Trade to-day sanctions the prevailing rate of wages, although in many cases I do not think that the rate of wages supplies sufficient annual compensation to permit of a standard of living that the Christian believes every man is entitled to enjoy. Yet the effort of individuals to pay more than the prevailing rate of wages would frequently result in positive injury to the working classes. The employer would be liable to fail and his employees thrown upon the labor market with less prospect of as large a compensation as they had before. These questions are being slowly understood, and I do not believe it to be inconsistent with the teachings of Christianity to maintain the prevailing wage rate, if one is always sincerely endeavoring to bring about a condition that will increase that rate. The rate is slowly and surely rising.

3. One of the greatest evils is the want of a better acquaintance between the employer and the employed.

4. It is my opinion that standards are generally higher and the ideals nobler, but it is true that the extraordinary prosperity of this country during the last ten years has been a strain upon the national character which has disclosed many unsuspected frailties.

John Wanamaker, *Philadelphia and New York:*

1. To believe the Golden Rule not practical in the business world is to believe that the Lord who made us intended to disfranchise from Christianity an occupation next largest to that of tilling the soil.

2. There are no commercial principles sanctioned by Christian men that do not square with the teachings of Christianity, but there are some commercial usages which are contrary to Christianity. However, they sooner or later bring the downfall of whoever operates the get-rich-quick methods.

3. The great faults in the business world are overtrading, concealments, neglect of business and the drinking habit.

4. The standards of conduct and business practice have advanced immensely for the better in the last twenty years.

John D. Archbold, *Standard Oil Company:*

1. There is no reason why, in business as in other relations in life, men should not do as they would be done by. It is on this Golden Rule basis only that success is achieved in any large and lasting way in business.

2. There are no sanctioned trade methods which do not square with Christianity. "Let the buyer beware" was a pagan motto, which was a warning against ignorance on the part of the buyer of what he was buying as well as against misrepresentation by the seller. The great bulk of business is, however, between parties who know what they have or what they want, and misrepresentation, or lying, as you put it, is out of the question. "His word is as good as his bond" describes the moral side of the ideal business man.

3. The greatest evils in the business world are excessive optimism, which leads to extravagant undertakings; excessive pessimism, which engenders suspicion of the honesty of others. Knaves and fools are evils in business, but they are individuals, and their traps or follies are not to be measured by a business standard any more than a crooked finger should be the type of a human digit designed to be straight.

4. Business standards are no higher or no lower than when I entered business, because they are

immutable standards. To awaken a keener sense of responsibility in those who conduct large affairs is the present anxiety of many well-meaning people. When this anxiety has been met by fuller information as to methods it will be found that the standards have not altered. A little charity in judging others will go a long way in bringing about ideal conditions in business and out of it.

Robert C. Ogden, *New York:*

1. The Golden Rule is practical in business. To practice it contributes to material success. But it ceases to be the Golden Rule if practiced *for* material success. Money acquired by its violation is *not* success.
2. It is not necessary to lie and misrepresent in order to prosecute trade successfully. To do so usually invites disaster. I know of no commercial sanction for methods that are inconsistent with the teachings of Christianity.
3. The greatest evil apparent to me in the business world is lack of high ideals. A business man without idealism fails to see the true proportions of his own business, and also fails to see that business is not an end in life—only a means to an end. This is capable of indefinite expansion. The insurance scandals afford a spectacle of groups of intelligent, large men who had lost their ideals.
4. Standards are higher. Character is more than ever an element in the basis of credit.

Morris L. Clothier, *Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia.*

Not only is the Golden Rule practical in the business world, but the most successful businesses—particularly those of great magnitude—cannot be permanently successful unless the spirit of the Golden Rule applies in every transaction.

While it may be true that there are some commercial methods which do not square with the teachings of Christianity, I cannot say that they are sanctioned as being a necessary part of commercial life. It is my firm belief that the man who lies or misrepresents has a smaller chance of succeeding to-day than he had at any time in the history of the business world. This, of course, answers your question as to whether or not standards are higher or lower than when I entered business.

J. I. Buchanan, *Pittsburg:*

1. I believe the Golden Rule is practical in the business world.
2. I do not think that there are any commercial methods sanctioned by trade which do not square with the teachings of Christianity. I do not think a man must lie or misrepresent to succeed; on the contrary, while some traders do practice commercial methods which do not square with Christianity, and do lie and misrepresent and succeed notwithstanding, yet such people are not recognized as of the best standing and as representatives of the business policy that will insure success in the long run
3. My observation has been that humanity is about the same wherever you meet it, whether in the social world or in the business world. The evils of the business world are the faults of fallen humanity and will probably continue until the millennium.
4. We always idealize the past and dream of the future, but I am persuaded that standards are higher than when I entered business, and will continue to be more and more so.

Waltham Watch Company, *Waltham, Massachusetts.*

It is probably correct to say that anything which is right is practical, but we believe that the Golden Rule is not only *practical* but, on the part of the very best business men, is *practiced* in spirit, by which it should be understood that in any business transaction there are two parties, at least, concerned, and the upright business man will not take the advantage of the other party.

It is to be feared that there are business methods employed at times which are not what they should be. As to lying and misrepresentation, while money may be made by their practice, affording a temporary success, methods of that kind, in the great majority of instances, will be found to militate against permanent success.

The greatest evil in the business world is the assumption that the accumulation of money, *by any means*, constitutes success.

We think that there is a gradual elevation of business morality, and, while the millennium is still a great way off, there has been positive progress in business ethics and business standards.

Frederick S. Clark, *Talbot Mills, North Billerica, Massachusetts*

1. I think the Golden Rule is entirely practical in the business world.
2. There are no commercial methods sanctioned by trade which are at variance with the teachings of Christianity.
3. There are no great evils in the business world. Those that are occasionally heard of are exceptions to the general conduct of business.
4. I do not know that standards are any higher than when I entered business, but certainly they are not lower.

Ellis A. Gimbel, *Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia:*

1. As to the Golden Rule in business, I am positive that no rule was ever more practical, and the most successful merchants not only adopt it but insist on its being carried out.
2. The merchant who lies or misrepresents will never succeed in the long run. He may fool the people for a time, and, apparently, do well, but it will only be a question of time until he will lose both his business and his capital.
3. The greatest evil in the business world is not paying for labor a just amount, and improper discrimination between the skilled and unskilled.
4. The standards of business are getting higher.

William Filene's Sons Company, *Boston:*

It is quite impossible to give categorical answers to your questions; but it is our belief that it is simply a good business proposition that business men take a larger and more moral view of business life: that they recognize that their highest interests are identical with the interests of their employees and the interests of the public.

There is, undoubtedly, improvement along these lines in the business world.

The National Cash Register Company, *Dayton, Ohio:*

The Golden Rule is practical in the business world. It is not necessary for business men to lie or misrepresent to succeed, although individuals may have done both and apparently succeeded.

There being so many evils in the business world we cannot specify any one as characteristic.

Standards are very much higher. A man nowadays must be a top-notcher in character, and in almost everything else, to get a position and hold it.

John H. Converse, *Baldwin Locomotive Works:*

1. Is the Golden Rule practical in the business world? Yes.
2. Are there any commercial methods sanctioned by trade which do not square with the teachings of Christianity? No.
3. What, in my observation, are the great evils, if any, in business to-day? Temptations to speculate.
4. Are standards higher or lower than when I entered business? Higher.

Cleveland H. Dodge, *New York.*

1. It certainly is.
2. No, to both phases of the question.
3. Too much haste to get rich quick.
4. Higher.

Boggs & Buhl, *Pittsburg:*

1. Yes.
2. No, to both.
3. Evils are greatly exaggerated.
4. The great majority of the business of the world is conducted on strictly upright, honest lines.

A. Lincoln Acker, *Finley Acker Company, Philadelphia:*

1. I believe the Golden Rule to be not only practical in the business world, but the only one to follow if permanent success is desired.
2. There is no necessity for merchants in legitimate business to use any but honorable and truthful methods. Misrepresentation and falsehood sometimes gain temporary success, but never permanent.
3. Difficult to answer. Frankly, I do not know of any evil in business coming under my observation which I would consider serious or great
4. Standards are unquestionably higher than when I entered business twenty-six years ago, and I believe they will be still higher twenty-six years hence. The world grows better and business standards are only a part of the world's progress.

William H. Scott, *Allen, Lane & Scott, Philadelphia:*

1. Yes.
2. No; no.
3. Graft; subordinates thinking too much about "What is there in it for me?"
4. Not lower; on the whole, higher—especially as regards "treating."

W. Atlee Burpee, *W. Atlee Burpee, Philadelphia:*

1. The Golden Rule is not only practical in the business world, but is an absolutely necessary foundation for any permanent success.
2. It is no more necessary for a successful merchant to lie or misrepresent than it is for a successful minister of the Gospel. In fact, any houses that are known to misrepresent will so quickly lose the confidence of their customers that their trade cannot be permanent.
3. It would be difficult to point out any great evils in the business world to-day so far as general merchandising goes, other than those which have had sensational exposure and which were really a vindication of business, as it is conducted by the majority of business men.
4. Speaking for my own line of business in particular—and this is the same, I believe, in business in general—standards are higher to-day than when I started in 1876.

Henry S. Williams, *Williams, Brown & Earle, Philadelphia*

1. I know of no reason why the Golden Rule should not be practiced in the business world. In fact, it has been the custom, for many years, of nearly all the business houses, not only from the selfish rule of personal interest but also in many cases on the broader ground of the Golden Rule, to treat all men fairly and justly in business dealings, and any business house adopting any other method will meet with the same fate as the individual, namely, the loss of the confidence of the community.
2. Under no circumstances must an individual lie or misrepresent to

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Dreaming—By Louise Paley

PAINTING BY ROBERT L. PALEY

Oh, I'm far, far from home and the hills for which I'm longing,
The plains they keep a-calling and a-coaxing me to rest.
A thousand aching memories my lonely heart are thronging,
And oh, my soul is yearning for the distant, distant West!

My head is filled with fancies—I hear the night winds stirring—
So cold and blue the snowy peaks against the sunset sky!
And far above the sighing of winter in the cañon,
I hear the snapping, snarling of the coyotes in full cry.

I see the pines and fir trees, those stiff and silent sentinels,
Who march their serried columns to the distant timberline;
I see the range snow-covered, the lean and hungry cattle—
And stealing thro' the winter night I hear the bob-cat's whine.

Oh, my heart is longing, longing for the cañons and the mountains,
My eyes are aching, aching for that sight beyond compare
Of the plains that stretch forever, from the sunrise to the sunset—
The glory and the majesty of God's great world lie there.

THE SIMPLE CASE OF SUSAN

By Jacques Futrelle

AUTHOR OF THE CHASE OF THE GOLDEN PLATE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

VII

AT TEN o'clock on the morning following the Sanger ball Lieutenant Faulkner sent a box of violets to Miss Marjorie Stanwood; at noon he sent a box of roses; at two o'clock he sent a box of carnations; and at four he called in person. It was a fusillade. An austere servant took his card and disappeared.

"Miss Stanwood is not in," the servant returned to say

The clear eyes of the army man studied the stolid, melancholy face for an instant.

"Not in, or—not in?" he inquired. There was a difference as he said it.

"Miss Stanwood is not in," repeated the servant. There was no difference as he said it.

Lieutenant Faulkner went down the steps with thoughtfully squinting eyes, and the door closed behind him. He paused irresolutely at the corner and glanced back at the white marble façade of the palace he had just left. *Phew!* What a home! It awed him a little as he looked. Eighteen hundred a year, and *she* lived in *that!* For the first time in his life Lieutenant Faulkner was aroused to a full appreciation of his own splendid nerve.

He was just about to go on about his business when he saw a young man start up the front steps of the palace Dan Wilbur! Of course!

"Now, something tells me that he isn't going in there to call on father," soliloquized the Lieutenant grimly. "We'll just see what happens"

Mr. Wilbur disappeared inside. Of course, Lieutenant Faulkner wouldn't have allowed anything like vulgar curiosity to anchor him on that corner for five minutes, but you understand there was a chance that Mr. Wilbur would be right out again, and in that event they might stroll down the street together. No, on second thoughts he couldn't have anything to say to Mr. Wilbur, because—because—well, anyway, he waited.

Ten minutes or so passed, then a pair of heavily-embroidered wrought-iron gates adjoining the palace swung inward, and a huge touring car emerged. It edged along the curb and stopped at the steps. Lieutenant Faulkner watched it with singular misgivings. The palace door yawned, and gave up—Marjorie Stanwood.

Marjorie didn't walk down the steps, she floated down, a radiant, shimmery creature in some champagny-looking stuff. She paused on the bottom step and smiled up into the face of—yes, it was Dan Wilbur. He said something and she laughed outright with a charming back-tilt of her head. Then Mr. Wilbur handed her into the automobile, stepped in beside her, and closed the door behind him. The car whirred and began to turn.

He Pointed Out that He Loved Her More Than All the World, et Cetera, et Cetera

Suddenly Lieutenant Faulkner awoke to a realization of the fact that he was -well, a small boy would have called it "rubbering." The car was turning toward the spot where he stood. He took three backward steps, and there, screened by the jutting building, straightened his tie, braced himself, and turned the corner with the utmost carelessness, just as the car glided by slowly

He met Miss Stanwood's eyes fairly, smiled and lifted his cap. She did not even take the trouble to avert her gaze, merely regarded him for a moment with a steady stare that sent the blood to his face, then turned and looked the other way. The car passed on.

Lieutenant Faulkner called on Susan. He found her with reddened, tear-stained eyes, and altogether in a charming state of unhappiness. She welcomed him with something like tragic enthusiasm, then went over and hid her face in a pillow and wept shamelessly. He sat down glumly, despondently, and looked at her. Nothing was of any consequence any more.

"What's the matter, Sue?" he asked dutifully after a time.

"Oh, Faulk," she wailed, "you can't imagine—you *simply can't imagine*—what has happened to me."

"Well, whatever it is, it isn't a marker to what has happened to *me*," he returned solemnly.

The frightful disaster which had overtaken Susan was easily explained. She had been constrained to decline a dinner invitation because Dan Wilbur was to be one of the guests. Now, she scented some new horror in Lieutenant Faulkner's statement and sat up straight in sudden alarm. "You have seen Dan Wilbur!" she declared tragically.

"I have," returned the Lieutenant hopelessly.

"Oh-h-h-h!" exclaimed Susan, only it was longer than that. "I knew it would come. I knew it!"

The Lieutenant regarded her with a mild surprise which almost amounted to interest.

"Knew what would come?" he inquired.

"Didn't he tell you?" she demanded breathlessly.

"I didn't talk with him," explained the Lieutenant. "I merely saw him. That was enough for me."

Susan regarded him dully for a moment, then laughed—a high-pitched laugh that startled the Lieutenant.

"What are you talking about, Faulk?" she asked.

Lieutenant Faulkner leaned back in his chair, clasped both hands about one knee, and stared at Susan thoughtfully.

"Sue," he asked slowly, after a pause, "you've always found me a fair specimen of a self-respecting white man, haven't you?"

"Of course; yes."

"An individual who possesses a certain outward semblance of a decent gentleman?"

"Yes."

"You never saw me eat soup with a fork?"

Susan nearly smiled.

"No," she replied.

"Or wear tan shoes with evening dress?"

"No, of course not. What -"

"Or a silk hat with a sack coat?"

"Certainly not," Susan answered impatiently. "What *are* you talking about?"

"On the whole, what do you think of me?"

The Lieutenant was rocking back and forth slowly with his eyes fixed on Susan's face. He was perfectly serious about it, he wanted to know.

"I think," replied Susan—and she remembered a little scene in Sherry's a day or so before—"I think you are just splendid."

Lieutenant Faulkner was too much preoccupied to blush.

"You don't feel it necessary to lock up the silver when I call, do you?" he pursued.

Susan laughed outright.

"Well, then, why should a person to whom I have been formally introduced—whom I have met on her own level—cut me dead, as if I were a door-mat thief?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"Cut you?" repeated Susan, aghast.

Lieutenant Paul Abercrombie Harwell Rowland—a Lieutenant in the United States Army

"I looked straight into the eyes of the only woman I ever loved—at least, *one* of the only women I ever loved—and it was like a trip to the North Pole," he explained. "She simply looked at me, and I wasn't there. It was precisely as if she were gazing out an open window."

"You mean Miss Stanwood?" Susan inquired, as a matter of fact.

"I mean Marjorie," replied the Lieutenant. It was such a delicious, mouth-filling name. "I told you last night about meeting her, and taking all her left-over dances, and how she went home suddenly and I didn't get any of them. Well, I called this afternoon. She wasn't in. I took that as a formal way of telling me she was not receiving, and rather imagined she was ill from her sudden disappearance last night. Ten minutes later she came out and got into an automobile. I spoke to her—it was like making overtures to an ice-cream freezer." There was a pause. "Dan Wilbur was with her."

"Dan Wilbur!" Susan's own private, individual troubles came rushing back upon her, and she put her head on the pillow again. After a little while she straightened up with the air of a martyr. "Are you sure she saw you?"

"*Saw* me?" exclaimed the Lieutenant. "When you hold both handles of a battery you know when the electricity is on, don't you? Well, the electricity was on. Now, why?"

"She might not have recognized you," Susan ventured.

"I don't want to boast, Sue, but she'll never forget me."

There was a long, long pause.

"There is always one answer, of course," Susan said at last, sympathetically. "That is, that she doesn't care to continue the acquaintance."

"Acquaintance!" repeated the Lieutenant. "Why, Sue, we're friends—old friends. Why, I've known Marjorie Stanwood since—since way last night about nine o'clock." He passed one hand across a troubled brow. "Sue, you were not present at the preliminaries," he added reproachfully. "It was the prettiest get-away you ever saw."

Again there was silence. Susan arose and rearranged some flowers in a spindle-legged vase, then sat down again. Lieutenant Faulkner continued to stare at her musingly.

"It's the money, I suppose," he said slowly, after a time. "Funny what it does, isn't it? Great-grandfather is hanged for stealing sheep, grandfather discovers how to make a fairly good sort of axle grease out of the sheep scraps, and gets rich doing it, which makes father the millionaire axle-grease and butter king. Then son comes along and converts the whole shooting match, from claws to feathers, into imported olive oil, and rigs up a family tree to suit himself. Grandson is so superior he won't look at anybody on the same planet. Money does it. Isn't it—isn't it filthy?"

Susan was regarding him with a little perplexed pucker on her white brow. With variations she knew a dozen families to whom the simile generally applied, although it would never have occurred to her in just that light.

"I suppose if Stanwood knew I was in love with his daughter," the Lieutenant continued, "and that my income was eighteen hundred a year—not a minute, like his—he'd froth at the mouth and get out an injunction."

Susan thoughtfully plucked a flower and thrust it into her shimmering hair. The bottomless eyes were fixed unseeingly on one of the Lieutenant's epaulets.

"And yet Marjorie—Marjorie," he rolled the word under his tongue—"Marjorie isn't that kind of a girl. She was as simple and unaffected and ingenuous as—why, Sue, you ought to have met her. And when she laughed!" The Lieutenant arose suddenly and strode back and forth across the room. "Why, hang it, she isn't that kind of a girl," he declared stoutly. "You can't imagine her sticking her nose into the air just because father has money. And far be it from me to say anything *about* father, but if he got it like the muck-rakers say he did he ought to go dig a hole and bury it. *Sabe?*"

"Well, of course, *my* father——" Susan began defensively.

"Oh, your father!" the Lieutenant cut in ungraciously. "His money is in and came out of real estate. I'm talking about those chaps who made their money last Thursday or Friday by grinding down the affluent widows and taking it away from indiscreet orphans." He was silent a moment. "I know that Marjorie isn't that kind, and if she isn't, what's the answer?"

He sat down and stared gloomily out the window.

"I'm sorry for you, Faulk," Susan sympathized finally. "I know——"

"Sorry for me? What for?"

"Of course," Susan hurried on tactfully, "Miss Stanwood is heiress to millions, and she meets a great many men with whom it is not desirable to—to—oh, you know what I mean, Faulk? Practically, any man she comes across would marry her for her money if nothing else, and so——" She broke off and waved her hands comprehensively.

The Lieutenant stared at her coldly, and the pupils of his eyes contracted to pin-points.

"Money has never meant anything to me, Sue," he said deliberately. "I wouldn't be in the army if it did. There's nothing in it financially, even at the top, and I could cut loose and go into business. But this is a man's life, a clean, active, wholesome existence, with the sort of work I like, and an opportunity to do things. I'm going to stick to it." He rolled a cigarette; Susan nodded, and he lighted it. "Of course I don't know what Marjorie will have to say about it," he went on slowly, "but she's going to be Mrs. Lieutenant Faulkner."

Susan smiled a little and shrugged her shoulders.

"I imagine that Papa Stanwood will be overjoyed when he hears it," the Lieutenant went on. "It may even be a cue for him to put the screws on the widows and orphans again. Fact is, he can take his money and go start a fire with it if he likes; Marjorie is the girl for me. I'll take her, in spite of her money."

"You speak as if you knew that she loved you," remarked Susan.

"Love me?" repeated the Lieutenant. "She can't help it. I'm gone just clean crazy about *her*."

Susan waved her hands; the matter was beyond her.

"And this right on top of the cut direct," she commented. "Why, she has shut the gate on you in the very beginning."

"There's something behind that cut direct," mused Lieutenant Faulkner. "I don't know what it is, but it doesn't matter. And so far as shutting the gate—I'll climb over that, and tunnel under the dungeon, and shin up the lightning-rod, and break down the barriers, and scale the walls, and swim the moat, and all the other usual things. Sue, she's mine, I tell you. It's my first choose, and I choose Marjorie. I guess you never saw me in action?"

Susan didn't say anything else. There didn't seem to be anything left to say. She herself had had some experience with a bull-headed army man, and the result was that now she was Mrs. Paul Abercrombie Harwell Rowland, and perfectly delighted every time she remembered it.

"Now, of course, you'll have to help," continued Lieutenant Faulkner as a matter of course. He arose and paced back and forth across the room to plan the campaign.

"Help?" gasped Susan. "How?"

"Well, for instance, the first thing to do," he told her in his most businesslike manner, "is to get to Marjorie. You'll have to call on her."

"But I don't know her," Susan protested. "I've never met her. I never even saw her but once."

"Pooh! Pooh!" Lieutenant Faulkner blew away this objection with one breath. "There are a thousand ways for you to get to her that I couldn't use. Just call—er—you know how—er—er—just call." He paused helplessly. "I'll tell you," he went on suddenly—"get her interested in a charity or something, and—and, you know, I—I—well, just sort of mention me, and later I'll just casually appear, and—and *you* know."

"Why, Faulk!" Susan reproved. "It's entirely out of the question. I—I—why, I can't."

"Ah, help a chap just this once, won't you?" he pleaded. "That's the way with people when they get married. They never want to give another fellow a helping hand; just sit back and grin at him and let him fight it out the best way he can. Just this once!"

Susan drew a long sigh of resignation; Faulk was such a charming boy, after all.

"I'll do what I can," she said. It was a promise.

"That's the girl," and the Lieutenant shook her hand heartily. "And now, of course, we've got to find out just where Wilbur is in this game. If he is interested in Marjorie he loses."

"Dan Wilbur!" Susan repeated, and suddenly there was a little catch in her voice. Temporarily she had lost sight of her own affairs. Her eyes dropped from Faulkner's eager face, and she was silent.

"Sue, what is this Wilbur thing, anyhow?" Faulkner asked gently. He took hold of her hand again.

And Held Her Hand So Long She had to Take it Away from Him

"Nothing, Faulk; nothing," and still she looked down. There was a long, embarrassing pause.

"Look at me, Sue," he commanded.

She raised her eyes shyly—moist, limpid eyes—and met the grave stare of the army man for one long minute without flinching. He drew a long breath and brushed back from her brow a vagrant wisp of gold.

"If there's anything the matter?" he suggested questioningly. "If I can help? If you've made any mistake?"

She shook her head.

"Hadn't you better tell me?" he persisted.

"Tell you!" and Susan's red lips trembled into a smile. "Why, Faulk, you're the one man in the world that I *couldn't* tell. And it's nothing, really—a little matter of principle with me. Don't think anything else."

"Does Paul know?" he queried.

"And he's the *other* man in the world that I couldn't tell," Susan complained.

Her eyes filled and slowly her head sank forward. Faulkner felt her fingers close suddenly on his own, and then a teardrop wet his hand.

VIII

AND Dan Wilbur called on Susan, too. At sight of him she shuddered twice—once for the catastrophe which would have been precipitated had he walked in ten minutes previously and found Lieutenant Faulkner; and once for the unspeakable disaster now impending, for Paul was due home in half an hour from that everlasting Army and Navy Building, and—and——

"For goodness' sake, Dan Wilbur, aren't you ever going away?" she demanded by way of greeting.

"Why?" he inquired languidly. "Does my staying in New York annoy you?"

"Oh, not that, of course," Susan hastened to say. "But—but I understood you were going, and it surprises me to see you hanging about this dull, wretched old town, when—oh, you know!" she concluded helplessly. She glanced at the clock—5:35.

"Surely you don't find it dull? A woman like you?"

"Why, Dan, I'm positively unhappy," she replied, truthfully enough. "There's nowhere to go, no one to see, nothing to amuse one, nothing to interest one's self in—just this same, old, eternal sixes and sevens."

"Well, if everything is as dull as all that I have some good news for you," said Mr. Wilbur graciously.

Susan gulped hard.

"What is it?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Well, for one thing, I've decided to stay in New York and——"

Susan nearly fainted.

"*Stay in New York!*" she gasped tragically.

"Yes, and I'll undertake to furnish something to interest you, too—as pretty a little romance as you——"

"Oh, Dan, Dan!" Susan interrupted wailingly. "Give up that beautiful trip around the world for—for—just to stay here in prosaic old New York?" she added diplomatically.

"It is a splendid trip," he agreed; "jolly, too, but you see——"

"Beautiful!" Susan rushed on enthusiastically. "Think of it! The Philippines! and Japan! and China! It must be glorious out there where the—er—er—and all those other places." Why couldn't she remember them?

"But, you see," Mr. Wilbur explained, "I've just been on the trip once. And now, Sue," his voice dropped confidentially, "New York has a new attraction for me, and if things go as I wish I shall remain here for several months, at least."

Susan collapsed hopelessly into a chair and glanced at the clock.

"Another love-affair, of course," she remarked.

"Another!" and Mr. Wilbur smiled that same superior sort of a smile that had hounded her into this mess in the first place. "No, not another. It's the first—the first time I've ever really loved a woman, and——"

"Why, Dan Wilbur! I'll ask you to remember, please, that you proposed to me four times," she interrupted indignantly. "And if I'm not mistaken you used that same phrase. You might at least have changed the words around some."

It was Mr. Wilbur's turn to blush; he did it languidly.

"The proposals to me were merely for amusement, I suppose?" Susan went on mercilessly. "Or was it practice?"

"But, great Scott, Sue," Mr. Wilbur burst out eloquently, "this is *serious!*"

"And the others weren't," Susan added. "I suspected as much. Who is it please?"

"Well, I've known her for several years," Mr. Wilbur explained with exasperating deliberation. "She was a slender, little débutante three years ago, but now——"

"Skinny, you mean. All débutantes are. Go on."

"But now she's the most stunning—er—er—I saw her at the Sanger ball last night, and she simply knocked my eye out, that's all. Beautiful, charming, and all that, you know."

"Of course," Susan agreed impatiently, and she glanced ostentatiously at the clock. "Goodness, isn't it late? Who is she?"

"Miss Stanwood—Marjorie Stanwood. Do you know her?"

"Marj—Miss Stan——" and Susan's surprise ended in speechlessness.

Mr. Wilbur regarded her anxiously.

"Am I to take this merely as astonishment, or—or pleasure—or—what?" he inquired.

"Marjorie Stanwood!" Susan repeated, and then she laughed nervously. The hands of the clock were fairly spinning around—5:41. "Dan, really, you must drop in again some time and tell me all about it," she urged.

"That's just what I came in to do now," said Mr. Wilbur without moving. "I've simply got to talk about it, that's all. I can't hold it any more, and—and I haven't told her

(Continued on Page 29)

The Finder of Lost Persons

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

THE professional prosecutor is continually surprised at the insignificant amount of crime which exists in comparison with the extraordinary scope of criminal opportunity. To be sure, the number of crimes actually detected is infinitesimal as contrasted with those committed, but, even so, the conviction constantly grows that the world is astonishingly honest when one considers the unlikelihood that any specific prospective offense will be discovered. How few dishonest servants there are, for example, out of the million or so composing that class of persons who have an unlimited opportunity to snap up not only unconsidered trifles, but personal property of great value. The actual honesty of the servants is probably greater than that of the masters—in the final analysis.

Men are not only "presumed to be innocent" in the eyes of the law, but are found to be so, as a matter of daily experience, so far as honesty in the ordinary affairs of life are concerned, and the fact that we rely so implicitly upon the truthfulness and integrity of our fellows is the principal reason why violations of this imperative social law should be severely dealt with. If it were possible adequately to determine any such issue mere lying should be made a crime.

It is matter of constant wonder that shrewd business men will put through all sorts of deals, when thousands of dollars are at stake, relying entirely upon the word of some single person, whom they do not, in fact, know. John Smith is looking for a house. He finds one he likes with an old lady, who says her name is Sarah Jones, living inside it, and offers her forty thousand dollars for her real estate. She accepts. His lawyer searches the title and finds that Sarah Jones is the owner of record. The old lady is invited to the lawyer's office, executes a warranty deed and goes off with the forty thousand dollars. Now in a great number of instances no one really knows whether the aged dame is Sarah Jones or not; and she perhaps may be, and sometimes is, only the caretaker's second cousin, who is looking after the house in the latter's absence.

There are thousands of acres of land and hundreds of millions of money waiting at compound interest to be claimed by unknown heirs or next of kin. Even if the real ones cannot be found one would think that this defect could be easily supplied by some properly ingenious and criminal person.

"My Uncle Bill went to sea in '45 and was never heard from again. Will you find out if he left any money?" wrote a client to the author. Careful search failed to reveal any money. But if the money had been found *first* how easy it would have been to turn up a nephew! Yet the industry of producing properly authenticated nephews, heirs, legatees, next of kin and claimants of all sorts has never been adequately developed. There are plenty of "agents" who for a moderate fee will inform you whether or not there is a fortune waiting for you, but there is no agency within the writer's knowledge which will supply an heir for every fortune. From a business point of view the idea seems to have possibilities.

Some few years after the Civil War a Swede named Ebbe Petersen emigrated to this country to better his condition. Fortune smiled upon this descendant of the Vikings and he amassed a modest bank account, which, with considerable foresight, he invested in a large tract of unimproved land in the region known as "The Bronx," New York City.

In the summer of 1888 Petersen determined to take a vacation and revisit Sweden, and accordingly deeded all his real estate to his wife. Just before starting he decided to take his wife and only daughter, a little girl of ten or twelve, with him. Accordingly they set sail from Hoboken, Saturday, August 11, upon the steamer Geiser, of the Thingvalla Line, bound for Copenhagen. At four o'clock Tuesday morning, at a point thirty miles south of Sable Island and two hundred miles out of Halifax, the Geiser, in the midst of a thick fog, crashed suddenly into a sister ship, the Thingvalla, of the same line, and sank. The Thingvalla was herself badly crippled, but, after picking up thirty-one survivors, managed to limp into Halifax, from which port the rescued were brought to New York. Only fourteen of the Geiser's passengers had been saved, and the Petersens were not among them. They were never heard of again, and no relatives came forward to claim their property, which, happening to be in the direct line of the city's development, was in course of time mapped out into streets and house-lots and became immensely valuable.

Gradually houses were built upon it, various people bought it for investment, and it took on the look of other semi-developed suburban property.

In the month of December, 1905, over seventeen years after the sinking of the Geiser, a lawyer named H. Huffman Browne offered to sell "at a bargain" to a young architect named Benjamin Levitan two house-lots adjacent to the southwest corner of One Hundred and Seventy-fourth Street and Monroe Avenue, New York City. It so happened that Browne had not long before induced Levitan to go into another real-estate deal, in which the architect's suspicions had been aroused by finding that the property alleged by the lawyer to be "improved" was, in fact, not built upon.

The architect had lost no money in the original transaction, but he determined that no such mistake should occur a second time, and he accordingly visited the property, and also had a search made of the title, which revealed the fact that Browne was not the real owner, as he had stated, but that, on the contrary, the land stood in the name of "William R. Hubert."

It should be borne in mind that both the parties to this proposed transaction were men well known in their own professions. Browne, particularly, was a real-estate lawyer of some distinction, and an editor of what were known as the old New York Civil Procedure Reports. He was a middle-aged man, careful in his dress, particular in his speech, modest and quiet in his demeanor, by reputation a gentleman and a scholar, and had practiced at the New York bar some twenty-five years.

But Levitan, who had seen many wolves in sheep's clothing, and had something of the Sherlock Holmes in his composition, determined to seek the advice of the District Attorney, and, having done so, received instructions to go ahead and consummate the purchase of the property. He, therefore, informed Browne that he had learned that the latter was not the owner of record, to which Browne replied that, strictly speaking, that was true, but that the property really did belong to him in fact, and was recorded in Hubert's name merely as a matter of convenience (because Hubert was unmarried), and that, moreover, he, Browne, had an unrecorded deed from Hubert to himself, which he would produce, or would introduce Hubert to Levitan and let him execute a deed direct. Levitan willingly assented to the latter proposition, and the fourteenth of December, 1905, was fixed as the date for the delivery of the deeds and the payment for the property.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of that day Browne appeared at Levitan's office (where a detective was already in attendance) and stated that he had been unable to procure Mr. Hubert's personal presence, but had received from him deeds, duly executed, to the property. These he offered to Levitan. At this moment the detective stepped forward, took possession of the papers, and invited the lawyer to accompany him to the District Attorney's office. To this Browne offered no opposition, and the party adjourned to the Criminal Courts Building, where Mr. John W. Hart, an Assistant District Attorney, accused him of having obtained money from Levitan by means of false pretenses as to the ownership of the property, and requested from him an explanation. Browne replied without hesitation that he could not understand why this charge should be made against him; that he had, in fact, received the deeds from Mr. Hubert only a short time before he had delivered them to Levitan; that Mr. Hubert was in New York; that he was the owner of the property, and that no fraud of any sort had been attempted or intended.

Mr. Hart now examined the supposed deeds and found that the signatures to them, as well as the signature to a certain affidavit of title, which set forth that William F. Hubert was a person of substance, had all been executed, before a notary, Ella F. Braman, on that very day. He therefore sent at once for Mrs. Braman, who, upon her arrival, immediately and without hesitation positively identified the defendant, H. Huffman Browne, as the person who had executed the papers before her an hour or so before. The case on its face seemed clear enough. Browne had apparently deliberately forged William F. Hubert's name, and it did not even seem necessary that Mr. Hubert should be summoned as a witness, since the property was recorded in his name, and Browne himself had stated that Hubert was then actually in New York.

But Browne indignantly protested his innocence. It was clear, he insisted, that Mrs. Braman was mistaken, for why, in the name of common-sense, should he, a lawyer of standing, desire to forge Hubert's name, particularly when he himself held an unrecorded deed of the same property, and could have executed a good conveyance to Levitan had the latter so desired? Such a performance would have been utterly without an object. But the lawyer was nervous, and his description of Hubert as "a wealthy mine owner from the West, who owned a great deal of property in New York, and had an office in the Flatiron Building," did not ring convincingly in Mr. Hart's ears.

The Assistant District Attorney smelt something rotten in the state of Denmark, and called up the janitor of the building in question on the telephone. But no such person had an office there. Browne, much flustered, said the janitor was either a fool or a liar. He had been at Hubert's office that very morning. He offered to go and find him in twenty minutes. But Mr. Hart thought that the lawyer had better make his explanation before a proper magistrate, and caused his arrest and commitment on a charge of forgery.

Little did he suspect what an ingenious fraud was about to be unearthed.

The days went by and Browne stayed in the Tombs, unable to raise the heavy bail demanded, but no Hubert appeared. Meantime the writer, to whom the case had been sent for trial, ordered a complete search of the title to the property, and in a week or so became possessed, to his amazement, of a most extraordinary and complicated collection of facts.

He discovered that the lot of land offered by Browne to Levitan, and standing in Hubert's name, was originally part of the property owned by Ebbe Petersen, the unfortunate Swede who, with his family, had perished in the Geiser, off Cape Sable, in 1888.

The title search showed that practically all of the Petersen property had been conveyed by Mary A. Petersen to a person named Ignatius F. X. O'Rourke, by a deed, which purported to have been executed on June 27, 1888, about six weeks before the Petersens sailed for Copenhagen, and which was signed with Mrs. Petersen's mark, but that this deed had not been recorded until July 3, 1899, eleven years after the loss of the Geiser.

The writer busied himself with finding some one who had known Mrs. Petersen, and by an odd coincidence discovered a woman living in the Bronx who had been an intimate friend and playmate of the little Petersen girl. This witness, who was but a child when the incident had occurred, clearly recalled the fact that Ebbe Petersen had not decided to take his wife and daughter with him on the voyage until a few days before they sailed. They had then invited her, the witness—now a Mrs. Cantwell—to go with them, but her mother had declined to allow her to do so. Mrs. Petersen, moreover, according to Mrs. Cantwell, was a woman of education, who wrote a particularly fine hand. Other papers were discovered, executed at about the same time, signed by Mrs. Petersen with her full name. It seemed inconceivable that she should have signed any deed, much less one of so much importance, with her *mark*, and, moreover, that she should have executed any such deed at all when her husband was on the spot to convey his own property.

But the strangest fact of all was that the attesting witness to this extraordinary instrument was H. Huffman Browne! It also appeared to have been recorded *at his instance* eleven years after its execution.

In the mean time, however—that is to say, between the sinking of the Geiser in '88 and the recording of Mary Petersen's supposed deed in '99—another *equally mysterious* deed to the same property had been filed. This document, executed and recorded in 1896, purported to convey part of the Petersen property to a man named John J. Keilly, and was signed by a person calling himself Charles A. Clark. By a later deed, executed and signed a few days later, John J. Keilly appeared to have conveyed the same property to Ignatius F. X. O'Rourke, the very person to whom Mrs. Petersen had apparently executed her deed in 1888. And H. Huffman Browne was the attesting witness to both these deeds!

A glance at the following diagram will serve to clear up any confusion which may exist in the mind of the reader:

1888 MARY A. PETERSEN by her (X) deed conveys to I. F. X. O'ROURKE (Not Recorded until 1899)

1896 CHARLES A. CLARK conveys *same property* to JOHN J. KEILLY.

1896 JOHN J. KEILLY conveys to I. F. X. O'ROURKE

O'ROURKE thus holds lands through two sources.

Browne was the witness to both these parallel transactions! Of course it was simple enough to see what had occurred. In 1896 a mysterious man, named Clark, without vestige of right or title, so far as the records showed, had conveyed Ebbe Petersen's property to a man named Keilly, equally unsubstantial, who had passed it over to one O'Rourke. Then Browne had suddenly recorded Mrs. Petersen's deed giving O'Rourke the very same property. Thus this O'Rourke, whoever he may have been, held all the Petersen property by two chains of title, one through Clark and Keilly, and the other through Mrs. Petersen. Then he had gone ahead and deeded it all away to various persons, through one of whom William F. Hubert had secured his title. But every deed on record which purported to pass any fraction of the Petersen property was witnessed by H. Huffman Browne! And Browne was the attesting witness to the deed under which Hubert purported to hold. Thus the chain of title, at the end of which Levitan found himself, ran back to Mary Petersen, with

"Our Home is Being Taken from Us, and that Man has Stolen it from Us!"

But Browne Indignantly Protested His Innocence

H. Huffman Browne peering behind the arras of every signature.

MARY PETERSEN to O'ROURKE

- CLARK to KEILLY — BROWNE, attesting witness.
- KEILLY to O'ROURKE — BROWNE, attesting witness.
- O'ROURKE to WILLIAM P. COLLITON — BROWNE, attesting witness.
- WILLIAM P. COLLITON to JOHN GARRETSON — BROWNE, attesting witness.
- JOHN GARRETSON to HERMAN BOLTE — BROWNE, attesting witness.
- HERMAN BOLTE to BENJ. FREEMAN — BROWNE, attesting witness.
- BENJ. FREEMAN to WILLIAM F. HUBERT — BROWNE, attesting witness.

The Assistant District Attorney rubbed his forehead and wondered who in thunder all these people were. Who, for example, to begin at the beginning, was Charles A. Clark, and why should he be deeding away Ebbe Petersen's property? And who were Keilly and O'Rourke, and all the rest—Colliton, Garretson, Bolte and Freeman? And who, for that matter, was Hubert?

A score of detectives were sent out to hunt up these elusive persons, but, although the directories of twenty years were searched, no Charles A. Clark, John J. Keilly or I. F. X. O'Rourke could be discovered. Neither could any one named Colliton, Freeman or Hubert be located. The only persons who did appear to exist were Garretson and Bolte.

Quite by chance the Assistant District Attorney located the former of these, who proved to be one of Browne's clients, and who stated that he had taken title to the property at the lawyer's request and as a favor to him, did not remember from whom he had received it, had paid nothing for it, received nothing for it, and had finally deeded it to Herman Bolte at the direction of Browne. Herman Bolte, an ex-judge of the Municipal Court, who had been removed for misconduct in office, admitted grumblingly that, while at one time he had considered purchasing the property in question, he had never actually done so, that the deed from Garretson to himself had been recorded without his knowledge or his authority, that he had paid nothing for the property and had received nothing for it, and had, at the instruction of Browne, conveyed it to Benjamin Freeman. Garretson apparently had never seen Bolte, and Bolte had never seen Freeman, while William R. Hubert, the person to whom the record showed Freeman had transferred the property, remained an invisible figure, impossible to locate and reduce to tangibility.

Just what Browne had attempted to do—had done—was obvious. In some way, being a real-estate lawyer, he had stumbled upon the fact that this valuable tract of land lay unclaimed. Accordingly he had set about the easiest way to reduce it to possession. To make assurance doubly sure he had forged two chains of title, one through an assumed heir and the other through the owner herself. Then he had juggled the title through a dozen or so grantees, and stood ready to dispose of the property to the highest bidder.

There he stayed in the Tombs, demanding a trial and protesting his innocence, and asserting that if the District Attorney would only look long enough he would find William F. Hubert. But an interesting question of law had cropped up to delay matters.

Of course, if there was anybody by the name of Hubert who actually owned the property, and Browne had signed his name, conveying the same, to a deed to Levitan, Browne was guilty of forgery in the first degree. But the evidence in the case pointed toward the conclusion that Browne himself *was* Hubert. If this was so, how could Browne be said to have forged the name of Hubert, when he had a perfect legal right to take the property under any name he chose to assume? This was incontestable. If your name be Richard Roe you may purchase land and receive a title thereto under the name of John Doe, and convey it under that name without violating the law. This as a general proposition is true so long as the taking of a fictitious name is for an honest purpose and not tainted with fraud. The Assistant District Attorney felt that the very strength of his case created, as it were, a sort of "legal weakness," for the more evidence he should put in against Browne, the clearer it would become that Hubert was merely Browne himself, and this would necessitate additional proof that Browne had taken the property in the name of Hubert for purposes of fraud, which could only be established by going into the whole history of the property. Of course, if Browne were so foolish as to put in the defense that Hubert really existed, the case would be plain sailing. If, however, Browne was as astute as the District Attorney believed him to be, he might boldly admit that there was no Hubert except himself, and that, in taking title to the property and disposing thereof under that name, he was committing no violation of law for which he could be prosecuted.

The case was moved for trial on the twelfth of March, 1906, before Judge Warren W. Foster, in Part Three of the Court of General Sessions in New York. The defendant was arraigned at the bar without counsel, owing to the absence of his lawyer through sickness, and Mr. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the State, was assigned to defend him. At this juncture Browne arose and addressed the Court. In the most deferential and conciliatory manner he urged that he was entitled to an adjournment until such time as he could produce William F. Hubert as a witness; stating that, although the latter had been in town on December 24, and had personally given him the deeds in question, which he had handed to Levitan, Hubert's interest in the West had immediately called him from the city, and that he was then in Goldfields, Nevada; that since he had been in the Tombs he, Browne, had been in correspondence with a gentleman by the name of Alfred Skeels, of the Teller House, Central City, Colorado, from whom he had received a letter within the week to the effect that Hubert had arranged to start immediately for New York, for the purpose of testifying as a witness for the defense. The prosecutor thereupon demanded the production of this letter from the alleged Skeels, and Browne was compelled to state that he had immediately destroyed it on its receipt. The prosecutor then argued that, under those

A Jury was Procured After Some Difficulty

circumstances, and in view of the fact that the People's evidence showed conclusively that no such person as Hubert existed, there was no reason why the trial should not proceed then and there. The Court thereupon ruled that the case should go on.

A jury was procured after some difficulty, and the evidence of Mr. Levitan received, showing that Browne had represented Hubert to be a man of substance, and had produced an affidavit, purported to be sworn to by Hubert, to the same effect, with deeds alleged to have been signed by him. Mrs. Braman then swore that upon the same day Browne had himself acknowledged these very deeds and had sworn to the affidavit before her as a notary, under the name of William H. Hubert.

Taken with the fact that Browne had stated that Hubert was a living man, this made out a *prima facie* case. To make doubly sure, the District Attorney offered in evidence all the deeds to the property in question, thereby establishing the fact that it was originally part of the Petersen estate, and disclosing the means whereby it had eventually been recorded in the name of Hubert.

The prosecution then rested its case, and the burden shifted to the defense to explain how all these deeds, attested by Browne, came to be executed and recorded. The accused lawyer positively and vehemently denied that he had signed the name of Hubert to the deed which he had offered to Levitan, and persisted in the contention that Hubert was a real man, who sooner or later would turn up. He admitted knowing the Petersen family in a casual way, and said he had done some business for them, but stated that he had not heard of their tragic death until some years after the sinking of the Geiser. He had then ascertained that no one had appeared to lay claim to Mrs. Petersen's estate, and he had accordingly taken it upon himself to advertise for heirs. In due course Charles A. Clark had appeared and had deeded the property to Kelly, who in turn had conveyed it to O'Rourke. Just who this mysterious O'Rourke was he could not explain, nor could he account in any satisfactory manner for the recording in 1899 of the deed signed with Mary Petersen's mark. He said that it had "turned up" in O'Rourke's hands after O'Rourke had become possessed of the property through the action of the heirs, and that he had no recollection of ever having seen it before or having witnessed it. In the latter transactions by which the property had been split up, he claimed to have acted only as attorney for the different grantors. He was unable to give the address of Hubert, O'Rourke, Clark, Keilly or Freeman.

Browne gave his testimony in the same dry, polite and careful manner in which he had always been accustomed to discuss his cases or deliver his arguments. It seemed wholly impossible to believe that this respectable-looking person could be a dangerous character, yet the nature of his offense and the consequences of it were apparent when the State called to the stand an old broom-maker, who had bought from Browne one of the lots belonging to the Petersen estate. Holding up three stumps where fingers should have been, he cried out, choking with tears:

"My vriends, for vifteen years I vorked at making brooms—me und my vife—from fife in the morning until six at night, and I loose mine fingers trying to save enough money to puy a house that we could call our own. Then when we saved eight hundred dollars this man come to us and sold us a lot. We were very happy. Yesterday anoder man served me mit a paper that we must leave our house, because we did not own the land! We must go away! Where? We haf no place to go. Our home is being taken from us, und that man" (pointing his stumps at Browne) —"that man has stolen it from us!"

He stopped, unable to speak. The defendant's lawyer properly objected, but, with this piece of testimony ringing in their ears, it is hardly surprising that the jury took but five minutes to convict Browne of forgery in the first degree.

A few days later the judge sentenced him to twenty years in State's prison.

Then other people began to wake up. The Attorney-General guessed that the Petersen property had all escheated to the State, the Swedish Government sent a deputy to make inquiries, the Norwegian Government was sure that he was a Norwegian, and the Danish that he was a Dane. No one knows yet who is the real owner, and there are half a dozen heirs squatting on every corner of it.

Things are much worse than before Browne tried to sell the ill-fated lot to Levitan, but a great many people who were careless before are careful now.

It soon developed, however, that lawyer Browne's industry and ingenuity had not been confined to the exploitation of the estate of Ebbe Petersen. In the year 1904 a judgment had been entered in the Supreme Court which adjudged that a certain George Wilson was entitled to a one-sixth interest in the estate of Jane Elizabeth Barker, recently deceased. George Wilson had last been heard of, twenty years before, as a farm-hand in Illinois, and his whereabouts were at that time unknown. Suddenly, however, he appeared—that is to say, H. Huffman Browne appeared as his attorney, and demanded his share of the property which had been deposited to his credit with the City Chamberlain and amounted to seventy-five hundred dollars. The lawyer had presented a petition signed apparently by Wilson and a bond also subscribed by him, to which had been appended the names of certain sureties. One of these was a William R. Hubert—the same William R. Hubert who had mysteriously disappeared when his presence was so vital to the happiness and liberty of his creator. The City Chamberlain paid over the seventy-five hundred dollars to Browne.

It was further discovered at the same time that Browne had made several other attempts to secure legacies remaining uncalled for in the city's treasury.

RAISING WILD GAME

By WALLACE EVANS

"WHAT earthly *good* are those things, anyhow?" inquired a luxuriously dressed stranger who had stopped his touring car to look at a pond on the surface of which several hundred gorgeous mandarin and wood duck and wild geese were giving dress parade, their splendid plumage glistening and iridescent under the bright sun of the August afternoon.

The reply might have been made with truth that the presence of the fowl was sufficiently justified by the note of beauty which they contributed to the scene, but the most direct and forceful reply was suggested by the food value of certain of the game species of these birds—those which are not too costly to be served on the table of a man who is even moderately well-to-do. For instance, to realize what the general propagation of the English ring-neck pheasant may mean to the people of this country as a matter of food, one has only to visit the market-places of London in the season. There he may see thousands of these delicious birds exposed for sale at a price to be compared with the cost of a fancy milk-fed chicken in New York. In fact, they are often so cheap that the thrifty clerk, mechanic or "cabby" can—and does—afford a trio of these tender, richly-flavored and weighty birds for his Sunday dinner. Pheasants are eighty cents each on the London market at this writing.

It is easily possible for any man who has a country place to raise, at small cost, enough pheasants, wild duck and wild geese so that he may serve his friends with the finest and rarest of game dinners at his will. In a word, he may in this way have at his command the resources from which to serve his guests with a dinner of distinction—one not to be had from the open market.

But the question of the profit which may be made by those who take up the rearing of wild water-fowl or pheasants as either a business or a secondary occupation, should be handled with conservatism. Only those who have a knack, a natural gift, for making creatures grow and prosper under their care, can hope to make a decided success, commercially speaking, of this peculiar line of effort.

If you are not naturally interested in pets and domestic creatures, better leave this task to more sympathetic hands. Again, do not expect to make a snug sum of money from this kind of enterprise the first year. Like anything else worth doing, you have to learn its details by actual experience, by mistakes and partial failures. Especially would I caution any one against going into the business on a big scale at the start. By all means, better begin with a modest flock and "work up" to a large one.

There are two reasons for this: first, the common-sense one of learning to creep before you walk—especially when a fall is a matter of large expense; and secondly, because the liability of losing your birds by plague or disease is far greater with a large flock than a small one. Only the breeder of long, practical experience and close observation can raise pheasants in large numbers—by the hundreds or thousands—and keep them strong and healthy. Of course this refers to breeding the birds in confinement. If *properly liberated* in a suitable place English pheasants, of good stock, will breed freely almost anywhere in the United States.

An Amherst Pet

And, perhaps, here is the place to define, for the benefit of those who have country places and wish to stock their woods with pheasants, just what is the proper method of liberating birds and what kind of birds are suitable for that purpose.

Stock birds should be bought only from the man who has raised them and should come from a locality quite as severe in climate as that to which they are removed—more severe, if possible. Imported birds should be considered out of the question, for the obvious reason that they are very likely not to breed for a year after importation. It is a well-established fact that a long shipment—and particularly an ocean voyage—tends to upset the breeding impulse, particularly on the part of animals wild or only slightly domesticated. Then, too, the imported birds are used to a climate and feeding conditions so unlike those of the United States that a very large percentage sicken and die.

Now as to the manner in which pheasants should be liberated for the stocking of a game preserve: the woods or timber in which you wish them to live and multiply must not be low or wet. English pheasants can stand almost any degree of cold and thrive on it; but continued dampness is almost sure to give them any one of a half-dozen fatal diseases. Then, too, the woods selected for stocking should not be connected with other woods stretching away from your own domain. They may be small—only an acre or two in extent—but if they are dry, comparatively thick, with a goodly growth of underbrush and isolated from other timber, they are well suited to pheasants.

Before your stock birds arrive have a rough inclosure made of eight-foot chicken fencing, one inch in mesh. A single roll is ample for a pen sufficient to accommodate fifty pairs of birds. It is well to have several clumps of bushes within the inclosure—the more of them the better, as they afford necessary protection for the birds when assailed by hawks or other winged enemies; also they give the pheasants a roosting-place out of the reach of weasels, mink, skunk and other ground prowlers. Shocks of cornstalks will take the place of bushes if the latter are not at hand. If these are used, open each shock at the bottom so that the birds may get inside. A fence of the kind I have described may be put up in winter simply by using trees for posts, there being no necessity for having the inclosure regular in outline. Care must be taken to have the bottom of the fence fit snugly to the ground. Do not build any house or shelter in the inclosure. A rough contrivance to serve as a door is all that is needed.

When your shipment of pheasants arrives take your crate inside at dusk or even after dark, and quietly remove a slat so that the prisoners may find their own way out into the pen. If they have been properly prepared for

shipment the tip of the right wing of each bird will have been clipped, preventing any high or sustained flight, and at the same time allowing wing power enough to reach the tops of bushes or undergrowth.

Keep the birds in this inclosure for fully a week before you take the first step in actual liberation. Feed them a daily ration of small grain—a handful to each bird. A lighted lantern hung on the fence at night will generally keep away mink and other animals. However, if a good watchdog is available, attach his chain to a loosely-stretched wire running close to the fence and past the door of the pen. He will discourage both four-footed and two-footed prowlers.

At the end of a week or ten days scatter a little grain outside, then lift the bottom of the fence, at a convenient point, a few inches from the ground, propping it up with a short stick, to which is attached a string several yards in length. Hide behind a tree or bush and watch until a few of the pheasants have slipped out under the fence, then pull the string. This will liberate a few of the birds without frightening them, and after they have become habituated to a spot they will not go far away, and when you are gone they will return to get the feed you have scattered outside and to keep close to their mates still inside the fence. At the end of another week liberate a few more in the same way, and so on until all are out. Keep feeding regularly outside the fence, and continue this until weeks after all are liberated. In fact, feed all winter—and always in the same spot. What will be the result? The pheasants will be so anchored to this place where they always find food that they will not stray from it—even if chased by dogs or shot at by poachers.

You may say that this is "lots of fuss and feathers." Yes, but if you follow this practice to the letter you will have *live* feathers in your woods for months and years to come, while your neighbor, who simply releases his frightened birds from the shipping crate, will be furnishing pheasants for some preserve miles away.

Raising English pheasants in captivity is not much more difficult than raising high-bred poultry of any kind—only it is different in detail.

Speaking of poultry I should add that I receive hundreds of letters asking me if pheasants can be raised with pigeons and chickens. To these I make reply: No; decidedly not! To place pheasants in the same pen with pigeons or chickens is practically fatal to success. Keep them by themselves and give them individual care and treatment. There is no harm in letting them run loose in the same garden, clover-patch or weed-field with chickens, but never undertake to confine them with any other kind of creatures.

A Free Foot and Clean Food

IT IS not possible more than to suggest here the main principles of breeding pheasants in confinement. The adult birds should have a roomy runway on ground absolutely untainted; if the inclosure is of six or eight foot wire netting the top need not be covered, as clipping the flight feathers of one wing of each bird will make escape impossible. Feed a balanced ration of small grains, but only what the birds will clean up at each meal. Sour or foul food is a prime cause of disease among pheasants. They must also have meat food—the best quality of beef scraps will serve. Never have your breeding coops on the same ground two seasons in succession, and spade the ground three or four times between early spring and fall. In the breeding season have only one cock in a pen; if more are together they will fight to the death. It is not good policy to have more than five or six females to the pen. In fact, pairs or trios breed better than larger families.

Pheasants begin to lay about April 15. Set the eggs under a light-weight domestic hen—a cochin bantam is the best, but any light, well-feathered and motherly hen will do. The nest must be made *on the ground;* form a little basin of earth and sprinkle it lightly with straw or chaff. This is very important, and very difficult to impress upon beginners. Use a special tight coop without bottom for this purpose. Take great care to see that the hens are not afflicted with insects. Dust them thoroughly before setting.

For the first, second or third days of their life the chick pheasants should be kept inside the hatching coop, which has a little "door yard" covered with fine screen, and for that period should be fed only on a stiff custard made of cooked eggs and milk. Then let them be transferred to a small "brooder coop" which can easily be moved about on the grass, but which can be closed at will. Never let the little chicks out when the grass is very damp from dew or rain. At all other times allow them to range at large with the hen to gather the insect life which is vital to their development. After three days, change to grated hard-boiled eggs. Still later they should be fed on a little cornmeal slightly moistened, and on rightly-balanced fine chick food. After they are about a quarter grown it will be well to begin clipping their wings and putting them inside an inclosure, for they fly at a very early age. If you choose to take the pains, you can teach the young to eat out of the hand and to become very tame. These directions apply to all varieties of pheasants.

A Mixed Multitude of Pheasants

As a decoration for the lawn the aviary breeds should not be neglected. The principal varieties in this class are Reeves, Goldens, Silvers and Lady Amhersts. To choose between them is difficult, for each has its own peculiar beauty. The Reeves are big, regal fellows—a striking combination of gold and silver, with black edgings for the feathers.

Nothing, however, is quite so brilliant and graceful as the Golden. The plumage of the cock is a gorgeous combination of scarlet, orange, deep blue and softer shadings which defy description.

The demand for the aviary varieties of pheasants comes mainly from those who wish to beautify their country places, from zoölogical and natural history gardens, from small parks and from taxidermists. Probably the taxidermists sell most of their mounted specimens to collectors, but wherever and however they dispose of their wares they are always ready buyers of these birds at fair prices. Not infrequently, papers publish absurd statements as to the prices obtainable for pheasant skins. Only recently I saw in print an item to the effect that "skins" of Golden pheasants were salable at eight dollars each for millinery purposes. It is true that a "toque" or close hat of English pheasant breasts worn with a cloak of sealskin or other rich, black material is the height of good taste and "dressiness"; it is, however, unfortunately, not true that the skins of Goldens command this price. However, it is quite probable that the day will come in this country when English cock pheasants can be profitably raised for this purpose—especially when conditions are such that the breeder can dispose of the bodies, from which the skins are removed, for table use. Certainly the man or woman in the pheasant business who masters the art of taxidermy or even of the simple curing of skins—would have a decided advantage in the race for commercial success.

Week-End Shooting a Source of Profit

STILL another feature of the pheasant business is bound, sooner or later, to develop in this country. I refer to the sale of shooting privileges. Any man having a well-stocked pheasant preserve within one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles of a populous city, would to-day have no difficulty in selling shooting privileges to sportsmen at profitable figures. City men of wealth who are fond of shooting and have little time to spare, do not count the cost if they can go to a near point where they can depend upon getting game and know that they will not be disappointed. If they can get reliable "week-end" shooting they will be particularly free with their money.

The country place which has, or can have, a pond or pool of water—even though it be only fifty feet in diameter and does not show a flock of mandarins or wood ducks is without an attraction which would prove an unfailing delight to its owners and to all visitors. The mandarin is the "Holy Duck" of China, and centuries ago the Chinaman who was reckless enough to sell one of these "sacred" creatures to a European was beheaded. A description of the coloring is quite beyond my power; the statement that they are of reddish chocolate color, quaintly marked with white, is enough, perhaps, to suggest the general tone, but not their beauty or novelty of appearance. They have a peculiar ruff or tippet which gives them great distinction.

In breeding mandarins great care should be taken to afford them complete isolation from all other fowls during the nesting season. If given seclusion in the breeding period, the mandarin duck will lay ten to twelve eggs, hatch them herself, and present the owner with a brood of downy ducklings which will win the admiration of all who see them. The mandarin's natural nesting place is in the hollows of logs along, or overhanging, the water's edge. They readily accept a substitute, however, made of a small box, set on a pole projecting a few feet above the surface of the water, with a slanting board leading from the water to the little door of the box. The fact that the mandarins, like the wood ducks, are decidedly long lived and hardy makes their hatching well worth while.

Flock of Wild Ducks on Snow

The Duck with a Knight's Plume

NO AMERICAN duck can be compared for beauty to the wood duck. They have a crest which suggests a Knight Templar's plumed hat and their body color is dark blue—very intense and glossy. Their shoulders and crest are outlined or "trimmed" with a narrow stripe of white, which gives them a highly military appearance. Of all water-fowl they are the most brilliant, and in disposition they are as romantic as "love-birds." Because of their extreme friendliness they may easily be made as tame as domestic ducks. Instead of a quack these brilliant creatures make a twittering sound far from unpleasant to the ear. The ducklings of this species are curiously flat in shape, and are born with sharp claws which enable them to go down the side of the tree with the facility of a chickadee. The wood duck lays fifteen to twenty-five eggs a season. Better results are had from setting the eggs under bantams than by allowing the duck to do her own hatching. Once a day, in the spring, feed the ducks a mash of cornmeal, barley-meal and ground oats, and a balanced ration of small grains for the other meals. Wild ducklings, like pheasant chicks, should be fed egg custard and grated or chopped eggs until about a week old.

The owner of a country place who is fond of duck shooting will hardly need a suggestion to add to his collection a few call ducks. They are easily raised, and all other decoys are mere imitations in point of efficiency compared with these noisy fellows. They will "work" day or night and their voices are practically never still. To the enthusiastic duck hunter the calls are sure to prove a feature of unfailing interest, as well as utility. To all practical purposes they are bantam mallards, and wild ducks of every species will respond to their lure. They become so tame that they will even call while being held in the hand of the hunter, in boat or blind, before being anchored in the water.

Regular mallards are by no means difficult to raise and reproduce to an extent which enables them to be used as a source of table supply.

In wild geese the favorites of my flock are the Egyptians and the tiger brants. The former are from the Nile, and they bear their Egyptian origin in every feather and marking. The body color is a light chocolate, emphasized by eccentric white borderings. These lay from eight to twelve eggs a season, and the young are decidedly hardy.

The tiger brant is often called the "white-fronted goose," and comes mainly from the Pacific Coast. His tiger-marked breast and "ringed" bill make him a sure object of admiration.

Of all wild geese the "Canada" is the easiest to raise in large numbers. These honkers make their own nests, hatch their own young, and lose very few eggs or young in the process. They resent all human approach at nesting-time, the gander establishing a guard more dangerous to molest than are most watchdogs.

Whether the owner of a country place is a millionaire, burdened with great responsibilities, or a man of very moderate circumstances, he will, if he undertakes the breeding of these beautiful birds which I have described, find himself looking forward to the "week-end" hours which he may spend among his pheasants and wild water-fowl with a relish of anticipation almost boyish in its enthusiasm.

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The Men Who Risk All

ONCE upon a time—namely, in March, 1908—a man was sentenced to serve five years in a Federal penitentiary.

The man began life as a poor boy, with no one to help him and with very little formal education. As a boy he worked hard in a humble occupation. By his great energy, industry and ability he built himself up bit by bit, year by year, until he became one of the richest and most powerful men in the large city where he lived. Among men of affairs no one's judgment carried greater weight.

At threescore years, in enjoyment of a success as solid as the granite walls that inclosed his office, he wanted more success, more money, more power. To win them he took fearful risks, hazarding—as his own sound judgment must have told him if he had listened to it—more than all he had gained in a laborious lifetime, for he began free, and now he dared the penal inhibitions of the law. He lost the stake he played for. His business enterprises were wrecked. His name became a byword. A prison sentence rests upon him. How is it possible for a man situated as he was to take so frightful a risk?

At about the same time, four men in another State were convicted of conniving at thefts from the public. They, also, were far above want, successful persons of note and standing in their community, already in enjoyment of the material things that most men strive for. How could they have taken the risk?

The vulgar convict, the common burglar or pickpocket, is easily enough understood. But these other—intelligent, able, successful men, of whom so many appear in the course of every year—how could they have hazarded not only all they had gained, but the birthright of liberty itself? There are, of course, plenty of wise explanations. But one who can imagine must still see in them strange and sad enigmas.

The Railroad Bookkeeping Mystery

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania was able to decide that a rate of two cents a mile for carrying passengers in that State was confiscatory and void. This is, perhaps, an illustration of the ability of the court, for the lay mind still finds the problem baffling.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has just issued its report of operations for 1907, from which it appears that—the average rate received per passenger per mile, including commutation and excursion tickets, being 1.918 cents—the profit to the road over and above operating expenses was only .127 cents per passenger per mile, or about two million dollars on the whole passenger traffic.

This certainly is a slim margin, and a modest return upon the capital invested. But if the ratio of operating cost in the passenger department had been the same as in the preceding year, the profit per passenger per mile would have been about three times as great, and the higher operating cost in 1907 was due, in part, President McCrea tells us, "to a more accurate distribution of expenses as between freight and passenger traffic"—in other words, to a different method of bookkeeping.

Possibly the legislature, in passing the two-cent-fare act, assumed that the books were properly kept before. If the Interstate Commerce Commission does succeed in enforcing such a system of accounting that a railroad report will have an exact meaning it will perform a service which, finally, will be of immense benefit to the roads.

Big-Stick Timber

SENATOR BACON is only one of many who are greatly troubled by the encroachments of the Executive upon the legislative branch of the Government. This large and growing power of the Executive to shape and control legislation is not at all constitutional. The Fathers did not intend it. But we don't see how it is going to be stopped.

Presidents coerce Congress in two ways. First, through their appointing power. A Congressman may be profoundly convinced that some measure favored by the Executive—for example, the repeal of the silver-purchase act in Cleveland's time, or the Arizona-New Mexico statehood bill of two years ago—is most unwise and injurious. But there is the harrowing possibility that, if he opposes the measure, he can't get his men appointed postmasters. Confronted by a dreadful choice between voting for a bill which his judgment condemns and seeing an unfriendly person made collector of the port in his district, he must, as a practical statesman, choose the lesser of two evils—that is, save the collectorship and let the country take care of itself.

Obviously it is within the power of Congress at any moment absolutely to stop Executive trespass upon the legislative field. It has only to refuse to pass the President's bills, and the constitutional balance will instantly be restored in pristine purity. But it could do this only by sacrificing the post-offices. If either patronage or the Constitution must suffer, the latter, no doubt, is best able to stand suffering.

The second and even more effective method of Presidential encroachment consists in getting on the popular side of a question. By resorting to this device, Roosevelt, for example, made the Senate pass the Railroad Rate Bill. To upset the constitutional balance by getting the people in his scale is probably a mean thing for a President to do, and one that the Fathers did not think of. But good authorities agree that, under the organic law, there is no way of stopping it.

Why New Yorkers Dress Ill

THE broad sartorial assertion, recently made, that New York men do not dress as well as those of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Kansas City and Salt Lake, is one of those equivocating truths which conceal more of the facts in a case than they disclose. Hearing it, the thoughtless may draw conclusions discreditable and unjust to the metropolis.

It is true that in New York one may observe more masculine habiliments which no self-respecting tailor, however good-natured, would stamp with his approval; but that is because there are more men in New York than in the other cities. If deviation from the correct standard has been proportionately greater among New York men of late it is because circumstances over which only a few of them had any control restricted the choice of raiment during the winter within exceedingly narrow bounds for a not inconsiderable part of the population. Probably nothing whatever can justify the man who appears in canvas pants at Yuletide; but the fact that he is out of a job is at least an extenuating circumstance.

We mention the tailor's indictment of Gotham because it seems to us that a good many who speak with authority on such matters have an unfortunate tendency to ignore the extenuating circumstances. The President, for example, is criticised for changing his clothes only once or twice a day, instead of three times, as every gentleman should—regardless of the notorious fact that the President has considerable work to do in the course of a day.

Similarly, the low state of deportment among us, while it cannot be defended, may yet be partially excused. It is not because of innate brutality that a great majority of male citizens omit to pay dinner-calls, but because they would be docked for the lost time.

Shoestring Gambling

ABOUT one-third of the wheat raised in the United States comes to nine big "primary" markets. The remainder, except that exported from the Pacific Coast, is mostly consumed near the place of production. The third that is handled commercially in the big markets makes the price. Sometimes more than half of all the wheat that is marketed during the year arrives between the first of September and the end of December.

If there were no speculation, if nobody bought wheat except as he had actual use for it, the heavy receipts and accumulating stocks during the period when the farmer is marketing most freely might depress the price, while the demand from millers and exporters later in the year, after the grain was in the hands of middlemen, would advance it again.

The same thing applies to cotton, and furnishes the groundwork for a tenable theory that gambling in the commodities may tend to give the producers a somewhat better price. On the other side must be set the degradation and misery that extensive gambling of any kind always produces.

Nobody who is entitled to serious consideration denies that the Chicago Board of Trade, the New York Cotton Exchange, and kindred institutions, perform most useful functions. There ought to be big open markets for grain and cotton. There ought to be purchases and sales for future delivery just as there are in the iron, lumber and other big staples. There is no objection *per se* to purchases and sales on margin. But the big exchanges ought to discourage shoestring gambling—in no wise different, so far as concerns the individual gambler, from that carried on by bucket-shops—instead of promoting it as they now do.

A Mystery of Springtime

IN THIS vernal season, when birds migrate and city housewives go flat-hunting, may be observed a phenomenon which no Nature-book mentions, although it is really more mysterious and important than anything any Nature-book does mention.

It is just this: The woman who looks at the flat, as a prospective renter, is always superior to the woman in possession, who is about to move out. For example, when Mrs. A inspects the apartment occupied by Mrs. *Z* she is a bit toplofty toward that estimable lady. Inquiring whether the closets are *all* as small as that, her manner conveys a ladylike wonder as to what sort of people those may be who are satisfied with such closets. And Mrs. *Z* is humbly defensive, with anxious assurances that the children below are not noisy at all, and the heating plant works very well indeed. Next day Mrs. *Z* looks over Mrs. A's flat, and Mrs. A becomes meekly apologetical, shrinking a good two inches when Mrs. *Z* exclaims, with amazement, that the bathtub is only zinc, painted over.

Neither lady is responsible for the landlord; and why the scale should thus subtly tip between them is as far past finding out as why it is deemed finer to make whisky for the wholesale trade than bread at retail, or why there should have been several strikes in New York in which one of the questions involved was whether the men should be privileged to wear little celluloid disks bearing the names of their union. This editorial may not lead very far in any direction; but it is one's duty to write something about spring.

Whom Would This Hit?

THE Hepburn bill, now before Congress, is described as a terrible measure. It would, we hear from many indignant voices, practically annihilate a great and useful occupation.

The bill provides that whenever a share of stock of the par value of one hundred dollars is sold and transferred, a tax of fifty cents shall be paid to the General Government.

To whom, then, would this provision be terrible? New York Central sells at this writing at $96 a share. The dividend is 6 per cent., so an investment in this stock would give the investor 6¼ per cent. per annum. But if the fearsome Hepburn bill were in effect he would have to pay $96.50 a share and would get only 6.2175 per cent. on his money. Now, $10,000 so invested would give him a yearly income of $625. Under the Hepburn bill his yearly income from the same investment would be only $621.75. We wonder if that difference of $3.25 a year would cause him to despair of investing and make him bury his money in the cellar, as opponents of the bill seem to fear; or if a tax of one-half of one per cent. would really deter men from buying incorporated property which looked attractive to them.

That it might deter a good many men from buying stock on margin, in the pious hope of winning a dollar or two a share next day, is quite conceivable.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The Drink Question: "Have another?"

¶ Inventions multiply, but the only substitute for coal is summer.

¶ Physical culture is excellent, but don't neglect to exercise your discretion.

¶ The best way to restore the confidence of investors is to become worthy of it.

¶ Remember that life isn't a balloon: you must get rid of the gas and keep the sand.

¶ Some men are so charitable that they are willing to contribute to any good cause every cent they can get their neighbors to give up.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Wu, the Innocent

WHAT means this celebration? What mean these firecrackers popping for miles along the asphalted streets, this glare of red fire, these rockets bursting in air, marching phalanx of alert and active young men, these carriages containing active and alert young women waving yellow flags with dragons on them, these lanterns hanging in the leafless trees, this measured cadence of

Wu! Wu! How de do?
Wu! Wu! How are you?
Ching Chang—Wu Ting-fang!
Glad to see you—Wu! Wu! Wu!

It means, dear brethren, the return to Washington of Wily Wu, the Reporter's Friend. It means the reappearance in our midst of the greatest copy-subject the slaves of the pen have had in twenty years. It means space—acres of it; words—tons of them. It means bread and an occasional slab of pie. It means that once again in Washington sits Wu, Wise Wu, Witty Wu, Willing Wu, Waiting Wu -waiting for the inrush of correspondents eager to interview him, describe him, embalm him in special articles, quote his quips and quirks, his epigrams and his epiphonemas, and just as eager as the inrushers are, if you should receive a return postal card asking you about it.

As is well known, Wu is one of those inscrutable Orientals. He does the best job of inscruting that has been observed in this country since Sato, the thrice-inscrutable Sato, left these shores; Sato, whose vocabulary consisted of two words "No" and "Yes," and who always said "Yes" when he meant "No," and who always said "No" when the truth was "Yes." Of course, it is wrong to intimate the Japs and the Chinese inscrute in the same way. They do not. Sato inscruted like a clam; whereas, Wu inscrutes like a phonograph. That is why the writers of Washington hailed him with such glad acclaim. When there is positively not a leaf stirring in writing circles, when it is dull as a discussion of the codification of the statutes in the House, Wu will always come marching to the front. In the old days it was always possible to land him for something or other. Many a budding young literary genius has he saved from scorn and contumely from the fiends in human form, who sit on the desks and demand copy, by giving up an interview or standing for a story.

Wu, you see, knows he is Chinese. More than that, he knows he can get away with anything he chooses to do because he is Chinese. Representing, as he does, a civilization that reaches back so far into the past the people count their ancestors by the gross, instead of painfully tolling them off one by one, as we do, he cannot realize it is so charmingly unusual to ask the delegates to a Congress of Select Spinsters why they are not married; so he asks them.

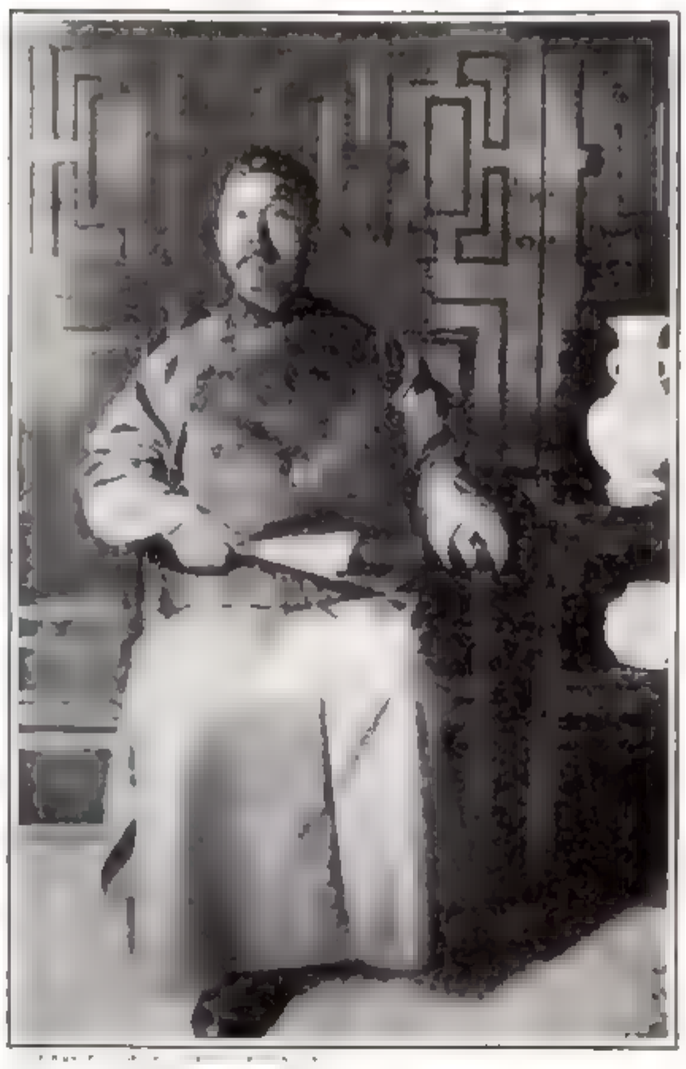
If an American did it he would be put in the bastile for a year. When Wu does it he gets half a column in the newspapers, and, being one of those inscrutable Orientals, how could he know he would be written up? He couldn't know it, but if he gets only a third of a column instead of a half it is always better to wait a few days before tackling him again.

The Artless Prattler from the Orient

DEAR old Wu, absolutely childlike and bland, with a baby stare in those unfathomable eyes any girl in a double sextette would give her diamond tiara to possess, padding about with his felt-soled shoes, his flowered-silk petticoat and the little red button on the top of his cap, wanting to know why, merely because that untutored mind, fresh from Far Cathay, thirsts for knowledge of the customs of our kind.

Innocent—oh, my! innocent as a fresh-laid egg. Ingenuous as a new arrival in a kindergarten. Artless as a prattler at your knee. Guileless as a foot of freshly-fallen snow. It really is a shame how he has been—and will be—exploited by conscienceless persons who have no other thought in mind than the amount of copy they can make out of him

What could he do? Here was the situation: He came to this country as Chinese Minister. He had no protection from the machinations of the publicity artists. All he brought with him was a perfect knowledge of English, a complete understanding of the United States, a wide and comprehensive education, a mind that worked so fast you could hear it buzz, a propensity to have fun, a sense of humor and a diploma from the University of Josh. Thus scantily equipped, he was the easy prey of everybody who strayed into his abode. He didn't understand. He couldn't -poor, untutored Oriental, who wore a cue and never failed to take one.



Childlike and Bland, with a Baby Stare

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The intricacies of our Western civilization, the pulsing, throbbing life of this young giant among nations, the bustle and hurry and all that sort of thing were so strange to him he was constantly amazed. And our people, our strenuous, mighty people, rushing hither and thither, intensely active, intensely absorbed in the accumulation of wealth, were new types to this placid Chinese, philosopher and student that he was. It was but natural he should seek to find out all about us, that he should study us and inquire into us—that Oriental mind—ah, yes!

Well, he studied us and he inquired into us and about us and of us. It was merely that insatiable thirst for knowledge that used to lead him to ask ladies in evening dress perplexing questions, and to begin every conversation with men he met with the innocent inquiry: "How much is your salary and how much are you worth and where did you get it, and do you think you are entitled to it, and, if so, why?" There was no ulterior motive behind it all; not one, except that that unfathomable Oriental mind was having fun with us in its own, unfathomable Oriental way—guileless, you know, and transparent. Three cheers!

Dear old Wu padded around Washington for several years, living in a state of perpetual astonishment—to hear him tell it. It used to be a nine-days' wonder, though, to notice how rapidly he assimilated our sports and pastimes, our play and politics, our society and our culture

he always smiled when he said that. He rode a bicycle when bicycle riding was a fad. He grabbed the automobile among the earliest. He went to dinners and gave them.

He was constant at receptions and held many. He made speeches every time he had a chance—good speeches, too. He was smiling and suave and unctuous, but, poor Oriental that he was, he had but a hazy comprehension of what was going on, a mere glimmer, so to speak. All he understood was everything he heard, saw or read about.

An Inquiry of a Dead One

COMING from a country where the inhabitants consider it a triumph of publicity to inscribe a few convolutory characters on a sheet of red paper and paste it on a wall in an alley, the newspaper press of this great country interested Wu. It was his constant delight to pick up his morning paper and observe a few paragraphs beginning: "Wu-Ting-fang, the witty Minister from China, while dining with Mr. William J. Buttin, the well-known mining millionaire, last evening, convulsed the table with one of his ingenuous questions. Turning to Senator Downandout, who has just been defeated for reëlection, he said: 'Senator, I saw you referred to in the paper to-day as a dead one. Does that mean you are not alive?'" He put across a lot of those perfectly killing ones—naïve, you understand, and unsophisticated.

He was reasonably busy, but he always had time to help out his friends, the newspaper boys and girls. If an advance agent wanted him to give éclat to the opening of a show, he was willing. If an ambassador of publicity wanted a feature interview, Wu was on the spot. Once a talented Sunday editor asked him to edit his Sunday magazine for him, and Wu did it, while every other Sunday editor in the country tore out all the hair he had not torn out before because he did not think of the scheme himself. When things were dull one day, Wu went up to the Capitol and did a little missionary work with one of the Senate committees, which was so contrary to diplomatic usage the whole State Department threw fits and passed rapidly into a state of coma. Wu didn't know, as you can readily discern. He is so simple, in that Oriental way of his.

They made reams of copy out of him, but do not get the idea this guileless child of Far Cathay ever said anything for publication that he should not have said. Ingenuous as he was, when it came to discussing diplomatic matters, he managed to keep inside the line.

Everybody constantly angled for a few words from Wu, especially during the Boxer troubles, that meant something, but, odd as it may seem, Wu never took the bait. It must be some divinity watches over the utterances of Chinese in the diplomatic service. They make mistakes so rarely.

When he was recalled, people said he was going home to have his head cut off, and we were all very sorry about it. However, the head appears to have been able to take care of itself, for here it is in Washington again, with the twinkling eyes, the bland smile, the long cue flying behind, and on top of it the cap with the little red button on it. He seems to be the same old Wu, ready to go to all the teas, to ask those dear old questions, to fit back in the place that has been so still and lonely without him. The newspapers are panting for him. Mayhap he is panting for the newspapers. Anyhow, do you wonder the correspondents are so glad to see him?

A Breach of Hospitality

J. F. EPES, a courtly and dignified old Southern gentleman, was a Member of Congress from Virginia when Grover Cleveland was President.

One day he came stamping out of the White House, and exploded to a friend: "I shall never go there again; never, sir! I shall never set my foot in that edifice again!"

"Why, Mr. Epes," asked the friend, "what is the matter?"

"I was in there, sir," said Epes, "and I was talking to the President. I noticed he was ill at ease. Presently he said: 'Have you finished, Mr. Epes?' 'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'I have completed what I have to say, and I thank you for giving me your attention.'

"Then, sir, he said: 'I am glad of that, for I want to go to luncheon.'"

Mr. Epes stopped. "Well," said the friend, "what then?"

"Nothing then," stormed Epes. "That is all there is to it. Not that I wanted his luncheon, but, sir, he actually spoke of luncheon without asking me. I wouldn't have accepted, but he didn't ask me. I want to tell you, sir, that no Virginian gentleman would treat any person that way. If it came luncheon-time when he was talking to any person, no matter whom, he would invite that person to partake of his hospitality. I shall never go there again."

And he didn't.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Elihu Root Secretary of State, is the only statesman in the first flight who wears bangs.

¶ Frank H. Mason, American Consul-General at Paris, is the crack official of the consular service. He got his first appointment in 1880.

¶ It is almost time for President Roosevelt to put out another statement saying he weighs only two hundred pounds. He has been taking on a bit lately.

¶ Robert Bacon, Assistant Secretary of State, is the only sub-chief of a department in Washington who has two elevators in his house. Mr. Bacon thoughtfully gathered a few millions in business before he went into statecraft.

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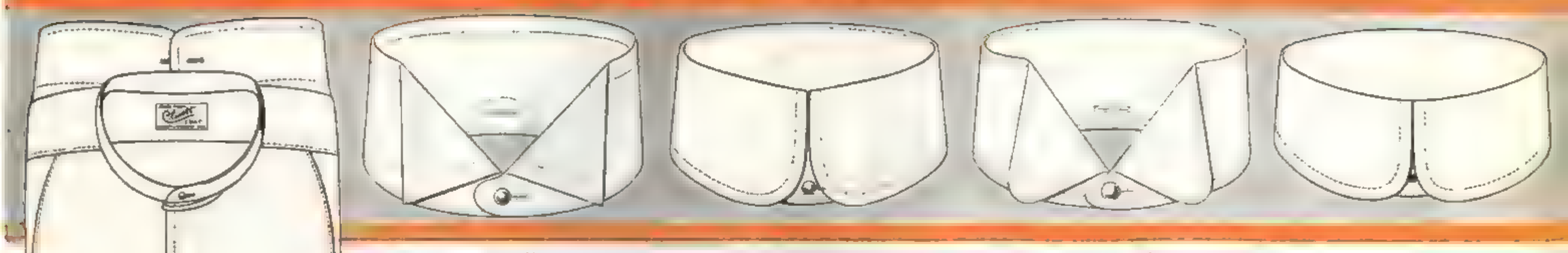

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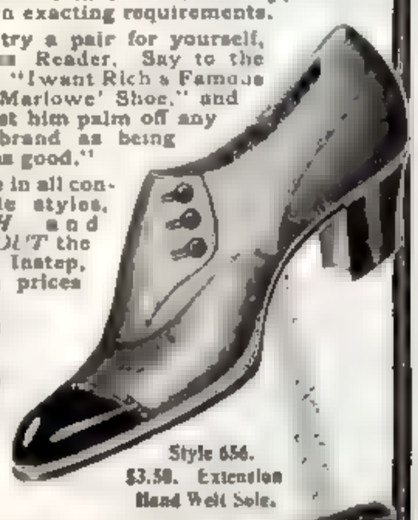

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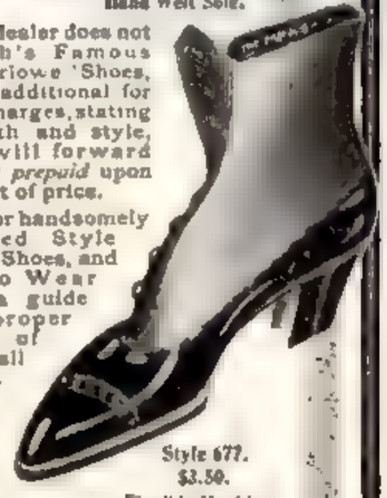

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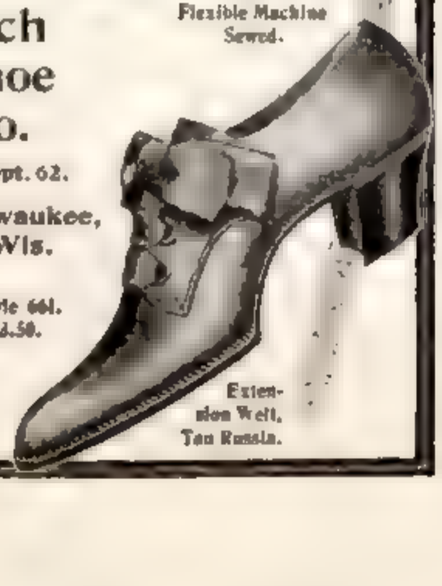

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The New Reporter

And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

WHEN a Western Representative in Congress starts after the Money Devil, the Money Devil must get up and dust. There is no mercy shown. Just now the Money Devil is going about, howling like a lost soul with its tail caught in the crack of the door. Half a dozen of our most Western and most sagacious statesmen are after it red-hot, and promise there shall be no surcease until both Wall Street and Lombard Street are wiped off the map. Just why the statesmen are so keen about Lombard Street, inasmuch as it is in another country, is not always apparent, but the truth probably is that, back in 1896, they learned about Lombard Street and have stuck by it ever since. It is so much more statesmanlike to wipe out two streets, both typing money and its devil, than to be content with obliterating one.

I met one of these eliminators the other day. He is craftily going about the total destruction of the said streets by means of a law making illegal all short sales of stocks, bonds and futures in commodities of all kinds. Just why he does not go after long sales is not explained, but, probably, he is keeping those up his sleeve for another bill, so he can get two whacks at the Money Devil and secure double the amount of undying fame and glory.

Some of our leading patriots and lawmakers employ press agents, but not the thrifty ones. The frugal lawmakers act as their own press agents, which not only is more economical, but also enables them to get into the hands of the correspondents exactly what they want to say about themselves in exactly the way they want to say it. The man I met is his own press agent. He is always on the job. He knows all about himself and can tell what he knows to great advantage, being possessed of a vivid fancy and of a fine newspaper sense—he thinks.

"Look here, son," he said. "You have a Western paper, haven't you?"

"Yes," I said, getting a flash at what was coming.

"Ha!" he almost shouted, jovially clapping me on the back. "I knew you had. It takes the Western papers to send such husky-looking chaps as you down here, men who were born on the plains and know what the common people want."

"Yes," I said again, for that seemed to be the only thing to say.

"Well," he continued, fetching me another bang on the back, "I can let you in on a good thing. I introduced a bill to-day that is intended to stop this gigantic gambling that is going on in the stock and produce exchanges of this country, that is sapping our life-blood. I intend to pass it. I want you to tell your folks about it."

"What is the bill?" I asked, feeling sort of ashamed that I did not know all about such an important measure.

"Why," he said, "I could explain it to you in ten minutes, but you are busy and so am I, and I have written a little stuff here that tells all about it, in the shape of an interview with me. I know how you have to hustle around, and I just fixed this up for you boys in the gallery. I guess you will find it is pretty good copy. I write considerable for our weekly, out home. Just take this and slap it on the wire to-night and you'll have a corking good story. Don't bother to cut it or change it any. It's all right now. Just send it out as it is. I know how busy you are, and I'm glad to do this for you."

Strictly for Home Consumption

He dug down into his pocket and pulled out a package of typewritten sheets. He took eleven of them off the top, folded them and handed the mess to me. "That's it," he said; "I've fixed it up for some of the other Western boys, too. Not more than three thousand words, and hot stuff. Lot of local color. Glad to be able to help you out. Good-by." And he ambled off toward Statuary Hall, looking for other correspondents to help out.

This is the way the three thousand words began: "Your correspondent ran against the breezy Congressman from the Blank District, several days ago, in the City Hall Park, just as he was coming out of the Pension Office, where he had been to look up some matters of interest to his constituents. The Congressman was busy, as usual, but stopped long enough to say that he was very much in earnest in the advocacy of his bill designed to make illegal all short sales of stocks, bonds and futures in commodities of all kinds."

That modest beginning impressed me. I knew the Representative was breezy, but didn't know he knew it himself, and I admired the touch he put in about being in the Pension Office to look up some pension matters for his constituents. That showed those constituents he was on the job, busy in their interests, "busy, as usual," as he said himself. Still, meritorious as the first paragraph was, it was not a marker to the second, which began with this astonishing statement: "Upon suggestion that the bill might be unconstitutional, the Congressman said that, of course, in its present shape, as applied to the several States of the Union, it would be unconstitutional, as the generally accepted doctrine of the learned expounders of the Constitution was and is that all powers not expressly conferred on the Federal Government are reserved by the several States."

Brushing aside the unconstitutionality of the bill which, apparently, presented no drawbacks, he continued by showing that, although the Federal Government has no powers to legislate in the matter, "this does not mean that my bill is purely academic and not practicable. I am not firing in the air, but have a well-defined mark at which I propose to direct my shot, backed by all the energy at my command."

The Modesty of the Sturdy Statesman

The next twenty-five hundred words showed that the well-defined mark is the District of Columbia, the Territories and our colonial possessions, where he intends to chase the Money Devil to its lair.

The stuff concluded: "During our talk we reached the Post-Office Department, and with a final 'We have got to stop this game' and a squaring of his broad shoulders, the sturdy Congressman left me to look after some further business of interest to his constituents."

That is just as he wrote it. We walked from City Hall Park to the Post-Office Department while he explained the bill to me—a neat little walk, by the way—and, as he left me, the breezy statesman, then become sturdy, squared his broad shoulders and went into the Department to look after more interests of those constituents of his. Always tender of his constituents and reasonably tender of himself. It was a fine piece, I take it, a creditable bit of press-agent work for a statesman, by the statesman himself. I am sorry there was a storm that night and the wires were down, so I couldn't possibly slap it on them for him, much as I desired to tell the broad and pulsating West of his endeavors in behalf of the common people.

Madame Jusserand, the wife of the French Ambassador, had a party the other day that even party-bored Washington talked about for a day or two. She gave a tea in compliment to Madame Mehmed, the wife of the new Minister from Turkey, Mehmed Ali Bey. Madame Mehmed is a veiled lady and, of course, no men were invited. She went to the tea heavily swathed in white chiffon, but after she had reached the salon she allowed the ladies present to see her face, once she was sure no menservants were about. She was found to be pretty and young—so the guests report.

The appearance of Mehmed Ali Bey as Turkish Minister and the disappearance of Chekib Bey, the former Minister, led to many comments on that diplomatist's sad fate. Poor Chekib Bey had it played low down on him by the Sublime Porte, if ever a Turk did. Chekib Bey arrived in Washington several years ago to be Turkish Minister. He succeeded another Bey, who went home some months before. While Chekib Bey was in transit something went wrong in Constantinople. Chekib never knew what it was, or, if he did, he never told. At any rate, he never received his credentials. For years he wrote and cabled to the Turkish Government, asking that he

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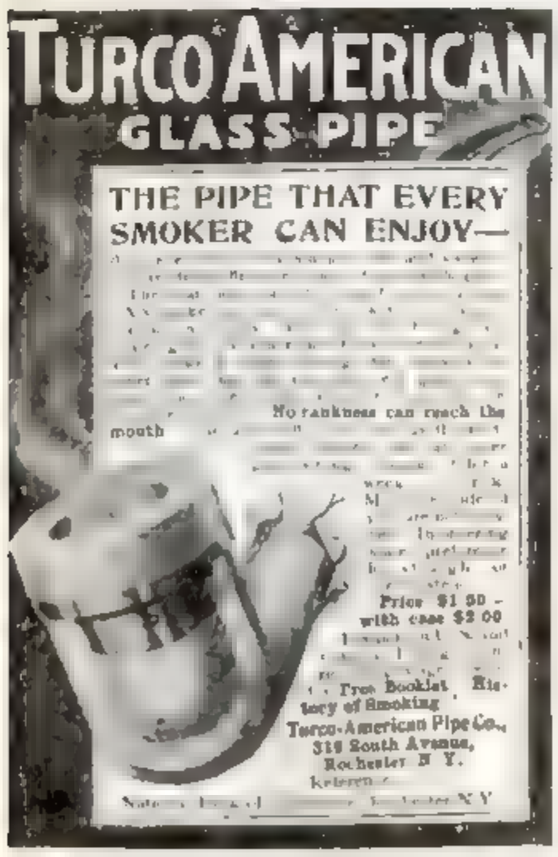
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be properly accredited to this Government, but he never had a reply. He had no standing here. He could not go to the State Department officially, because he had never been accepted by the President, and the President could not receive him because he had no credentials.

The State Department took what pity on him it could and carried him in the Diplomatic List as "Appointed" Minister from Turkey. Some efforts were made to get his credentials for him, but the Sultan calmly ignored them. You see, so long as Chekib Bey had no credentials and had not been received by this Government, he was not really a Minister and the Sultan was not compelled to pay his salary. That was the secret of it, and Chekib Bey sat in his house and tore his beard and lived on his own money until that was exhausted. He had taken the precaution to bring as much as he could raise with him, for he had some knowledge, probably, of the practices of the thrifty Sultan. At last he was much reduced, and he managed to get away. No one knows where he went or where he is now. He was a diplomatist without a job, without a salary, and without anything but a frugal boss who, apparently, was playing a huge joke on him.

According to State Department officials the genial Sultan has a habit of doing little things like this to his esteemed and beloved servants. He sends them abroad on diplomatic missions, if he has a grudge against them, impressing them with the high honor he is paying them, and then conveniently forgets them and forgets to pay their salaries. Chekib Bey was only one of many. A former Turkish Ambassador to Berlin had the same experience. He used all his own money, all he could borrow, and was in the direst straits. He wrote and cabled for his salary and got no reply. Then he managed to raise enough money to go to Constantinople and was met with the stern inquiry: "What do you mean by leaving your post without permission? To the dungeon with you!"—where he may be yet.

At the same time, it was necessary for this country to raise the rank of our diplomatic representative to Turkey to Ambassador, because the haughty Sultan would have no dealings with a mere Minister. We had to do it in order to get our man past the sixteenth outside secretary of the thirty-second antechamber. The Sublime Porte positively refused to talk on official matters with any American not of ambassadorial rank, and he, also, refused to send credentials to his representative here, which shows that, possibly, the Sultan has his own ideas about America and Americans.

Admonitions from a Michigan Insurgent

There was a diverting scene in the Senate a few days ago, when William Alden Smith, of Michigan, ran amuck during his maiden speech and intensely astonished the Senate boss, Mr. Aldrich, by coming out against certain features of Aldrich's highly-prized financial bill. William Alden is usually so tractable, so handshaky, that opposition from him annoyed Aldrich, who had counted William Alden so sure that he hadn't taken the time to speak to him about it. Aldrich had forgotten William Alden's record in the House. Every time anything came along that would enable William Alden to rise in defense of dear old Michigan, William Alden rose and defended to a fare-you-well. He was regular and an organization man, but nobody could touch a hair in dear old Michigan's head. Thus it came about, so I am told, that once or twice William Alden was a rip-roaring insurgent, insurging all over the place, with wild whoops and wilder declamation. Really, William Alden does not like to leave the reservation. It is so much nicer to be glad-handing around among the regulars than to consort with the Sam McCalls and the rest, who never did learn the secret of the lingering palm and the oily "Now, my boy."

This time, though, it was imperative. Here was the Aldrich bill, and Michigan bankers had sent down a yowl about it. They said it made for the New York bankers. That was William Alden's cue, and he tore into that sacred measure like an automobile colliding with a haystack. The Senate boss, Mr. Aldrich, was sitting idly in his seat waiting for a few kind words from William Alden. He had almost checked off William Alden on his list of sure ones when, suddenly, William Alden leaped into the centre of the arena, shook his

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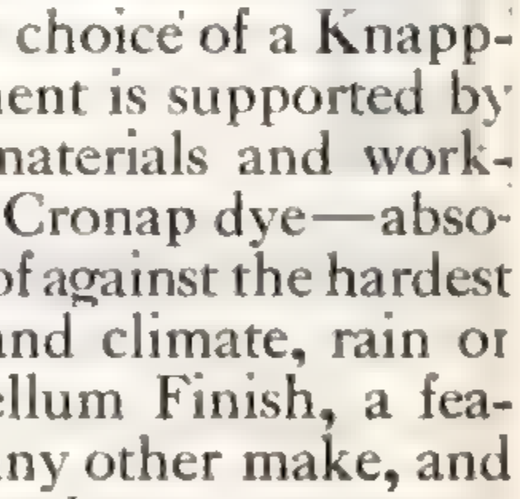

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long and umbrageous locks at Aldrich and said: "I say to you, sir-r-r-r." What he said doesn't matter. The look of placid contentment on Aldrich's face changed to one of frozen horror. He grew pop-eyed and purple-necked with rage. Here was a Senator, a Republican Senator, defying him, and getting away with it. He would not have wondered at LaFollette and some others, but Smith—name of Smith and from dear old Michigan!

Aldrich was angry. He asked some questions. William Alden tossed him back replies that made his ears tingle. William Alden wasn't making a prepared speech. He was just lading out a few thoughts of his own, in desultory fashion, all tending to show that he was against the bill, as per the heart-throbs of dear old Michigan and its banks. It was a better speech on that account, and when Mr. Aldrich, boss of the Senate, left for home he was breathing hard and wore a set look on that hawklike face. William Alden didn't care. He had made his maiden speech. He had landed with his people. He wouldn't hurt the feelings of Mr. Aldrich for the world; so long as he had, let's all be friends again. A few days later, Mr. Aldrich put up Senator Depew to defend the bill and take the sting out of William Alden's observations. Depew did it. He made a set speech, but it seemed like the wraith of Depew making the ghost of a Depew speech.

There are more rubberneck wagons in Washington than in any other city in the world. Half a dozen companies operate them, and the pavements are crowded with them at certain hours of the day, crawling along while the megaphone men tell of the glories and the beauties of the Capital. Business, generally, is good. The tourists patronize them in squads, and the men who operate them are making money. Some time ago the word was passed around that the District of Columbia committees in Congress, who act as boards of aldermen and councilmen for this city, intended to tax the wagons heavily. This caused great consternation, of course. There was a meeting of the owners of the various lines, and some genius proposed to send all the members of Congress, both in the House and Senate, season passes on the big electric wagons. The passes were sent, one for each member and "party."

That was a fine stroke, the Seeing-Washington men thought. It helped a lot. Still, the scheme had its drawbacks, for the members promptly turned their passes over to the women-folks in their families, and now the popular amusement is to organize a Seeing-Washington party, fill up one of the big machines and go for a ride, on the passes. The women-folks of Congress are having a lot of fun. They are riding every pleasant day, and the owners of the various lines are the most melancholy men on earth. They dare not withdraw the passes. The intellectual giant who proposed the scheme has left town.

Unexcelled Temerity

A CERTAIN public man in Washington made a habit of borrowing a quarter here and there to help him maintain his standing at the various places he patronized. One of the regulars he honored with his requests was a solicitor for the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

One morning the latter met the borrowing man and refused him curtly. "No more," he said. "I'm through." The other bowed and went his way. The Internal Revenue man regretted his refusal a moment afterward, and went to the Riggs House, where his impecunious friend always called for his mail, although he had not received a letter in years. He put a quarter in an envelope, addressed the envelope to his friend and asked the clerk to give it to him.

Just as the clerk put the envelope in the box the borrowing gentleman came in. "Good-morning," he said grandly. "Any letters for me this morning?"

The clerk handed him the letter with the quarter in it. He tore open the envelope, took out the quarter, and made a pretense of reading the blank sheet of paper. Then he began to laugh heartily.

"What's the matter?" asked the clerk.

"The way some people do business is very odd," the Judge replied. "Here is a man who has been owing me thirteen dollars for a long time, and he has the temerity to send me twenty-five cents on account," and he walked out, without a glance at his friend, who stood close by.

Mallory CRAVENETTE HATS

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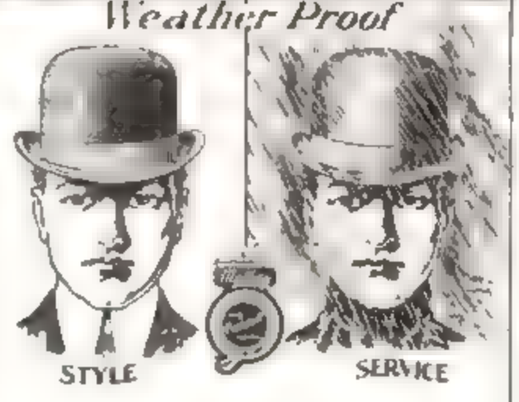

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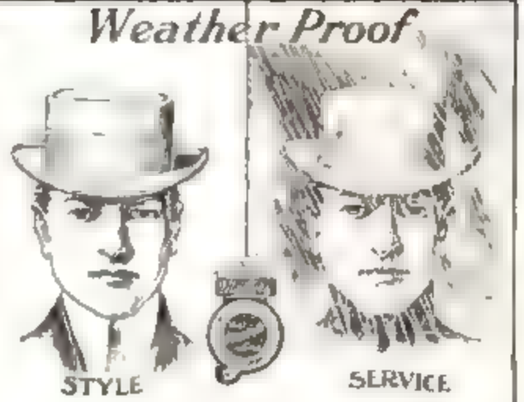

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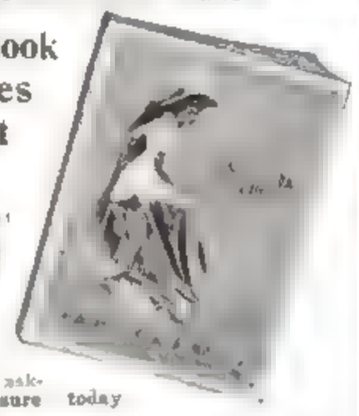

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THE SIMPLE CASE OF SUSAN

(Continued from Page 17)

yet, of course, so —— Say, you and your husband must come along out to dinner with me, and we'll talk it over."

"No!" It was the nearest thing to a shriek that Susan was ever guilty of; she was on her feet instantly. "No, no, Dan. Really, we couldn't accept your invitation, no, not to-day, or " and she stopped.

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Wilbur stolidly. "I'd rather like a chance to get better acquainted with your husband. You know I've never had an opportunity of saying more than a word to him. It occurred to me that later you two and Miss Stanwood might all have dinner with me some evening. She's charming."

"It's sweet of you, Dan—awfully sweet of you," said Susan, and she chose that Mr. Wilbur should read some vague, secret sorrow in her tone, "but you—you don't know Paul," which was true, "and—and—why, Dan, if he should come into this room now and find you here you simply can't imagine what a painful scene it would be for me," which was also true. "You don't understand, Dan," and that was true, too.

The listlessness passed out of Mr. Wilbur's eyes; he was genuinely surprised.

"Why, Sue, my dear girl!" he exclaimed, with an indignant note of sympathy in his voice. "Whom did you marry? An ogre?"

Susan smiled sadly and shot a furtive glance at the clock—5:44.

"Don't ask me, Dan; don't ask me! You know how gay and happy I've been all my life." He did. "I try to be the same now. It seems to have been my lot to marry Paul, and I am content." And *that* was true. "But see how late it is, Dan."

There was an irresistible note of pleading in her voice, a wistfulness in the bottomless blue eyes, entreaty in her every movement. Mr. Wilbur arose, a little dazed.

"So he is that sort of a chap, is he?" he inquired, and it was not a compliment. "I wondered. He seemed rather odd. You know the day I met him at Sherry's he impressed me strangely, and I've seen him once or twice since." He was silent a moment; the clock said 5:47. "Sue, how do you tolerate such a man?" he demanded.

"Sh-h-h-h!" and Susan raised one charming finger to her red, red lips. "He will be here in five minutes or so. It will be best if he doesn't see you; perhaps best that you don't call again. You understand. I can't help it, Dan," she added desperately. "Forgive me!"

"I'm sorry, Sue," said Mr. Wilbur earnestly. "I'm sorry."

Mr. Wilbur gathered up the fragments of a shattered delusion and bore them down the stairs. And this was the burden Sue's devotion had won! This was the thing she was struggling under! And all this was hidden beneath the charming, careless exterior! Poor little girl! A man had to take his life in his hands when he got married! And a woman, too! Which reminded him of Miss Stanwood!

As Mr. Wilbur passed down the front steps of the huge apartment-house into the street he met another man coming in—a black-mustached, businesslike individual, a Lieutenant in the United States Army, by his uniform. He was square and soldierly from the tips of his boots to the top of his black head, with a keen, determined face and shrewd, penetrating eyes which were softened tremendously by quizzical lines about the mouth. Mr. Wilbur noticed the army man merely because he had been discussing an army man, and the uniform attracted his attention.

Still musing, he walked across to the Waldorf garage to get a car for a short spin through the Park before he sat down to a lonely dinner. It just happened that when he entered the office of the garage the single attendant there was in conversation with another man—a Lieutenant in the United States Army, by his uniform.

"I want a car that'll move," the uniformed man was saying; "something that'll leave a scorched odor behind it, and a chauffeur who won't mind the smell."

The attendant smiled politely.

"How long will you want it, sir?"

"Three or four hours—maybe all night. I don't know," was the reply. "I'm going up Tarrytown way to dinner, and I'm liable to tear the top soil off the whole State before I get back."

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of

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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

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"That'll do," commented the army man.

"And if there's any fine, of course——?" suggested the attendant.

"It's on me. I understand."

The attendant spoke over the uniformed man's shoulder to Mr. Wilbur.

"In just a moment, sir."

The uniformed man glanced back. It was Lieutenant Faulkner.

"Good-evening," said Mr. Wilbur.

"Hello," returned the Lieutenant, and he followed the attendant out.

Mr. Wilbur went away and sat down in a café and held his head

IX

THE footman stood waiting. Miss Marjorie Stanwood turned the card over thoughtfully and stared at the back. Then she read it again: "Mrs. Paul Abercrombie Harwell Rowland." The name seemed vaguely familiar; it was elusive. She couldn't place it. Perhaps the Social Register! Yes. "Mrs. Paul Abercrombie Harwell Rowland (*née* Courtenay, Susan Isabel.)" Sue Courtenay, of course!

"Tell Mrs. Rowland I'll be down in a moment," she instructed.

And five minutes later she followed her message to the drawing-room. At the door she paused and stared yes, positively stared. And then her eyes dropped to the card in her hand. Yes, the name was Rowland—Mrs. Paul Abercrombie Harwell Rowland. Miss Stanwood came forward uncertainly with an unconscious uplift of her charming chin.

"I think you must have—I think there must be some mistake in the card?" she remarked. "Doubtless, you sent me the wrong one. I understood it was Mrs. Rowland?"

"I am Mrs. Rowland," Susan explained with an inquiring slant of her brows.

Miss Stanwood stopped still and stared at her again. There was no mistaking it—it was a stare. First there was uneasiness in it, then something closely akin to bewilderment, after which came a wonderfully illuminating smile, and Miss Stanwood impulsively extended both hands to her.

"How stupid of me!" she exclaimed. "You were Miss Courtenay, weren't you—*the* Sue Courtenay?"

And Susan was her friend for life.

"I had always wanted so much to see you," Miss Stanwood went on naïvely. "I did see you the other evening at the Sanger ball; but somehow, you were not associated in my mind with *the* Miss Courtenay. And the name, Mrs. Rowland, was quite—quite strange to me. I didn't understand that you were Mrs.—Mrs. Rowland!"

For the first time in her life, perhaps, Susan felt that she didn't know the right thing to say. She didn't blame Lieutenant Faulkner a bit for falling in love with this girl; nor Dan Wilbur either, for that matter. Whatever she said was commonplace, so it doesn't matter.

"Even in the finishing-school days we used to be interested in you and what you did," Miss Stanwood continued smilingly. Her hand still lay in Susan's. "You can't imagine what a fruitful source of discussion you were, and I'm afraid there was envy in it, too. Do you mind?"

And after that how could Susan bring the conversation around to so commonplace a thing as Lieutenant Faulkner? The formal call degenerated into a sociable little visit—girl to girl. Susan did make a pretense, twice, of talking of some charity which had never entered her mind until that moment, but Miss Stanwood agreed to help so readily that really it didn't even furnish a subject for conversation.

Half an hour later Susan went her way. And then she began to grow ashamed of herself, for *Lieutenant Faulkner's name had not been mentioned!* It was not so bad, of course, because this new and sudden friendship opened up future possibilities of discussion, and then ——

Lieutenant Faulkner called at five o'clock. Susan put on a deeply penitent expression and went into the drawing-room to meet him. He was pacing back and forth, with his hands in his pockets and a triumphant smile on his face.

"Faulk, I'm awfully sorry ——" she began demurely.

He turned

"Sue, you're the best ever," he declared. "They can't beat you." He shook both

(Continued on Page 32)

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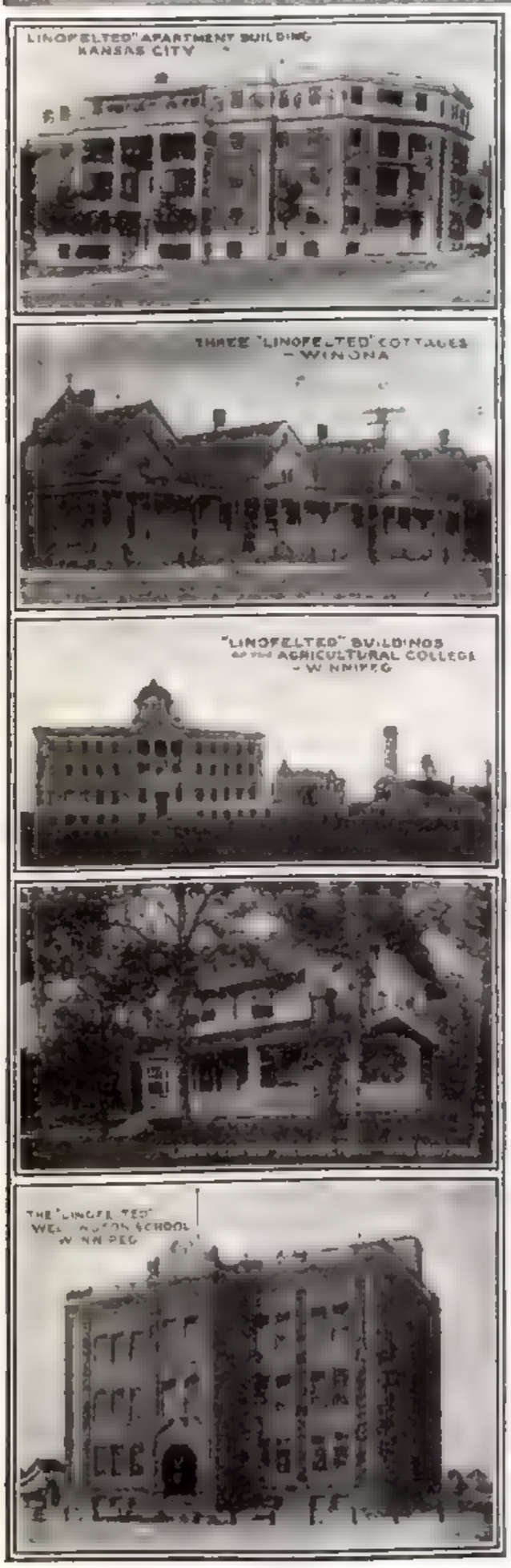

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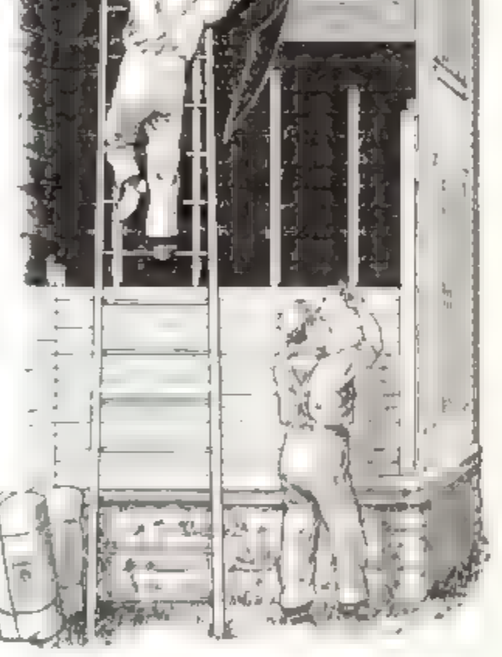
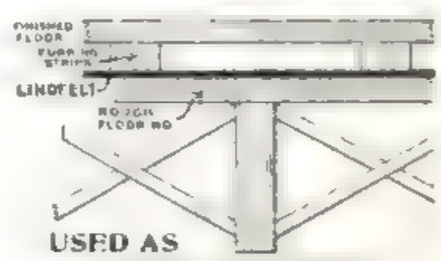
It tells what you ought to know. Builders will please write on their business stationery.





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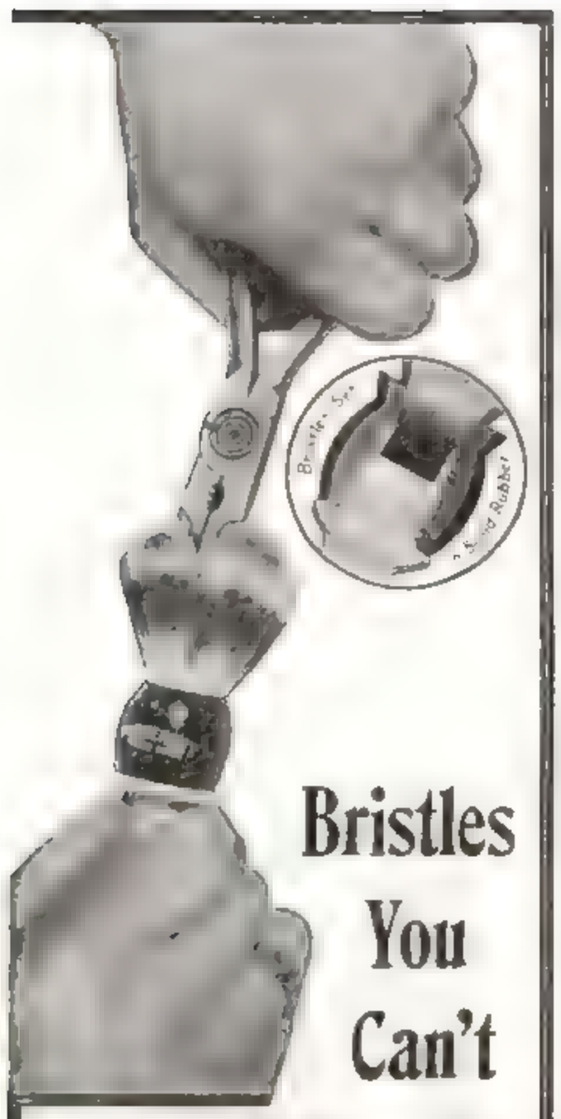
12 FIBRE AVENUE **WINONA, MINN.**



Bristles You Can't PULL Out

Rubberset bristles are held together in vulcanized rubber. You can't work them loose by rubbing them. You can't soak them loose by boiling them. You can't pull them out by force. Men with wiry beards use

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Shaving Brushes

because they work in the lather without working out the bristles. Men with soft skins use them because of their caressing touch. *You* should use one not only for comfort but economy. They cost no more than ordinary brushes.

The name on every brush guarantees it.

At all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to $6.00. If not at your dealer's, send for booklet from which you may order by mail.

To the average man we commend the $1.00 brush.

The Rubberset Brush Company,
63 Ferry St., Newark, N. J.

her hands; she was positive he was going to kiss her. "When I go out I'll send you a truckful of—of—say, what sort of flowers do you like, anyway?"

Susan merely waited.

"See?" the Lieutenant rattled on. "It was at my place when I came from the office."

He produced a small envelope and drew a card from it. Susan read it:

> Miss Stanwood regrets that she was not at home when Lieutenant Faulkner called. She will be pleased to receive Lieutenant Faulkner on Monday, at four.

And, positively, Susan hadn't mentioned his name!

X

THERE are two ways to win the heart of a woman—the way everybody else does it and some other way. The principal difference between Dan Wilbur and Lieutenant Faulkner was that Dan Wilbur chose the first way. It was only natural that he should, since the whole of his idle life had been devoted to learning the rules. One could never have the slightest doubt of what he would do in an emergency—it would be the proper thing, done gracefully, win or lose. He was the well-bred gentleman, trimmed to pattern, with the raw edges turned under and sewed. And thus he was a counterpart of every other man in the Social Register, this being a compliment to the Social Register.

Lieutenant Faulkner played the game according to the rules, trump for trump, so long as the rules seemed to adequately cover the particular condition to which they were applied. But he was liable to introduce a dazzling variation at any moment; finesse a five-spot, for instance, while the other players looked on with their mouths open. There was a certain exhilaration in following his game, because it was so different. His code of play was beyond criticism; it was merely that he played faster. And he'd never had an idle moment in his life; there was too much fun living.

Now the little daughters of the rich are cast about by many strange conventions. Dan Wilbur knew them, accepted them as a matter of course, and was bound by them. They never occurred to Lieutenant Faulkner, and probably wouldn't have disturbed him much if they had. So, starting at the same time, with the same goal in view, they went by widely deviating paths. At the end of four days they were out of sight of each other and going in opposite directions.

For instance, Mr. Wilbur spent a quiet, thoughtful Sunday considering the subject of marriage as related to himself. Matrimony is a condition which has its advantages and its disadvantages. Mr. Wilbur reviewed them all, carefully weighing every jot of evidence, pro and con, as it presented itself. In the summing up the weight of evidence seemed to be on the side of matrimony, and an impartial mind rendered a tentative verdict of marriage. Lieutenant Faulkner spent the same Sunday inditing sonnets to a lady's eyebrow.

On Monday Mr. Wilbur took his second forward step—went downtown to consult his attorney, one Simon Degross, a shiny, semi-respectable-appearing little man, of indeterminate age, who made a specialty of handling the business affairs of rich young men who were too idle to handle them for themselves.

"Just what is my income, Mr. Degross?" Mr. Wilbur inquired as a starter.

"Last year it was twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and ten dollars and forty-three cents," replied the little man, much as if he had been sitting there waiting, after due preparation, to answer that particular question.

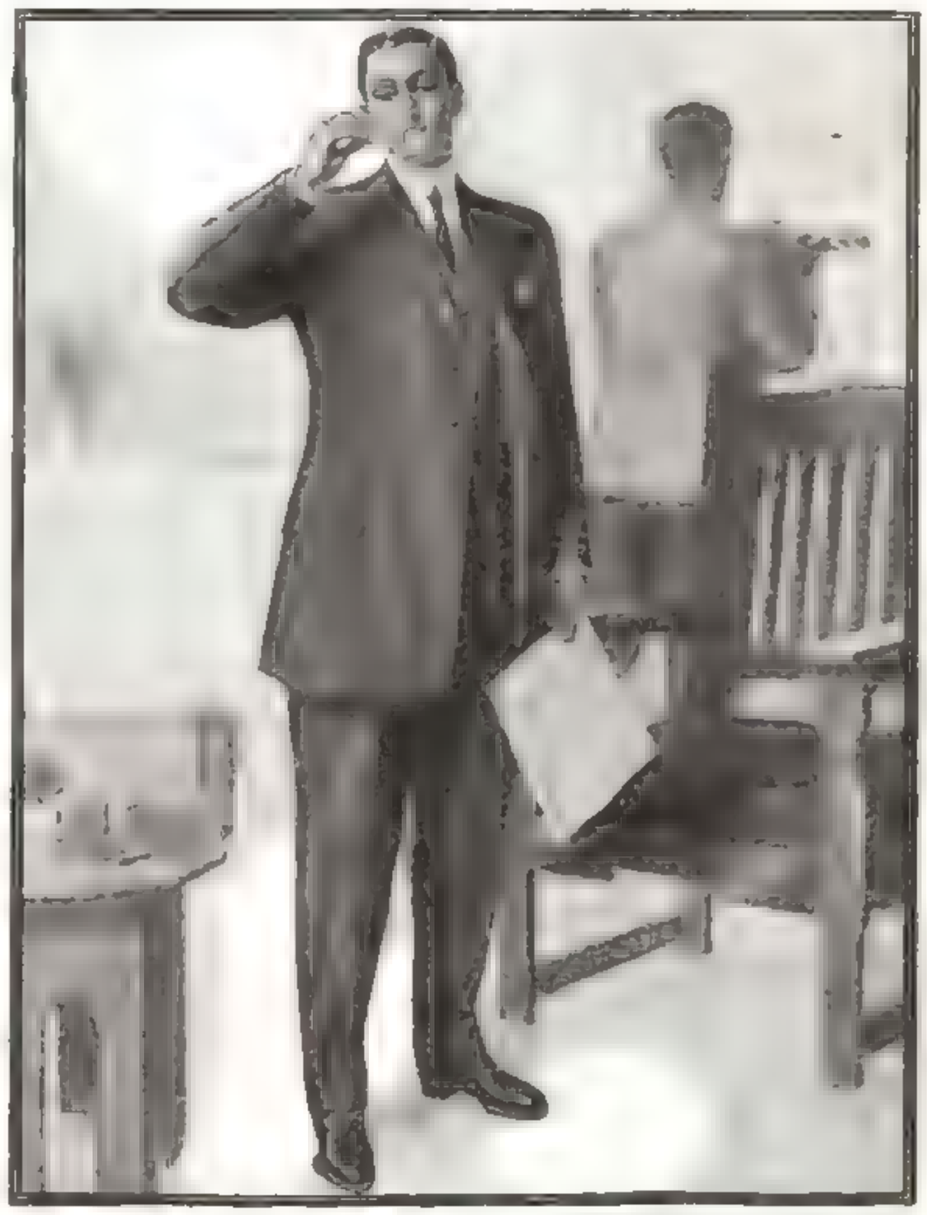
"That all?" commented Mr. Wilbur with a slight frown. "Not a great deal, is it? How much will be added to that by my share of my grandfather's estate, when it is settled up?"

"Not more than seven thousand a year."

"That'll be about thirty-five thousand, won't it?" Mr. Wilbur went over and looked out the window. "I've about decided to get married, Mr. Degross," he volunteered after a moment, "and that seems a pitifully small sum to insure a woman's life happiness, doesn't it?"

The little man shrugged his slim shoulders.

"It's altogether as you look at it," he answered. "It's a great deal to a woman



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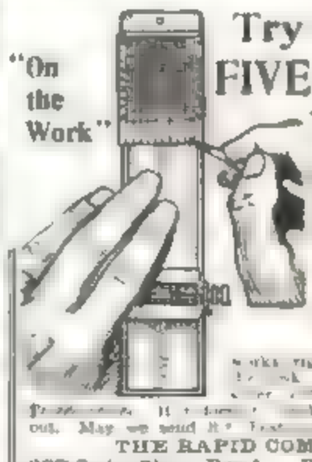

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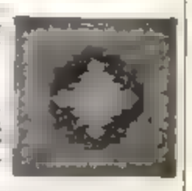

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One match lights this finest of all lights. ... mantle burners. 100 ... per each burner. Ideal light for every ... Agents get catalog and terms.

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BEKINS Household Shipping ... 240 First National Bank Building, Chicago

A Hat That Feels Good On the Head

The comfort and fit of a stiff hat depend upon the sweatband. It must be adjusted to form what the hatter terms a drummed or cushioned leather so that the head is relieved of pressure from the stiffness of the felt.

This is one of the points of excellence of the

Hawes, von Gal HATS

Rigid inspection of materials and workmanship at every stage maintains the standard of quality that enables us to assume responsibility for the satisfactory wear of every hat we make. With quality guaranteed, and style, fit and comfort assured—ask your dealer for a **Hawes, von Gal Hat.**

Shapes to suit and soft hats to suit every face, figure and fancy, $3, $4 and $5.

If not at your dealer's send for Style Book "I" showing Spring and Summer styles. We will have a leather-trimmed [illegible] factory of your district [illegible] and give your hat size, height and waist measure. Add 25c to cover express charges.

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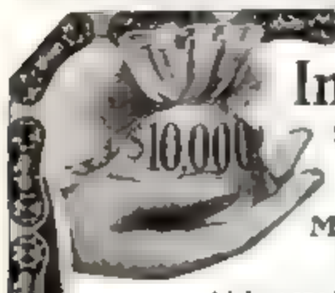

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who has been accustomed to less, and a pittance to one who has been accustomed to more."

"That's just the trouble," Mr. Wilbur went on. "She has been accustomed to more—a great deal more. There's no way of increasing it, I suppose?"

"Not with perfect safety," replied the lawyer. "As it is now your money is well invested, all in first mortgages and bonds, but, of course —"

"No," interrupted Mr. Wilbur decisively. He was thoughtfully silent for a long time. "You see, I use about twenty-five thousand a year myself," he complained, "and half the luxuries of the world are beyond me. For instance, a yacht is out of the question, and every time I buy a new automobile I have to go easy on my other expenses. And a chap must have a new car every year or so. Great nuisance, isn't it?"

Mr. Degross didn't venture to say.

"And a wife!" Mr. Wilbur went on, musingly. "What do you think?"

"I'm only a lawyer," Mr. Degross remarked modestly.

Mr. Wilbur's listless eyes were shadowed by uncertainty.

"Of course, a few thousands will fix up the old place on Eighty-first Street, and I suppose we could lease some sort of a cottage at Newport for a time; still ——" and again he was silent. "Why, hang it, I feel like a pauper," he declared at last. "But I'll risk it. I'll risk it. You see, it isn't as if I were marrying a girl who had nothing of her own. Yes, I'll risk it."

Mr. Degross smiled faintly. When he left home that morning Mrs. Degross was changing a bird on last winter's hat to the other side.

"It's disagreeable to feel—feel positively poor, isn't it?" Mr. Wilbur inquired with a slight smile. "And she is not used to poverty in any form. It's Miss Stanwood, you know. Marjorie Stanwood."

"Indeed?" and Mr. Degross lifted his brows politely.

"I dare say there'll be a fat dowry—still that shouldn't count," Mr. Wilbur went on in self-extenuation. "A chap ought to stand on his own feet, don't you think? I suppose we could scrape along somehow on thirty-five thousand?"

"I dare say," Mr. Degross ventured.

Lieutenant Faulkner didn't have to waste any time computing *his* income. He *knew* it was eighteen hundred a year. So, while Mr. Wilbur was in conference with his attorney, the Lieutenant called on Marjorie Stanwood and held her hand so long she had to take it away from him. He made her tell him that she had not recognized him from the automobile, and didn't notice that she said it with deep reluctance. When he left her an hour later he would have reported progress.

On Tuesday Mr. Wilbur took a third step forward—went up and looked over the old house in Eighty-first Street. It needed repairs, but altogether it was better than he thought. A few odd thousands in woodwork and paint and decorations would do wonders for it. Then and there he devised new color schemes for the dining and drawing rooms, and, of course, Miss Stanwood would have some suggestions. The work could be completed in six months; it wouldn't be half bad. Mr. Wilbur was growing optimistic.

He had luncheon at his club, and lingered an hour or more over his coffee.

En route downtown Mr. Wilbur dropped in at the florist's, stopped at the Empire and reserved a box for John Drew on Thursday, and telephoned to Sherry's to hold his favorite table after the theatre that evening. He would arrange a formal dinner-party later in Miss Stanwood's honor. And speaking of a dinner-party reminded him of Susan. And Susan reminded him of a whole procession of things! For instance, he caught himself wondering as to the identity of the dark-mustached army officer whom he had met as he came out of the apartment-house where Susan lived.

Lieutenant Faulkner spent that same Tuesday trying to figure out whether Marjorie would consider it impetuous of him if he came right out and told her he was crazy about her; also he read Romeo and Juliet for the first time since his schooldays. In addition to which he made a mental note to take Marjorie to see John Drew. All men, when they are in love, take their heart's desire to see John Drew.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in four parts, of which this is the second.

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More Life Insurance for Less Money.

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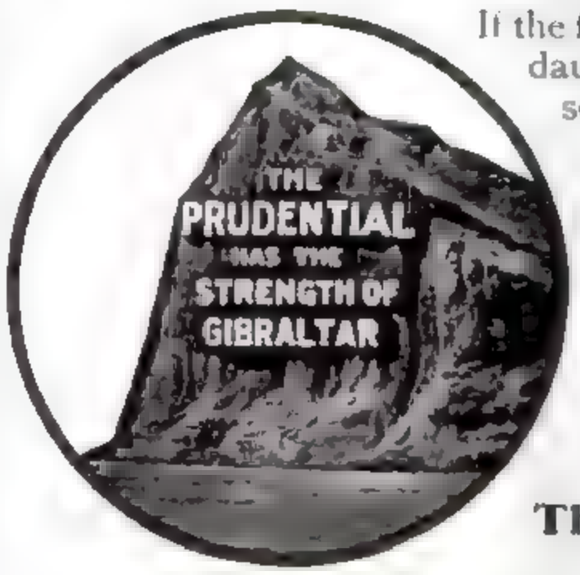

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1—Buttonholes woven in the webbing—cannot tear. 2—Plenty of stretch in back ends for bending. 3—Ends are double stitched and clasped—cannot separate. 4—Smooth sliding web back—no leather or unnecessary metal. 5—Substantial double faced webbing with no rubber to rot and which never grows longer. (The sliding back takes the place of rubber.) 6—Buckles stay in the right place. 7—Castoff unhitches and connects quickly, unnecessary to unbutton the ends. 8—Small tubes through which cable ends ride freely, relieving all strain 9—Cable-yarn, strongest of all suspender ends. 10—Buttonholes in leather widen and tear—Gordon buttonholes do not.
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THEY NEVER GROW LONGER

ELASTICITY
without rubber
STRENGTH
without weight

The new and improved always replace the old, and new and better suspenders have now been produced. You will find the Gordon slide that takes the place of rubber more comfortable than webbing containing rubber.

Elasticity without rubber.—there's plenty of stretch to the back ends for bending, but NO RUBBER in the shoulder parts. The slide leaves your shoulders free and easy.

Gordon Suspenders require no buckle-moving; once fit they stay fit. They never grow longer. Those who now wear elastic suspenders know that rubber weakens and rots; that the buckles must frequently be raised, while the webbing becomes uselessly long.

With Gordons there's no rotting of webbing because there's no rubber to rot. Therefore Gordons wear longer. After wearing Gordons you'll never go back to rubber again.

Gordon Suspenders keep the trousers well up in place, snug and comfortable. They keep your trousers from sagging, and bagging at the knees. That's why tailors advise wearing non-elastic suspenders.

These new suspenders with the trim, smooth sliding back are light in weight, simple in construction—no rollers or rings, no leather or unnecessary metal. You'll like these perfect suspenders for their solid comfort and long service.

Gordons are made to fit. Size 33 for men 5 foot 6 and shorter. 35 and 37 for medium sized men. 40 for tall men. Size is marked on every pair.

The Gordon easy to button, pliable, white cable-yarn ends are the STRONGEST suspender ends. Leather becomes moist, discolors and stains, then hardens and curls. You'll like the Gordon ends—they undo and connect easily and quickly. The grip is convenient, simple, strong.

Our One Year Guarantee. If Gordon ends break within one year we'll give new ends FREE. If other parts break within one year we'll give a new pair of Gordons FREE.

Gordons are the newest suspenders and though now sold in a large number of cities, they are not yet on sale everywhere. But any painstaking retailer should gladly get Gordons for you. If he will not, buy of us by mail. When ordering mention length from back suspender button over shoulder to front suspender button. 50 cents a pair, postpaid. Wear them one week. If then you do not like them send them back and we will promptly return your money. Please try your home stores first.

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The sliding web back takes the place of rubber

A WORD TO RETAILERS: It is always satisfactory to you to know your customers are pleased. It always pays to supply goods of the highest merit. In supplying Gordon Suspenders you can feel absolutely sure that your customers will be more than satisfied, because of the full comfort and unusually long service rendered. Gordons are now sold by thousands of retailers. You owe it to yourself as a merchant to supply these perfect suspenders, for your customers understand that the manufacturer who spends money to popularize his goods has faith in them and knows that permanent success can be achieved only through merit. Please note our offer to give new ends FREE for any that break within a year, or a new pair of Gordons FREE if other parts break within a year. In no line has there been so little improvement made as in the manufacture of suspenders, until these NEW suspenders were produced. Gordon Suspenders are destined to become the standard of the world and every retailer should recommend them to his customers.

Your stationery is an advertisement. You pay extra for many things in advertising your business to the eye. Pause a moment and think in how many ways you spend more than *seems* necessary, just to make the pleasing impression. You will probably agree that you get the finest effects for the least outlay by the extra trifle that is put into

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Whatever makes the right impression is necessary. There are other instances than the one mentioned by the Kentucky Brigadier in which "a little too much is just about enough."

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Prove this for yourself — have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead

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... MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS, ... "NEW SKIN" ... will not wash off ... "NEW SKIN" makes a ... "Paint it with 'New Skin' and forget it."

CAUTION WE GUARANTEE ... 'NEW-SKIN' ...

Always insist on getting "New-Skin"

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Snappy white diamond, 9-14 karat

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Correspondence Solicited

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Clarke & Co., 781 Broadway, N. Y.

VAITI THE QUEEN

(Continued from Page 13)

The "Spanish firm" is one well known all over the Pacific. It owns a name of portentous length—a name, indeed, so long that hardly any one knows it, the island world preferring to call it simply as above. It trades where no one else thinks it worth while to go, and grows fat on the proceeds. It owns ships; it carries cargo at prices said to have been originally drawn up by the Spanish buccaneers; it buys up islands and plantations when they are to be had cheaply, and harvests gold where other people painfully amass coppers. It is not slothful in business, and its representatives are certainly fervent in spirit, but they serve nothing and no one save only the company.

Gonzalez, one of the seven white men in Lialí, had been in the islands only a few months, but he had already succeeded in making the fat years into lean ones for the other six, and was about the best-hated man in Lialí. The palace had seen little or nothing of him save on an occasion when he had tried to buy up some waste lands, and had been summarily refused permission. It may be that this had not tended to increase his affection for the rulers, or ruler, of the country. If so, however, the dark, reserved little man had said nothing about it.

He, too, had been looking at the vagrant schooner in the moonlight, and had decided that she was most probably derelict, though he had not troubled his imagination to furnish any reason. He had simply made his arrangements for the morning, and gone to bed with a quiet mind. As soon as the sun was up next day he was off in his cutter to the ship, which had come up a good deal nearer with the early wind of dawn. There were plenty of other boats and scores of canoes out also, for the Lialians were very curious to know all that might be known about the newcomer; but Gonzalez' boat easily outsailed them all in the pleasant breeze, and got to the schooner's side before the rest of the fleet.

Once on board he took in the state of affairs at a glance, and, skipping back to the deck from the cabin before any one else had boarded the ship, cried out in a loud voice that he took possession of the vessel in the name of his firm, as salvage. She was still three good miles out, and did not lie within Lialian waters. It was a perfectly legal act, and the natives who had followed understood it no less clearly than did the whites. The Crown had assuredly been "had" this time.

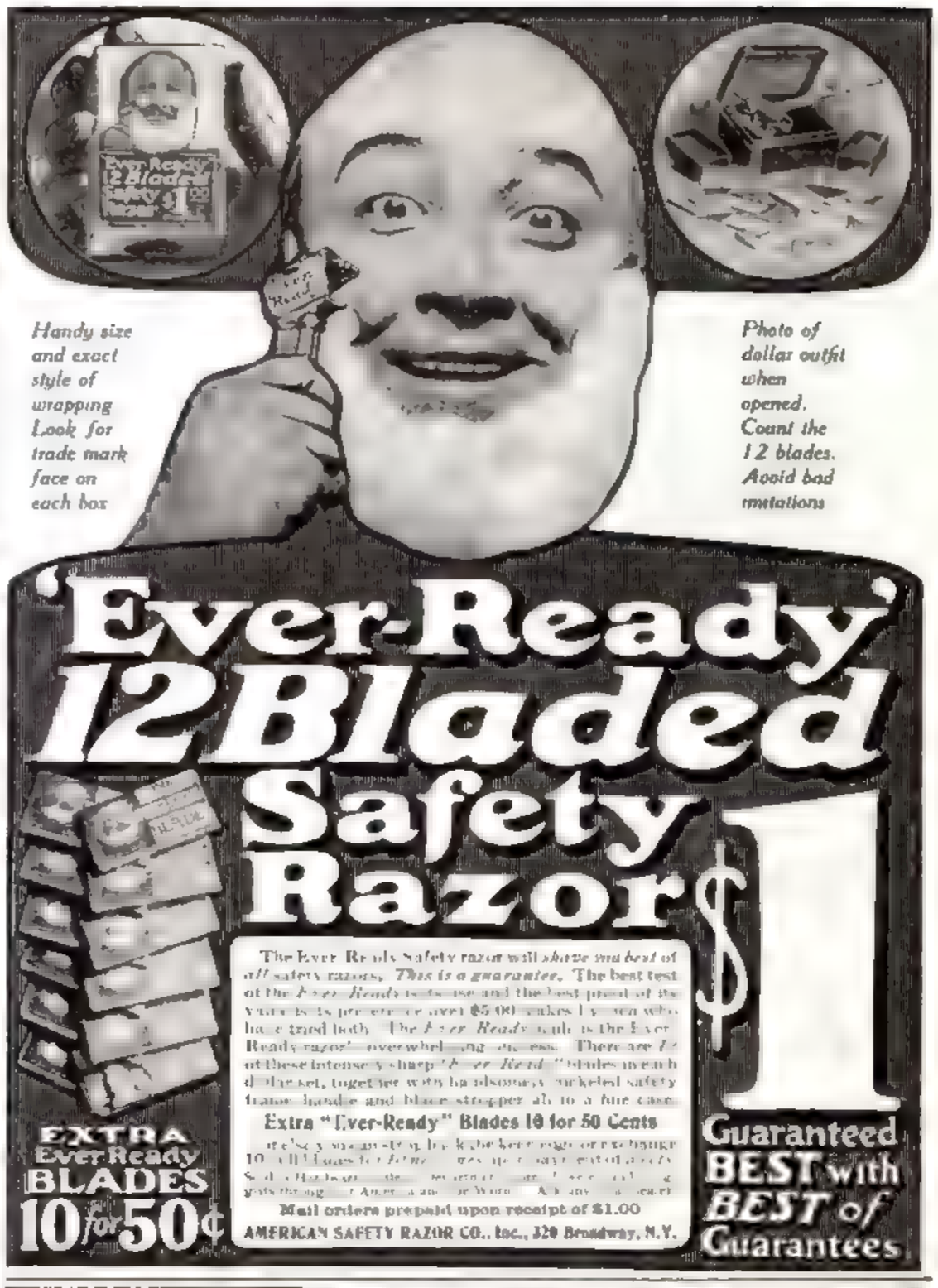
No claim could, of course, be put forth by the men who seemed to have left the schooner in the boat, even should they hereafter reappear. Gonzalez, when he had examined the ship more closely, and noted the absence of water, guessed shrewdly that they would not. And it may here be noted that they never did.

He spent an hour or two looking all over the ship, and putting two and two together as well as he might. Then he went on deck to enjoy a smoke in the fresh air, which it seemed to him he needed by this time.

Later in the morning the royal boat made its appearance, manned by six native oarsmen in shirts and kilts of the royal colors. The Queen sat in the stern-sheets, gorgeously arrayed, wearing a small gold crown, and carrying a satin parasol to shelter her from the midday sun—which she felt about as much as the land-crabs on the beach did.

The royal flag floated out behind the boat, displaying a gay yellow palm-tree on a pink ground. The oarsmen dipped and swung in magnificent time; they had been trained by the Queen herself, and what she did not know about boating was not worth knowing. It was a very imposing approach that they made to the ship, and so the Spanish trader thought, as he leaned over the taffrail and watched the Queen's arrival. He had been waiting to enjoy this.

Vaiti, who could have climbed to the main truck without turning a hair, ignored the ropes hanging over the side, and ordered the Jacob's-ladder to be lowered for her accommodation. Gonzalez, sitting on the poop, and strumming with ostentatious absent-mindedness on a banjo that he had found in the mate's berth, watched the dignified ascent out of one corner of his eye till the Queen was fairly on board, and then swaggered up to meet her, without taking his hat off. It is but fair to add that he had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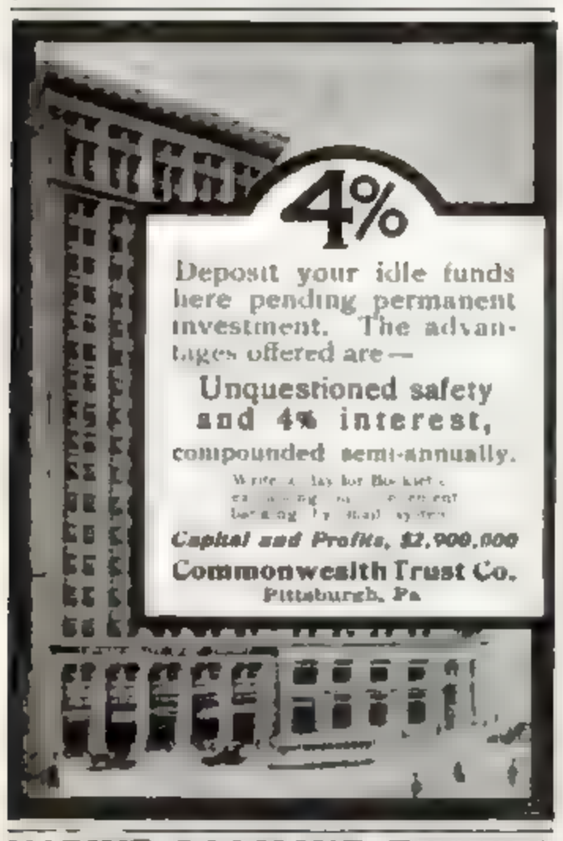

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also found the bottle of rum, and had thoughtfully emptied it, lest some of the natives should discover it, and be tempted to break the prohibition laws of Liah

Vaiti the Queen walked across the deck without appearing to notice Gonzalez' insult, but when she had reached the far side, and was half the length of the ship away from the Spaniard, she coolly turned, slid her knife out of its sheath, and sent it flying like a streak of steel lightning up on to the poop. It skimmed Gonzalez' Manihiki hat off his head as smartly as a bullet, and buried itself deep in the deck The Spaniard turned yellow as his own untanned boots, and sprang a foot in the air.

One of the Queen's boatmen, who had followed her up the ladder, retrieved the knife, and obsequiously presented it to the owner, squatting on the deck as he handed it. Gonzalez, who was only now beginning to get his color back, hastened to stammer out in the best English at his command the nature of his business on the ship, and what he had done. It did not look quite so desirable a feat as he had thought, at this moment, but he could not forego his triumph.

Not a sign of embarrassment or disappointment appeared upon the face of the Queen. Truth to tell, she had guessed Gonzalez' business the minute she saw him on deck, and she was more angry with herself than with him. The other and more important matter had taken up her mind almost to the exclusion of everything else, and for once she had been caught napping. But she shrewdly suspected that the tables would be easy to turn. And, if things turned out as she wished, Liali could have a dozen new yachts, and she herself pin-money unlimited. It would be time for arrogant Tonga to look to its laurels then. Liali and Tonga had always been rivals, and in the matter of the schooner's secret they might be rivals over a question of greater import than usual—if Tonga only knew! But there was a nearer rival than the Friendly Group—a rival not the length of a deck away. Of all people he must suspect nothing.

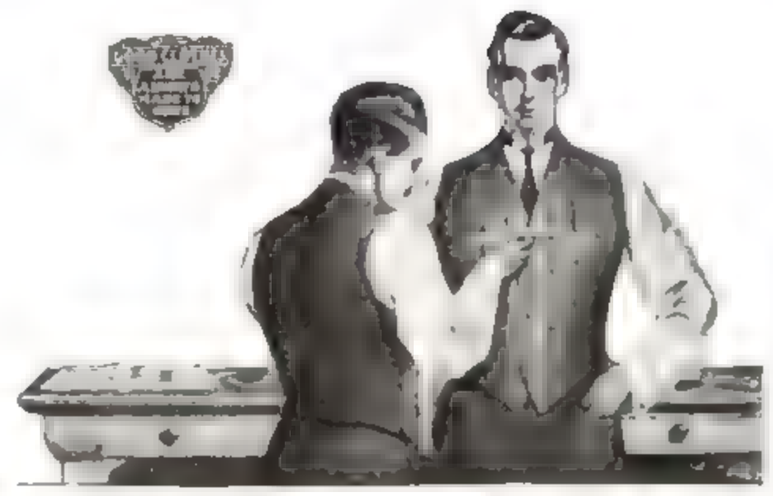
There was nothing interesting about Manners Island, so far as it was known to charts and to sailors in general. It was a barren, valueless spot in a lonely place, waterless, and without any vegetation except low scrub. Whalers had called there to try out sometimes, and hunters after hawksbill turtle had got a little shell in its neighborhood. It was not a place that could be worth even the trouble of a visit to all appearance, yet it was the Queen's design to start for the island at the earliest opportunity, and annex it to the Lialian Crown. It was impossible, in a place humming with native gossip, to keep the movements of the royal yacht secret from the Spanish firm, but the Queen had a mind to give out that she was bound for Samoa, to see the Government doctors there and ask for medicines for the King. It would not much matter whether Gonzalez believed the tale or not. He could not know where she was really going if she did not tell

It was therefore with a distinct shock that she heard Gonzalez' next speech:

"As the ship belongs to me, I have had the unfortunate señor in the cabin respectably funerated in the sea, sewed up in one mat. Your Majesty has without doubt heard that dolorous history. The ship I will abandon to the hand of the repairer, the need being much great. To make my claim good it much well that I should go to Samoa quickly, for it is there that any of the crew shall have gone, if they shall by fortune be survived. I will pay ten pound the day for charter of the King's yacht, if he will graciously permit."

He spoke civilly, after the strong hint recently delivered by the Queen, and it was clear that he wanted the yacht badly. The Queen bit thoughtfully on the end of her cigar before replying. To have her very own neatly-prepared lie thrust in her teeth before she had time to thrust it into Gonzalez' was startling, and she wanted to be sure of what lay behind that curious phenomenon. She knew that there was no need of going to Samoa, or anywhere else, to substantiate the salvage claim.

The links of the cham jumped together in her mind almost before Gonzalez had noticed her pause. . . . Same lie, same object, probably. . . . Gonzalez wanted to get to Manners Island. . . . He had discovered something—the fact that the ship had come from Manners Island, no doubt, which might have been ascertained by examination of the charts. . . . Nothing more, she was sure,



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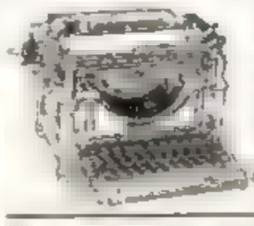

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except what one might guess by the grim relics in the cabin. . . . In Gonzalez' place, with no paper to help her out, what would she have guessed at? Treasure, for certain. There had been vague rumors, never substantiated, but believed in, nevertheless, as many a similar wild tale is believed in, all over the island world. . . . Yes, the course of Gonzalez' mind was clear enough. And her course what must it be?

Refuse? If so, the Spanish company's cutter, vilely uncomfortable and risky for a three-hundred-mile cruise, but rather faster than the King's slow New-Zealand-built yacht, would be up at Manners Island first. It would not do to have Gonzalez wandering about there, looking for treasure, and finding—what he was not wanted to find. How, then, . . . The light broke suddenly.

"You cannot have the yacht," she said, speaking Lialian to show that she did not classify the white man so high as he chose to class himself, "but you may come with myself in it to Samoa, if you wish. I am going there. I wish to consult the doctors there about the King, since he cannot travel himself."

If Gonzalez had fully understood the woman with whom he had to deal he would have guessed that the Queen was no more bound for Samoa than he was, and would have started in the cutter that very afternoon. But Vaiti the Queen was a half-caste, and he did not rate the intellect of the mixed races very high. It occurred to him that he could get something at Samoa to take him on, and he agreed to the proposed invitation without any suspicion. And Vaiti the Queen smiled graciously, and was very polite, which should have made the Spanish firm's representative uncomfortable, but did not. And by and by, the Royal boat bore the Queen away once more.

A sea white-hot with sun, every ripple a stabbing splinter of diamond, every swell a mountain of burning glass. A sky like the inside of a crystal retort, seven times heated in the flame. A bare horizon, broken only by one long, low, dark line drawn across the utmost verge of sea, like a stroke from a pen dipped in violet ink. A land that, whatever it was, was assuredly not Apia in Samoa.

"But what is this ——?" stammered the manager of the Spanish firm, from the poop of the royal yacht. "What, then, is this, your Majesty? And where is Apia?"

"Apia atop latitude 13°49′ S., longitude 171°48′ W.," replied the Queen quite gravely, with the air of one bestowing useful information. They had made a rapid run from Liali, under the nominal captaincy of the Prime Minister who was ex-officio commander of the royal yacht—and under the real orders of the Queen herself. It was not quite five days since they had sailed, and that was excellent going for the rather slow Iorana. Ahead of the ship lay Manners Island, and another two hours would see them close under the lee of the shore

Gonzalez had not yet recognized the state of the case. He supposed, not without irritation, that the Queen's meddling had got them off their course, and carried them to some outlying island of the group they wanted to reach.

"What, then, in the name of the devil and all his angels, is this place?" he demanded rudely.

The Queen did not take rudeness coolly, as a general rule, but she looked quite pleasant as she replied:

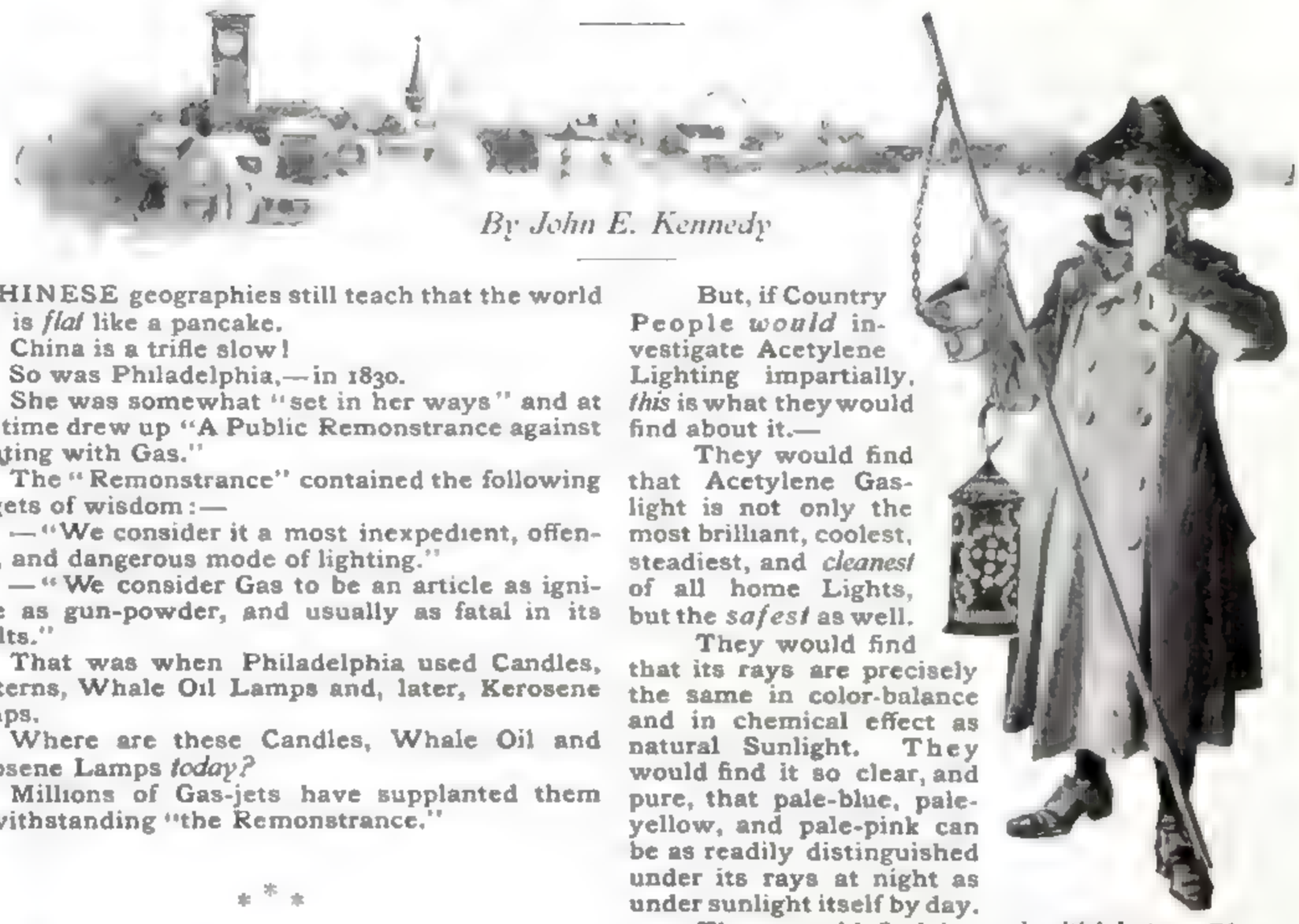
"Manners Island, señor. I change my mind."

Gonzalez turned the color of chamois leather, which was the nearest approach to pallor allowed by his complexion.

"Carr-rr-amba!" he exclaimed, putting about a score of r's into the word. And the Prime Minister, seated cross-legged on the top of the deckhouse, playing draughts with one of the A. B's, shook all the pieces off the board, laughing. For the Prime Minister knew the secret.

Gonzalez did not give up all hope, however, when he had had a little time to think It was plain that he had been thoroughly hoodwinked by the Queen, and that she knew more than he did about the treasure he suspected however she had found it out. But the Spanish mind rises to the lure of hidden treasure as a trout to a fly, and Gonzalez still hoped passionately. It seemed to him that the Queen would not have troubled to take him away from

Passing of the Lamp



By John E. Kennedy

CHINESE geographies still teach that the world is *flat* like a pancake.

China is a trifle slow!

So was Philadelphia,—in 1830.

She was somewhat "set in her ways" and at that time drew up "A Public Remonstrance against Lighting with Gas."

The "Remonstrance" contained the following nuggets of wisdom:—

—"We consider it a most inexpedient, offensive, and dangerous mode of lighting."

—"We consider Gas to be an article as ignitable as gun-powder, and usually as fatal in its results."

That was when Philadelphia used Candles, Lanterns, Whale Oil Lamps and, later, Kerosene Lamps.

Where are these Candles, Whale Oil and Kerosene Lamps *today?*

Millions of Gas-jets have supplanted them notwithstanding "the Remonstrance."

* * *

Why have the Lamps disappeared?

Because, Gas-light was found, *after fair trial,* to be not only *more* "expedient," *less* "offensive" and *less* "dangerous" but considerably *less expensive,* per candle-power, than Candles, Whale Oil, Kerosene or, Gasolene Light.

Moreover, it was found *on trial* to be infinitely more *convenient* to merely turn taps and light up Gas-jets, when illumination was wanted, than to clean, fill, wipe, snuff, and carry to position every lamp used for *365 days* in every year.

Even a Philadelphian of 1830 could not avoid *that* conclusion.

So, they no longer use *Lamps* in Philadelphia, nor in any *other* "live" City or Town where *Gas* is available.

But there *are* Lamps in *Country places yet* though Rural Gas-light is now available at *lower cost* than even City Gas, Kerosene or Gasolene light.

And, there *are* people in the Country *yet,* who think of this Rural Gas-light (Acetylene), as Philadelphians once thought of City Gas.

That is because they are *prejudiced,* misinformed, and *won't* investigate, just as the Philadelphians of 1830 were prejudiced, misinformed and would not investigate.

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They would find the use of Acetylene would cut out all the disagreeable *daily* cleaning, filling, snuffing and chimney-wiping of Kerosene Lamps, with the inseparable soot, smell, heat and air destroying action of *such* Lamps.

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Liali and its smart cutters, if she had not supposed he had as good a chance as herself of finding anything there was. That being so, she could not know so much, after all. It would be a race between the two of them to find the treasure.

Late in the afternoon they came up under the island. A bare, uninteresting place it proved to be, palmless, waterless, insufferably hot, and absolutely deserted. It was about five miles in length, and half as much in breadth, and it had nothing on it except a quantity of very low, thin scrub. The soil was apparently sandy.

Gonzalez, trembling with excitement, found to his surprise that he was permitted to enter the boat without opposition, and land with Vaiti and the Prime Minister. The latter wore a cloak and carried a large, mysterious parcel under his arm, done up tightly in banana leaves. Vaiti was wearing an unnecessarily magnificent dress, but she was always extravagant in clothes, and the Spaniard never thought of noticing her costume.

They were just shoving off from the schooner's side, when of a sudden, the sun being now low, a cloud of sea-birds came screaming and fluttering up through the saffron and scarlet of the western sky, and began to light here and there about the centre of the island, where the low, green scrub seemed thickest. Vaiti the Queen stood up in the boat to look at them, and so did the Spaniard, his mouth dropping wide open with the sudden shock of a new idea that struck him then and there. By all the holy relics in Seville! these were man-o'-war birds, and this was not a treasure island but a guano mine! No silver mine could have been worth more at present prices. But ownership? One would want to . . .

It was at this precise psychological moment he noticed that the parcel under the Prime Minister's arm was torn ever so little, and that through the rent projected a fragment of bunting—pink and yellow. . . . In the bottom of the boat lay a long pole.

"Wait! for the love of Heaven, one minute!" cried Señor Luis Gonzalez, his tongue dry with excitement. "I go to get—my—the—an—umbrella—there is sunstroke on that cursed place, most certain——"

He clutched at the Jacob's-ladder.

"Go, señor," smiled the Queen.

Gonzalez was not twenty seconds in reaching the chart-room. The contents of the flag-locker were strewed about the floor as a digging terrier strews sand in half a minute. In another half-minute the Spaniard was out on deck, clutching something red and yellow.

A howl of dismay left his lips. The boat was a dozen lengths or more away. The Prime Minister was openly throwing off his oppressive cloak, and baring to full view the magnificence of his official uniform. The Queen had put on her state crown. The parcel was undone, its gay contents flowing over the seats of the boat.

Gonzalez was not wanting in pluck. It was only thirty or forty yards to the beach, and a swimmer might land quicker than the boat could pick its way through the coral. Determining that he would not think of the sharks that were almost certainly about, the little man flung off coat and shoes, took the Spanish flag in his teeth, and dived over the side of the ship. He came up gasping and blowing, but swimming strongly, and for a moment it looked, owing to the ugly formation of the reef, as if he might get ashore first.

Then the Queen, with a laugh, rose to her feet. She gave the Prime Minister a poke in the ribs to make him hasten, cast off her long robe of silk, tied the pink and yellow bundle around her neck, and slipped over the side of the boat, followed by the Minister, who only paused to remove his superfluous clothing before he took the water after his sovereign.

Pushing the pole before him, he accompanied the Queen, and they landed on the burning beach before Gonzalez was half clear of the coral. He touched ground in the tepid shallows just in time to get the nearest possible view of the Lialian national flag, as its gorgeous folds floated out into the evening sky at the end of the long bamboo pole, and as the Queen, beside the Prime Minister, formally and in concert annexed the territory of Manners Island to the Crown of Liali.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories narrating the further adventures of Vaiti of the Islands. The next will appear in an early number

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Through the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington, the building of the new line to the Pacific Coast opens up a country full of *money-making possibilities*. Rich farm lands are now selling at $10 per acre, and upwards. They are bound to increase in value within the next few years. Three new towns—Lemmon, Butte County, South Dakota, Hettinger, Adams County, North Dakota, and Bowman, Bowman County, North Dakota—have recently been established. Three months ago the sites of these towns were open prairie lands. To-day at each place a well built town with a population of close to 500, is established; many trades and professions are represented. *But there is plenty of room for more along the Pacific Coast extension of the*

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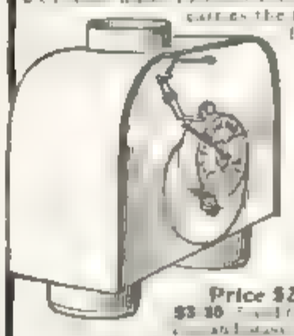

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Mouth Breathing

(Continued from Page 7)

the cheeks and of mastication upon the sides of the upper jaw—the more readily as the tongue has dropped down from its proper resting position up in the roof of the mouth. These are pushed inward, the arch of the jaw and of the teeth is narrowed, the front teeth are made to project, and, instead of erupting, with plenty of room, in even, regular lines, are crowded against and overlap one another.

In short, we are coming to the conclusion that from half to two-thirds of all cases of "crowded mouth," irregular teeth and high-arched palate in children are due to adenoids. Progressive dentists now are insisting upon their little patients, who come to them with these conditions, being examined for adenoids, and the removal of these, if found, as a preliminary measure to any mechanical corrective treatment. Cases are now on record of children with two, three or even four generations of crowded teeth and narrow mouths behind them, but who, simply by being sharply watched for nasal obstruction and the symptoms of adenoids, and these latter removed as soon as they have put in an appearance, have grown up with even, regular, well-developed teeth and wide, healthy mouths and jaws. Unfortunately, attention to the adenoids will not by any means always remove these defects of the jaws and teeth after they have been produced. But, if the child be under ten, or even twelve, years of age, their removal may yet do much to permanently improve the condition, and is certainly well worth while on general principles.

Take care of the nose, and the jaws will take care of themselves. An ounce of adenoids-removal in the young child is worth a pound of *orthodontia*—teeth-straightening—in the boy or girl.

The Crowded Mouth and Its Cause

The dull, dead tone of the voice in these children is, of course, an obvious effect of the blocked nostrils. Similarly the broken sleep, with dreams of suffocation and of "Things Sitting on the Chest," are readily explained by the desperate efforts that the little one makes to breathe through clogging nostrils, in which the discharges, blown and sneezed out in the daytime, dry and accumulate during sleep, until, half suffocated, it "lets go" and draws in huge gulps of air through the open mouth. No child ever became a mouth breather from choice, or until after a prolonged struggle to continue breathing through its nose.

This brings us to the question, What are these adenoids, and how do they come to produce such serious disturbances? This can be partially answered by saying that they are tonsils and with all a tonsil's susceptibility to irritation and inflammation. But that only raises the further question, What is a tonsil? And to that no answer can be given but Echo's. They are one of the conundrums of physiology. All we know of them is that they are not true *glands*, as they have neither duct nor secretion, but masses of simple embryonic tissue called *lymphoid*, which has a habit of grouping itself about the openings of disused canals. This is what accounts for their position in the throat, as they have no known useful function. The two largest, or throat-tonsils, surround the inner openings of the second gill-slits of the embryo; the lingual tonsil, at the base of the tongue below, encircles the mouth of the duct of the thyroid gland (the "*goitre*" gland); and our own particular Pandora's Box above, in the roof of the pharynx, is grouped about the opening of another disused canal, which performs the singular and apparently most uncalled-for office of connecting the cavity of the brain with the throat. They can all of them be removed completely without any injury to the general health, and they all tend to shrink, become smaller in the case of the topmost, or pharyngeal, almost disappear—after the twelfth or fourteenth year.

Not only have they an abundant crop of troubles of their own, as most of us can testify from painful experience, but they serve as a port of entry for the germs of many serious diseases, such as tuberculosis, rheumatism, diphtheria and possibly scarlet fever. They appear to be a strange sort of survival or remnant—not even suitable for the bargain-counter—a hereditary leisure class in the modern democracy of

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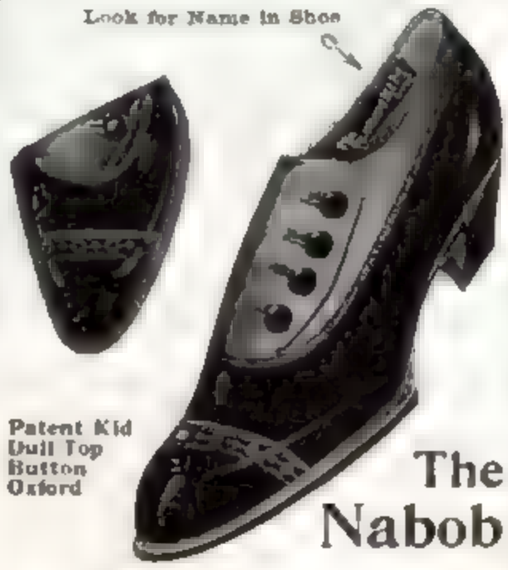

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the body, a fertile soil for all sorts of trouble.

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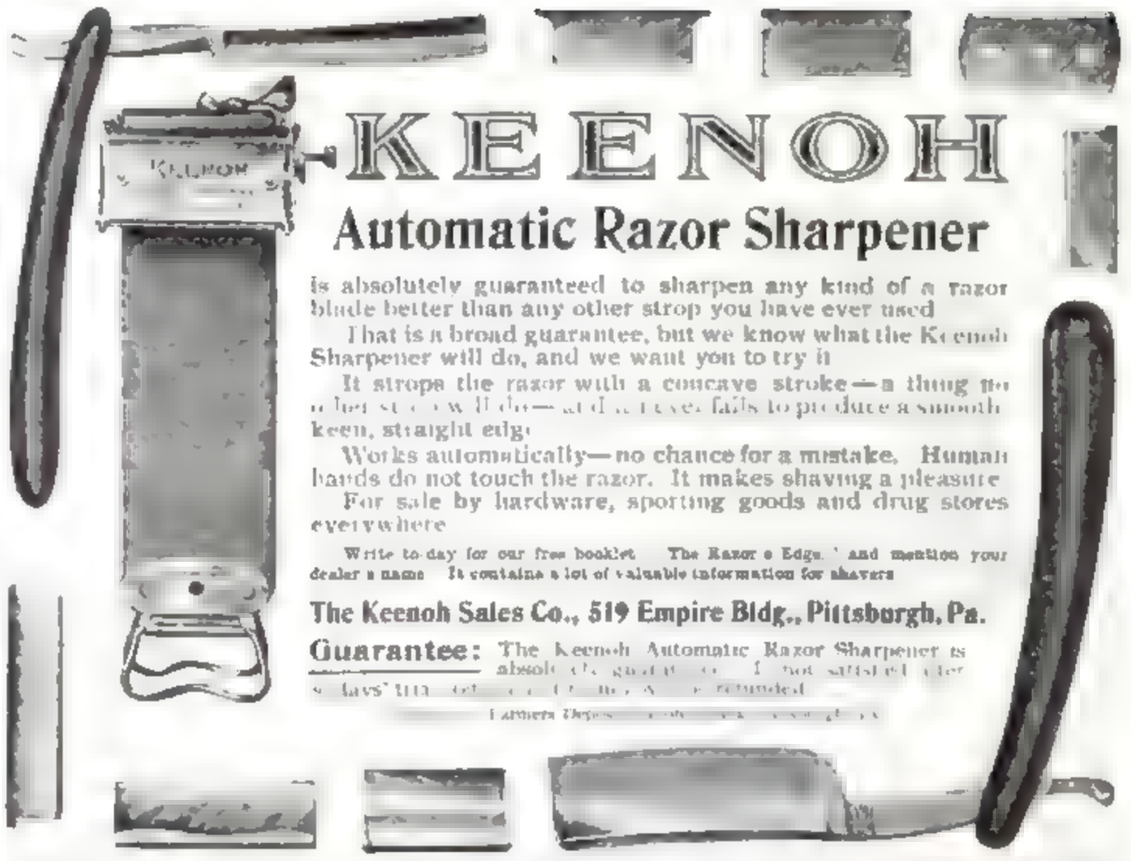
When Nature is Absent-Minded

Dirt has been defined as "matter out of place," and the pharyngeal tonsil is an excellent illustration. Nature is said never to make mistakes, but she is apt to be absent-minded at times, and we are tracing now not a few of the troubles that our flesh is heir to to little oversights of hers—scraps of inflammable material left lying about among the cogs of the body-machine, such as the appendix, the gall-bladder, the wisdom teeth and the tonsils. One day a spark drops on them, or they get too near a bearing or a "hot-box," and, with a flash, the whole machine is in a blaze.

Never neglect snuffles or "cold in the head" in a young child, and particularly in a baby. Have it treated at once antiseptically by competent hands, and learn exactly what to do for it on the appearance of the earliest symptoms in the future, and you will not only save the little ones a great deal of temporary discomfort and distress—for it is perfect torment for a child to breathe through its mouth at first—but you will ward off many of the most serious troubles of infancy and childhood. We can hardly expect to prevent all development of adenoids by these prompt and painless stitches in time, for some children seem to be born peculiarly subject to them, either from the inheritance of a particular shape of nose and throat—"the family nose," as it has been called—or from some peculiar sponginess and liability to inflammation and enlargement of all these tonsillar or lymphoid "glands" and "kernels" of the body generally—the old "lymphatic temperament."

We are, however, now coming to the opinion that this so-called "hereditary" narrow nose, short upper lip and high-arched palate are, in a large percentage of cases, the *result of adenoids in infancy* in each successive generation of parents and grandparents. At all events, there are now on record cases of children whose parents, grandparents and great-grandparents are known to have been mouth-breathers and who have on that account been sharply watched for the possible development of adenoids in early life, and these removed as soon as they appeared, and they have grown up with well-developed, wide nostrils, broad, flat palates and regular teeth, overcoming "hereditary defect" in a single generation.

Curiously enough, their origin and ancestral relations may have an important practical bearing, even in the twentieth century. At the upper end of this curious *throat-brain* canal lies another mass, the so-called *pituitary body*. This has been found to exert



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a profound influence over development and growth. Its enlargement is attended by giantism and another curious giant disease in which the hands, feet and jaws enlarge enormously, known as *acromegaly*. It also pours into the blood a secretion which has a powerful effect upon both the circulation and the respiration. It is found shrunken and wasted in dwarfs. Some years ago it was suggested by my distinguished friend the late Dr. Harrison Allen, and myself that some of the extraordinary dwarfing and growth-retarding effects of adenoid might be due to a reflex influence exerted on their old colleague, the pituitary body. This view has found its way into several of the textbooks.

Blood is thicker than water, and old ancestral vibrations will sometimes be set up in most unexpected places.

The Cheerful Side of the Picture

Now comes the cheerful side of the picture. I should have hesitated to draw at such full length and in such lugubrious detail the direful possibilities and injurious effects of adenoids if its only result could have been to arouse apprehensions which could not be relieved.

Fortunately, just the reverse is the case, and there are few conditions affecting the child so common and such a fertile source of all kinds of mischief, and at the same time so completely curable, and whose cure will be attended by such gratifying improvement on the part of the little sufferer. In the first place, as has been said, their formation may usually be prevented altogether by intelligent and up-to-date hygienic care of the nose and the throat. In the second place, even after they have occurred and developed to a considerable degree they can be removed by a trifling and almost painless operation, and, if taken early enough, all their injurious effects overcome. If, however, they have been neglected too long, so that the child has passed the eighth or ninth year before any interference has been attempted, and still more, of course, if it has passed the twelfth or thirteenth year, then only a part of the disturbances that have been caused can be remedied by their removal. So soft and pulpy are these growths, so poorly supplied with blood-vessels or nerves, and so slightly connected with the healthy tissues below them, that they may, in skilled hands, be completely removed by simply scraping with a dull surgical spoon (curette) or curved forceps, but never anything more knifelike than this. In fact, in the first seven years of life, when their removal is both easiest and will do most good, it is hardly proper to dignify the procedure by the name of an operation. It is attended by about the same degree of risk and of hemorrhage as the extraction of a tooth, and by less than half the amount of pain.

But trifling and free from danger as is the operation, there is nothing in the entire realm of surgery which is followed by more brilliant and gratifying results. It seems almost incredible until one has seen it in half a dozen successive cases. Not merely doctors, but teachers and nurses, develop a positive enthusiasm for it. Thus was the operation that led to the comical, but pathetic, "Mothers' Riots" in the New York schools. The word went forth: "The Krishts are cutting the throats of your children," and, with the shameful echoes of Kishineff ringing in their ears, the Yiddish mothers swarmed forth to battle for the lives of their offspring. It is no uncommon thing to have a child of seven jump three to five inches in height, six to twelve pounds in weight and one to three grades in his schooling within the year following the operation. Ten years more of intelligence and hygienic teaching should see this scourge of childhood completely wiped out, or at least robbed of its possibilities for harm. When this is done at least two-thirds of all cases of deafness, more than half of all cases of arrested development and three-fourths of backwardness in children will disappear.

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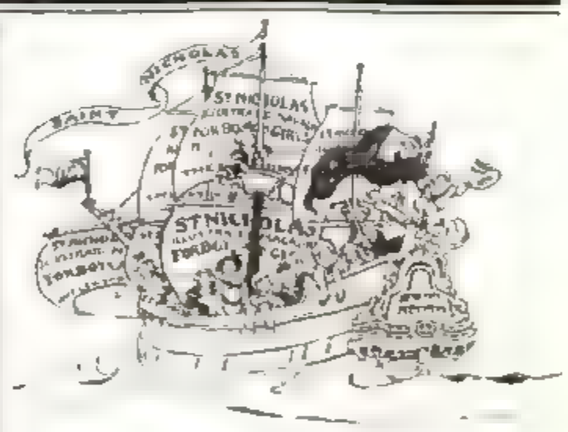

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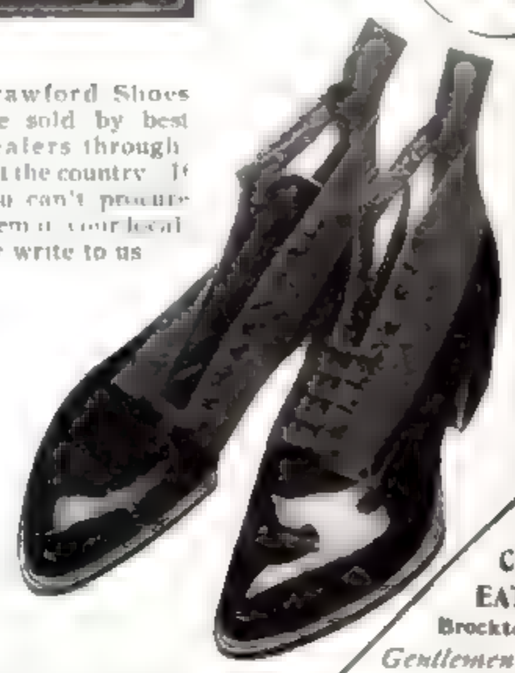

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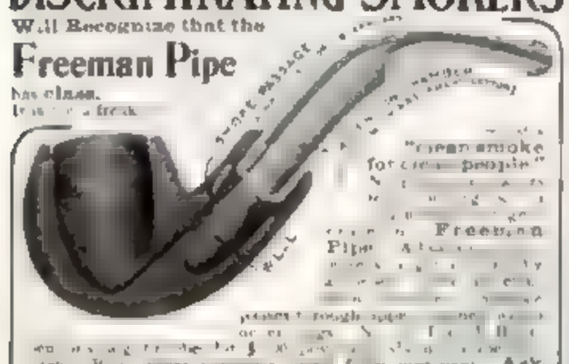

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See Page in March 5th ... issue

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THROUGH JAPANESE EYES

(Concluded from Page 5)

without being caught. It takes the American psychology to see the difference between theft and graft, and the Japanese must be here some time before his intelligence can comprehend it.

Grafting flourishes in the United States. Patriotism, love of country and loyalty to office would make such things for a mayor of a Japanese city impossible to do. He would stain the memory of his departed ancestors and curse the name of his children following for generations if he insulted his honor with such infamous deeds. If Japan and America marched to war together the greatest enemy of America would not be Japan, but "graft." The biggest grafters are the millionaires and politicians, who set the example for the remainder of the population to follow; then come the business men, lawyers, and then the rest of the people. The farmers, being honest and not having the chance, do not graft, and this makes them to be angry against those who steal the chance and everything else away from them.

You have also, my venerated father, seen in our newspapers at home that there is much trouble raised here about the question of Japanese immigration to America. This comes about for many reasons. First, on account of race, and second, on account of economic or business causes. The Japanese can overwork and undereat the Americans, which drives them out of their jobs to take smaller pay in other occupations, which pleasure the Americans do not enjoy.

In San Francisco, for example to be illustrated, two Chinese move in a street and no Americans on that account get mad or move away. Then two more Chinese come in same street, then four, then ten more, then fifteen; then the American gets himself very angry and leaves the street to Chinese possession. Next, Japanese steal along swiftly, with jiu-jitsu manner, first two, next ten more, and ask Chinese in polite fashion to follow Americans, which Chinese will not do until thirty Japanese enter; then Chinese immigrate themselves most quickly elsewhere, and the street becomes all Japanese.

If the population of a country increases, as in Japan, at the rate of five hundred thousand a year it must leak out somewhere and take a new country, either by immigration or by war.

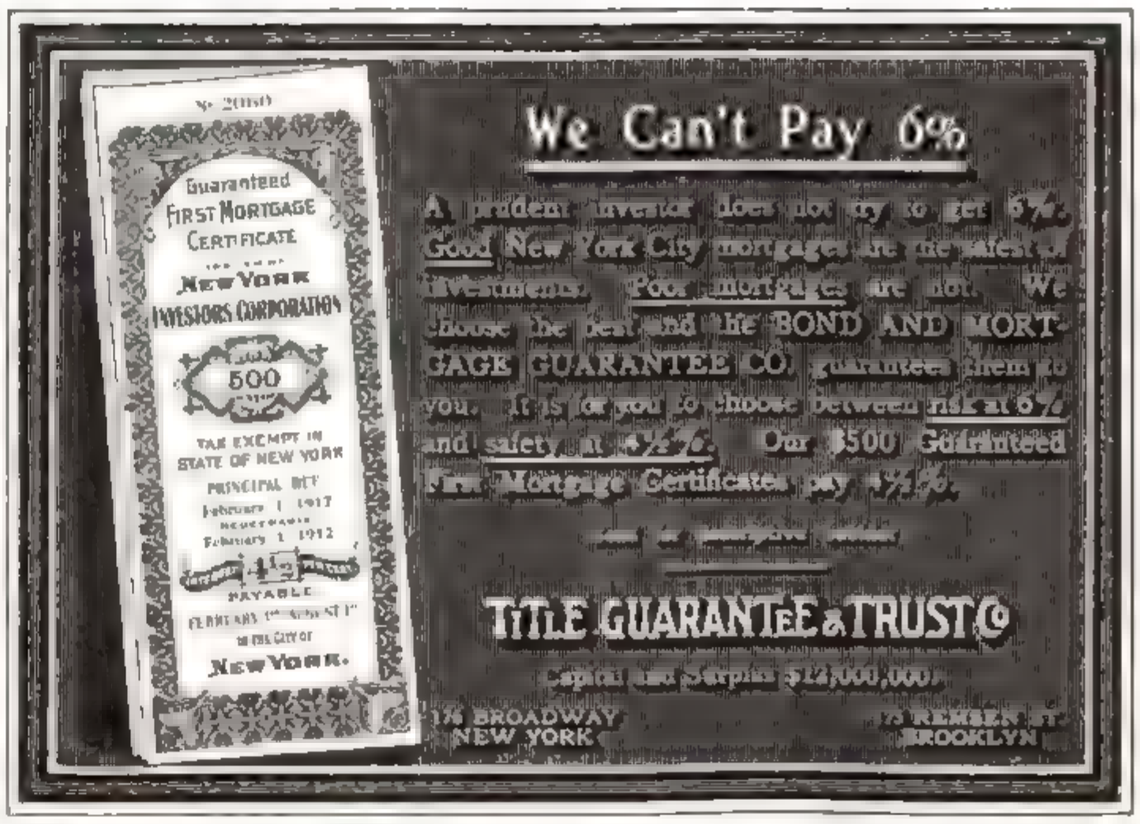
I do not blame the United States for being angry against the Japanese for coming thus to take their country away, for, being a philosopher according to my own ideas, I know very well that Japanese would throw stones and play jiu-jitsu on Americans if they came to settle in great numbers in Japan and cut down wages and cut up our blessed country. But, in a larger way, also being a great philosopher according to my ideas, I blame all governments for such conduct.

Moreover, being also a philosopher, according to my ideas, I think the talk about Oriental or Occidental immigrants making bad citizens is all nonsense. Where wise Japanese, for instance, acquires dollars, owns store, fruit-farm and rice-field and home, there will his country be in good time. Economic interest makes it so. People here also say Japanese and Americans can't amalgamate to make one of themselves, but being philosopher also for the last time according to my ideas, I think this nonsense, too. People who so say, not being philosophers, see only a short time ahead, one century maybe, but I, looking very far into the future, where centuries count but for days, say this will happen contrary to what they think.

Now, my so much revered and greatly honored father, I must close my letter, being called by the honorable Mrs. Read to scrub the front steps and to cease being a philosopher according to my ideas. May your years be without number and each more blessed than the one that preceded the other. I assure you that my affection for you and my dearest mother and my beloved sisters and brothers is enfolded in my heart as the golden centre of the lotus is wrapped in and protected by its immaculately white leaves. Perish the lotus before it permits itself to suffer injury to its expensive treasure!

Your obedient and affectionate son,

TARO.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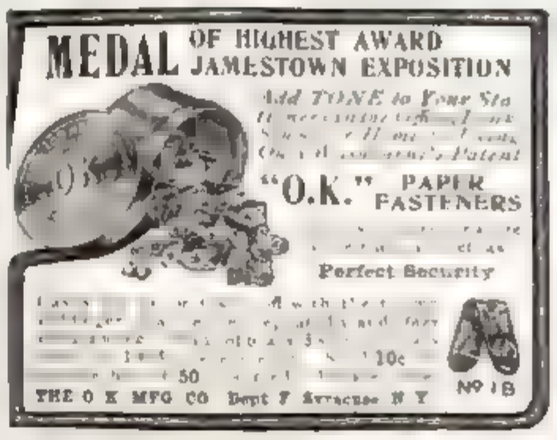
I have something interesting to say to a manufacturer of

Show Cases and Store Fixtures

who has considered the peculiar trade advantages of a branch factory in the South

W. J. DONLAN, Secretary
Savannah Chamber of Commerce
Mint Arcade, Philadelphia



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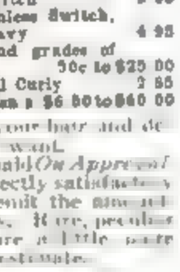

THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 15)

succeed. If a business house does so it means the loss of all trust and confidence in the future

3. I am no sympathizer with the current phrases of the day against corporations. I believe the great majority of corporations and firms, as well as individuals, are conducting their business honestly and honorably I am aware that the press freely dissects reputation without sufficient evidence to warrant it, and I believe that the public in general should be taught that the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," is as binding as the other commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

4. In my judgment the standards of business are certainly as high, if not higher, than when I entered business twenty-five years ago.

Russell Colgate, *Colgate & Company, New York:*

1. Yes.

2. No; though there are many standards of conduct in commercial teachings incompatible with the teachings of Christianity, still I do not beheve that they are necessary to success, but rather greater success will be attained by following the teachings of Christianity

3. A.—Graft in every department, from highest to lowest. B.—Unhealthful desire to make money for its own sake

4. The standards are about the same, but there is much more publicity given.

Ex-Governor W. J. Northen, *Atlanta, Georgia:*

1. The Christian religion is simply consecrated common-sense. Common-sense is eminently the best business sense. A man may make money by deception and unfair dealings, but every dollar so secured is concealed theft. Some men can make more money by stealing than by honest labor, and those whose lives are built on principles contrary to the Golden Rule prefer this plan.

2. I cannot say that questionable business methods are *sanctioned* by trade; they are certainly practiced, and are very common. The amount of crookedness, if brought to light, would be astonishing.

3. Misrepresentation of goods; taking advantage of those who do not know the markets.

4. I am more than seventy—standards are far lower.

General William F. Draper, *lately President of the Draper Company, Hopedale, Massachusetts:*

The Golden Rule, properly interpreted, is practical in business. By proper interpretation I mean that a man should do unto others what he *ought* to wish them to do to him. Common-sense and upright intention must be considered in this connection, as in others. A man is not called on to be quixotic.

There is no necessity for "lying" or "misrepresenting" to insure success in business. On the contrary, and in the long run, I believe that business success depends largely upon absolute truthfulness and honor. Further, I believe that the business men of the community, taken as a whole, to-day will average better in common honesty than either the so-called idle rich, or the employee class, if we may use the word "class."

The great evils that I see in the business world are due to the frailty of individuals, and cannot be said to extend to business men as a class.

Whether standards are higher or lower than when I entered business forty-two years ago it is hard to say. It is easy to see that there is more envy of success now than there was then.

John Shepard, *Shepard Norwell Company, Boston:*

1. The Golden Rule certainly is practical in the business world, and if

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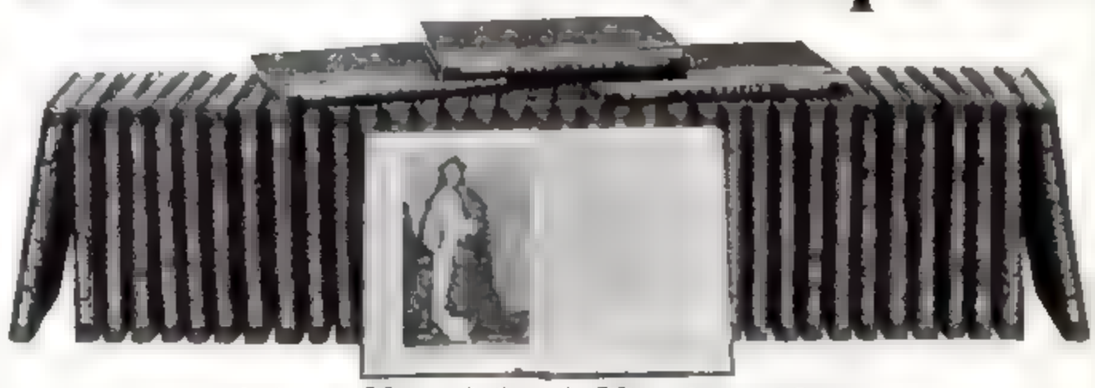

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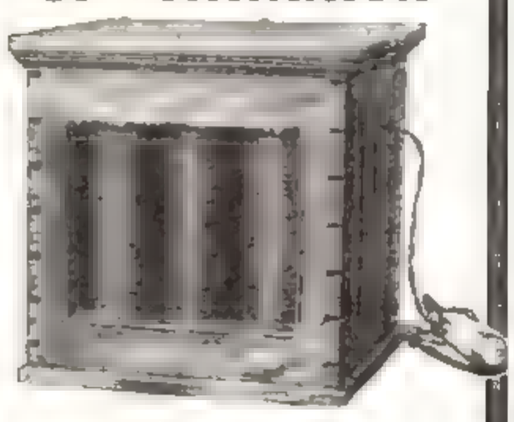

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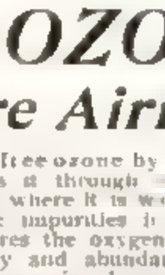

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it had been practiced since it was first uttered the world would be such a delightful place to live in that we should not be wondering if there is a better.

2. Honesty, integrity and truthfulness are still the backbone of sound business success.

3. Where the Golden Rule is not observed, and where honesty, square dealing and truthfulness are not the custom we consider those the great evils that exist in business.

4. To go back fifty years one would be inclined to say that standards were lower to-day. That is due to a large increase in our foreign population people accustomed to different standards from what the sterling New Englander used in the olden days when honesty was the watchword and when truth and integrity were the general conditions.

Washburn-Crosby Company, *Minneapolis, Minnesota:*

1. We believe it is possible to live up to the Golden Rule in the business world. We do think, however, that many questions would arise which would take a George Washington, a Phillips Brooks and a Daniel Webster, with several other big fellows besides, to decide.

2. We do not know of any commercial methods that are un-Christian in character that are generally sanctioned by trade. It is unnecessary to misrepresent in order to succeed.

3. We do not know of any great evils which are generally prevalent in the business world.

4. We cannot give you an answer to this question, as we are not competent to judge as to whether business standards are higher or lower than they were a quarter of a century ago.

A Summary of Opinions

1. The first thing that strikes us, from this correspondence, is the sane apprehension of the meaning of the Golden Rule on the part of the writers. None of them sees any difficulty in the way of competition which would seem to be the greatest theoretical difficulty—from the practice of the Golden Rule. To the contrary, it is because competition must be considered that the Golden Rule is practical. As one of my correspondents says, "The underlying principle of any successful business *in which competition must be considered* is the power to inspire confidence that just value is given for value received, and there can be no establishment of confidence aside from the spirit of the Golden Rule."

2. Do combinations of either capital or labor make the practice of the Golden Rule impossible? Unquestionably, mutuality is the kernel of the Golden Rule. Bad faith is the same in a combination as in an individual. Men do not become different in combinations from what they are as individuals. A combination or an individual who casts accepted standards to the winds and becomes a moral pirate must expect to be dealt with as a pirate. The Book of Divine Grace reveals no mercy for Satan. But, in the business world, as in the entire sphere of human action, there is a court of appeal, contempt of which is suicidal—the great fair-minded court of Public Sentiment. And Public Sentiment, as the great majority of my correspondents recognize, is for the Golden Rule.

3. Business in its intent and in its conduct in the main is sound. The unanimous verdict of this testimony is that misrepresentation and deception are barriers to success. This is the voice of years of experience, and the value of the testimony cannot be overestimated.

4. The skies brighten when the present-day standards of business are compared with the past. Over ninety per cent. of the replies received assert that standards are higher than they were a quarter of a century ago. A few see, in the recent revelations which the investigation of some of our largest business systems have laid before the public, proof that the sense of obligation is less keen than formerly, while the majority see in the spirit that has forced hidden things to light and condemned them evidence that we are morally more sensitive. Business has not been free from conduct that must be condemned, but business men themselves are condemning that conduct.

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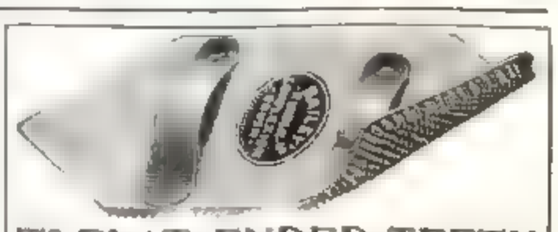

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IMMORTAL YOUTH

(Continued from Page 9)

thoughts. "My teacher gave me a block of marble. I saw a statue in it. I made Peggy see it. She got excited, too. So I put off finishing the bust of the rich woman—though I needed the money."

"He did need it," said Peggy, stubbornly clinging to the third person.

"And I asked Peggy to pose for the statue. But she wouldn't. I implored her. But she wouldn't."

"Irish colleens is wild things, but they have clane hearts."

"I told her it was for the cause of art and beauty, but she wouldn't pose."

"That I wouldn't."

"I told her it would make her immortal."

"But I wouldn't."

"Then I begged her for the sake of my ambition. And she cried a little. But she wouldn't. And then I said, 'For the love of me, Peggy, will you?'"

"And I did. For the love of—of him."

"I remember now how scared she was, how she hid and begged me not to make her pose, but finally she came out from the screen, hiding her eyes, and drawing her hair about her. And she was like—all the beauty in the world, like music for the eyes. And she blushed so hard."

"I'm blushin' now to think of it," said Mrs. Flannery, in a voice too low for him to hear.

"But I told her there was no reason for her to blush. It was the noblest use a woman could make of the beauty God gave her. And then I began the statue."

"Go on; you're remimberin' it right. But are you remimberin' anything of the money?"

"The money? Oh, yes. Peggy wouldn't take it. And there was mighty little left. And that gave out, and I had a hard scramble for food."

"It was hungry we used to go in thim days. But what did we care?—we was young, the both of us."

"And it grew cold, too. And I couldn't keep up a good fire. But Peggy insisted on posing. And the last day—but, if you're Peggy, you'll remember."

He stopped short, defiantly—and Mrs. Flannery caught the torch from his hand and ran on:

"You—he was finishin' it, workin' like a madman. And he forgot the time—forgot me—forgot the cold. And I waited there, unwillin' to spake a word to wake him, and I grew colder and colder. Faith, I turned blue. And I shivered so he would have noticed it, only it grew darker and darker. It was that that he noticed first—the darkness. He worked till he couldn't see; and thin he yells—I can hear him now—'Peggy, it's finished! it's finished! we're immortal, you and me!' and thin—if you're the man, you'll not be after forgettin' that."

Harbeson took up the relay. "All the answer I got was a little sigh. I ran to Peggy—and she had fainted away. I wrapped her up in some costumes and blankets. Then I kissed her, and we were both sort of crying and laughing at the same time."

"Yes, and thin?—and thin?"

The scrubwoman's face was illumined as if she stood in a sunset. But Harbeson did not see her; he went on:

"And then I ran out and borrowed some money of a friend, and Peggy and I blew ourselves to ——"

"A table dee hôte, wit' wine."

"That's right. We were young and we were crazy, and we loved each other. What else mattered?"

Blinded with the far focus of his eyes, he saw only the mirage of Peggy, and his groping fingers caught the gnarled knuckles of Mrs. Flannery in a clutch of rapture. The scrubwoman's ancientness fell from her and her dusty heartstrings jangled like an old harpsichord. But when her eyes opened she looked down at her corded forearms. She was wrenched back from the clouds and she groaned.

"For the love of Heaven, mind what you're doin'. If annybody should see us what would they say of you? Oh, and I was almost thinkin' I was back in thim days, and whin I wake up—look at me!"

Harbeson's mood was too tender to acknowledge her crudities. He smiled at her gently and answered:

"But look at me! I think I've drifted farther away than you have, Peggy, darlint."

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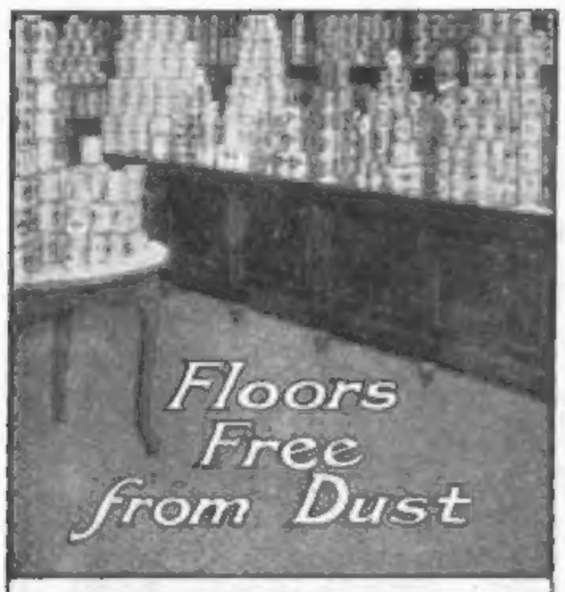

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"That's what he—what you used to call me," she murmured with a strange radiance among her features. Harbeson felt the glow of this Indian summer, and he groaned aloud.

"If I could only have sold that statue I should have put your beauty into a hundred masterpieces, Peggy. But nobody would look at my work. And I got poorer and poorer. And the rich woman came back to have the bust finished, and—and I married her, Peggy."

"It's well I know that. Didn't I go away and throw meself in the river, the same night."

"No! No!" he cried with a tremor of dread. "What a dog I was! I never dreamed of that."

"Don't fret over it now," Peggy smiled, all motherly. "Sure, and I didn't drown—more's the pity. Somebody fished me out and brought me back to life. I come nearer goin' to jail than to Heaven, for the attimpt at suicidin'. But the judge gave me a solemn talk and let me go whin I promised not to try it again. But I couldn't stand the sight of a stoodio anny more. I hated the word artist—thin. I went back to me own kind—coalheavers and the like of that. It was thin I met Flannery."

"And he married you?"

"Yis."

"It was like Venus being married to Vulcan."

"Venus! Humph! It wasn't long that I was a Venus after I took to supportin' Flannery. He bate the Venus-blood out o' me."

"He beat you! He dared to beat Peggy O'Donnell!" Harbeson gasped, unable to believe.

Peggy laughed. She raised the lock of hair and showed the scar.

"Not with his fishts only," she said.

"Where is he? I could kill him for that!"

"You'll have to kill the dead, then. Sure, and whisky got to him before you, only a short time ago."

"And he left you nothing?"

"Nothing but a little more room and a chance to spind me own earnin's."

Harbeson's head drooped under a load of shame as he realized what his own neglect had meant to the goddess of his youth. He felt guilty of a crueler crime against her than anything Flannery had done.

As he sat bent with the weight of remorse Mrs. Flannery studied him. The incense of remembered dreams faded from her mind. Harbeson became once more the capitalist; she once more was Mrs. Flannery.

"I've loafed long enough," she said briskly, picking up her sceptre, the mop. "I must get on wit' me scrubbin'. Good-by to ye."

Harbeson reached out and caught her arm impulsively.

"You'll never scrub again, Peggy—never! It's pretty late in the day for me to try to make up to you for all you've lost, but I'll do my best. You shall have everything now that you ought to have had then. I couldn't buy it for you then, but I can now. And I'm going to see that you never want for anything more, Peggy O'Donnell."

She looked at him with bewilderment. Her eyelids clenched tightly, but big tears welled through them.

"I shall never want for anything more, did you say? Oh, sorra the day! Can you get me back my youth, and the beauty I'm after losin' so long ago? Can you?"

He drew her to the pedestal where the little nymph crouched in her ambrosial perfections. He said:

"They're here, Peggy—your beauty—my love—our youth. We three were all young together, and now you and I are—what we are, Peggy. But she'll be smiling just like this when we are dust in our graves. Art is—immortal youth, Peggy, and eternal love. I'm going to carve your name here alongside of mine. And when this old city falls in ruins they'll carry our little nymph to some new city, and she shall be young and slender and smiling and beautiful—for our sakes, Peggy, darlint, forever and ever. Amen!"

This was a trifle abstruse for Peggy, but she had her own joy of the thought, for she said:

"I had no childer by Flannery, exceptin' two poor, little, sickly waifs that died in their cradles—praise be! I'd kind o' like to think that this is our child—yours and mine—and will live long after us—always young, always like me whin I was Peggy O'Donnell—and beautiful—and you loved me."

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Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.

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One week's output — a column higher than Pike's Peak

THE STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

PIKE'S PEAK, as you know, is one of the three highest mountains in America. It rises 14,147 feet above the sea level.

Yet—one single week's output of Stearns & Foster Mattresses, placed end on end, would reach several thousand feet higher than this Monarch Mountain.

This tremendous output is the result of making a mattress of *perfect comfort;* that is absolutely *pure,* dust-proof and vermin-proof, *never lumps, never needs re-making!*

The *value* of a mattress depends upon the *quality* of the cotton used *and* the *way* in which *the fibres are "laid."*

Mattresses *look* very much alike. The result is, many mattresses are sold as the *best* that are made from lifeless, short-fibre cotton that gets hard and flat; some even are made from filling taken from second-hand mattresses and comforts. After being put through machines, such filling looks like fresh cotton, but the *nuclei of fibres* and risk of *contagion remain.*

Stearns & Foster Mattresses are made of absolutely pure, fresh cotton by the Stearns & Foster "Web Process" of crossing and re-crossing the fibres into continuous webs, which gives the Stearns & Foster Mattresses their perfect comfort and wonderful *life.*

They are made in four grades, ranging in price according to the grade of cotton used. Our original laced opening (patent applied for) shows the grade of cotton used in each. Look for it.

Leading dealers have Stearns & Foster Mattresses. The grades are Style A, the finest; Lenox, Grade B; Windsor, Grade C, and Anchor, Grade D, the least expensive. If your dealer hasn't them, *do not accept* a substitute—*write us* and we will give you the name of a dealer who has, or one that you are supplied.

Our "Bedroom Book" gives facts every woman should know about a mattress before she buys. Write for it. Address Dept. H.

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Pittsburg: General Offices: Cincinnati.

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